

MCYT Smut Stuff

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MCYT Smut Stuff

by [Gilded Blackstone](#)

Summary

Not updating this anymore, read the last chapter for details.

Straight up smut here. I don't do requests because this is something I write in my free time. The first chapter kind of explains things.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Okay, I'm rewriting this first chapter to sound more confident and less like a nervous wreck. Yes, I am a Virgin Supreme™, and yes, I write smut. Yeah, that's basically it. Every chapter titled with a ship name is smut, enjoy I guess.

And warning (please read this one paragraph at least!), if I say anything is weird or awkward or anything similar, please note that I am NOT saying it in a kink shaming way! I'm being very clear about this! The only kink I really have is macro/micro, and I call that weird too, so please, Please do not take anything I say in a mean way. I literally do not intend anything to sound like that at all. I have nothing against what other people like, so if I say something might seem awkward to actually do or say it would be weird for someone to like praise/degrade me, I Do Not mean it in a bad way! The way I describe things in the notes and stuff is probably weird because like, I can't imagine myself ever having sex at all. Even kissing someone just seems very ew no, but I still like writing about it, so like I'm really trying to say that I respect other people's kinks and would not intentionally make fun of them.

Here's what's basically in every chapter. The warnings might look different for the first twenty something because I think now I know how to tag certain things and stuff right (maybe, I literally don't know), but I am too lazy to edit the actual chapters. Every few chapters I'll update this:

Chapter 1: You're literally here.

Chapter 2: Dreamnotfound, macro/micro, blow job, masturbation.

Chapter 3: Georgenap, hickeys, blow job, masturbation.

Chapter 4: VurbPVP, foot fetish, foot job, blow job.

Chapter 5: Skephalo, consensual non-consent, drugging, blow job, anal fingering and sex.

Chapter 6: Georgenap, stomach kink, burping kink, frottage.

Chapter 7: Dreamnotfound, underwear transformation, degradation, mentions of blow jobs, praising, fingering, hand job, safeword use, kink negotiation.

Chapter 8: Skephalo, macro/micro, vore, a lot of spit and slimy stuff, masturbation.

Chapter 9: Dreamnap, fingering, rough sex, overstimulation.

Chapter 10: Georgenap, feederism, stomach kink, hickeys, blow job, hand job.

Chapter 11: Dreamnotnap, grinding, frottage, hickeys.

Chapter 12: Dreamnap, macro/micro, blow job, masturbation.

Chapter 13: Badnotfound, dacryphilia, hand job, grinding.

Chapter 14: Awesamponk, teratophilia, frottage, hemipenis, an excessive amount of come, extreme size difference.

Chapter 15: Dream, extremely dubious consent, voodoo fleshlight blob Dream, anal fingering and sex, coming multiple times, overstimulation.

Chapter 16: Feret, feederism, praising, anal fingering and sex, hand job, hickeys, overstimulation, come eating.

Chapter 17: Dreamnotfound, speedrunning sex (yes, that is the only thing I'm tagging here).

Chapter 18: Dreamnotnap, hickeys, hair pulling, anal fingering and sex, blow jobs, come sharing, general roughness, overstimulation, coming multiple times, degradation and praising.

Chapter 19: Dreamnotfound, dry humping, hickeys, hand job.

Chapter 20: Schlattbur, feederism, thigh riding.

Chapter 21: Georgenap, macro/micro, hand/blow job, come eating, degradation.

Chapter 22: Dreamnap, piss kink, piss drinking, praising, dry humping.

Chapter 23: Dreamnap, rape/non-con, anal fingering and sex, riding, stomach bulge, blow job.

Chapter 24: Honeyphos, tentacle cock, a lot of come, size difference.

Chapter 25: Tedcicle, feederism, size difference, riding.

Chapter 26: Dreamnotnap, cat/dogboys, food sex, blow jobs, a lot of spit, dry humping.

Chapter 27: Dreamnotfound, underwear transformation, somnophilia, hand job, praise kink.

Chapter 28: A/N.

Chapter 29: Tedschlattcicle, crossdressing, anal sex, blow job.

Chapter 30: FBomb, really rough sex, vomiting, degradation.

Chapter 31: Karlnap, rape/non-con, macro/micro, vore, teratophilia, hand job, hemipenis, tentacle cocks.

Chapter 32: Georgenap, macro/micro, degradation, scent kink, sweat kink, aftercare.

Chapter 33: Dream/George/Karl/Sapnap, macro/micro, come jar.

Chapter 34: Dreamnotnap, macro/micro, anal vore, blow job, anal sex, dick piercings.

Chapter 35: Dreamnap, stuffed animal transformation, self-objectification, plushophilia, dry humping.

Chapter 36: Georgenap, hickeys, blow job.

Chapter 37: Dreamnotnap, macro/micro, piss kink (many forms).

Chapter 38: A/N

Chapter 39: Dreamnap, macro/micro, blob Dream, cock vore.

Chapter 40: Dreamnotfound, macro/micro, underwear entrapment, dry humping.

Chapter 41: Georgenap, piss kink, praising.

Chapter 42: Dreamnap, major size difference, vore, hypnosis, dumbification, tentacle cocks.

Chapter 43: Schlatt/the Pope, Tedschlattcicle, anal sex, I am so sorry I wrote this.

Chapter 44: Hey Read

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

You know the Minecraft, But Mobs Are Random Sizes video? Yeah this is that but smut. It's set in a Minecraft is their real life thing but you can make new worlds, respawn, do creative mode stuff, punch trees without consequences... basically all that normal stuff you do in game.

Also, I write cum as come, so I apologize if that throws anyone off. I don't know why I wrote it like that besides I guess I didn't like how the word looked. And also sorry if there's any typos, it truly amazes me how they can still pop up even after I've read over this literally so many times.

Chapter Notes

This has macro/micro stuff and uh blowjob type of thing?

This is my first time actually posting smut, and I have no idea how dicks work so please tell me if this is at least okay? As accurate as it can be with a tiny person and a giant person having sex? Or as close to sex as it could really get for them.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream spawned in the brand new world his friend had created, a forest full of oak and birch trees surrounding him. A steep mountain was off to the side, easily minable stone exposed to make better tools.

“George? Where are you?” he asked, glancing around for the other man.

He took a single step forward, the signature George squeal sounding out from below. The blond’s green eyes snapped downwards in an instant, spotting what looked to be a miniaturized person half a block away, almost cowering.

Dream crouched down. “Georgie?” he asked, lifting up the mask he always put on before recording and setting it aside in the grass. “Oh my God, why are you so tiny?”

It was undeniably the coder, standing at maybe four or five inches tall on the ground. Dream’s fingers itched to reach out and pluck the man up by his waist. He just looked so adorable, so small and helpless; Dream wanted to plant the biggest kiss on his face and undress the brunet like he was a doll.

The man blushed in embarrassment. “Shut up, I think I messed up the plugin.” the Brit said, craning his neck to properly look at Dream and adjusting his clout goggles. “Just, uh, give me a minute. I’ll log out.”

“Wait, let’s not be hasty,” Dream started, hand suddenly right in George’s face.

George jumped back in alarm, falling back into another hand. The digits curled firmly around his

torso and legs, his wiggling doing nothing to dissuade Dream.

“Dream, what the hell! Put me down!” he yelled as Dream held him close to his person.

The blond’s thumb gently pressed into his face, pushing the shades up into his hair. He could see him much better now, features cutely creased in anger as he glared at him. Dream giggled, granting the unexpected Brit a big smooch, plush lips enveloping the entirety of his face. He pulled away five seconds later after giving an exaggerated “mwah!”

George sputtered, face flushing further. “Wh--Dream? What was that?”

He stopped struggling, so Dream let go, letting him sit comfortably in the palms of his hands. “I kissed you.”

“Why?” he asked dumbly.

Dream snorted. “Technically, we’re dating. I can’t kiss my cute boyfriend whenever?”

“Well, yeah you can, but why now? We’re about to record--I have to fix this.”

The brunet watched the blond bite his lip, eyes wandering up and down his miniscule body. “We can do that later. For now, can I try something?”

He shivered at the hungry gaze, immediately knowing what his boyfriend was implying but not knowing how it would be executed at the major size difference. A moment later, he gave a hesitant nod. The blond smiled and gave him another kiss.

George reciprocated a few seconds later, a tiny, tingly press at his bottom lip while his dainty hand settled on his cheek. Dream pushed closer, fingernail lightly scratching at the back of George’s head as his lips parted in the slightest.

He tapped Dream’s cheek when he needed air, the man pulling back a bit as the Brit gasped. He caught his breath before kissing him once more, nibbling at Dream’s lip. The blond continued rubbing at George’s head, ruffling up his hair, lips separating more in an attempt to deepen the kiss.

Another jab at his cheek, and Dream detached his mouth from George’s face. The Brit let out a little disgusted noise at the thin film of moisture coating his visage from Dream’s warm breath and spit, lifting up his shirt to scrub it away.

He jolted at the softness that touched his stomach while his vision was obscured. “Dream...” he sighed as his abdomen was peppered with kisses, uncovering his face but letting his shirt stay bunched up.

The tip of the blond’s tongue poked out and licked at his nipples, making the shrunken man wriggle in his grasp. He pressed a wet kiss over the hardening nubs, and George had to suppress the whine that came up his throat when Dream’s lips left.

“Can I take these off?” he murmured, mouth fanning balmy puffs of air over the brunet, as he tugged at the marginally damp shirt.

George could only nod again, mind feeling hazy as Dream delicately pulled the shirt over his head, clout goggles being taken with it. His thumb settled over the Brit’s midriff as he tugged his trousers and underwear down at the same time, shoes coming off with the motion.

George didn't see where his clothes were put, but he immediately didn't care when the blond tongued at his neck, tip trailing down his front. He wiggled when it stopped just before touching his cock and let out a desperate sound when it left the area entirely.

Dream mashed his lips back on George's face, the latter kissing back fervently, hands clutching at his cheeks. He bit at the blond's bottom lip, suckling as if he could give him a hickey there. Dream hummed and squeezed him close, pressing the pad of his thumb over his lover's arousal. The brunet gasped breathlessly against the encompassing lips, the wet muscle inside snaking out to lave his features in spit. Coughing, he nudged Dream away by the chin, his other hand raking down his face to rid it of fluids.

"You look so fucking hot right now." Dream said huskily, rubbing his thumb in small circles over the other man's cock. "I bet you want me to suck you off, huh Georgie?"

At the hard press of his cock over his stomach, George moaned. "Please, Dream."

Like a toy, the blond maneuvered George the way he wanted over his left hand, thumb hooking over his waist to keep him in place. His right went out of George's view, a zipper sounding off underneath his perch, but the brunet didn't think much about it because those heavenly lips started mouthing over his already leaking dick.

His thighs squeezed tight over Dream's chin, and he keened when the other man's tongue pressed flat over his whole cock. "Oh, *Dream*, yes please!"

The blond lapped at him like he was an exceptionally delicious ice cream cone, saliva pooling all over George's lower half and dripping off his hand. A moment later, Dream pulled back a bit, his right hand returning to pry George's twitching legs off his chin and spread them wide before going back to its previous task. He pulled the Brit's legs into his mouth, keeping them bent with his teeth. Closing his mouth just under George's navel, he continued, giving a hard suck and pressing his tongue insistently at his length.

The brunet cried out, back arching. He grasped at Dream's hand, digging his blunt nails into the large palm as he tried to rut up into the wet muscle, teeth pressing harder over his thighs.

It didn't take long for George to come, the bitter taste splashing onto Dream's tongue. He swallowed the tiny puddle without hesitation, giving one last heavy suck around the man's lower half, saliva sloshing around obscenely as George mewled from the overstimulation.

Dream pulled him out, and George's body glistened with spit and sweat. The Brit panted in the blond's hand, and he was given a few moments to recover before Dream lowered him.

"Can--can I rub you on my cock?" Dream mumbled, suddenly shy.

George's eyes widened. He hadn't thought about how the blond's cock would be significantly... bigger at this size. The Brit estimated it proudly stood about three inches taller than him, tip flushed with need as a drop of pre dripped down the underside, anticipating George's answer.

He wiped the drool from the corner of his mouth, the action rendered useless from the fact he was coated in a layer of slime, and swallowed. "Y-yeah," he said, unable to avert his eyes.

In seconds his entire front was pressed gently to the side of the blond's throbbing dick, palm trapping him against the furnace like heat.

"This fine?" Dream asked, slowly pumping from base to tip, a little shiver going through him.

He answered by poking his tongue out, letting it drag up and down with Dream's hand movements

while his arms circled around it. The blond groaned, picking up the pace and squeezing firmly.

George was soon compressed tightly against his partner's arousal, hardly able to breathe but loving every second of it. It was dizzying how fast he went up and down, the sliver of forest he could see in the corner of his eyes blurred heavily as he was pumped hilt to tip. His own cock hardened again from the constant friction, little gasps going unheard from how quiet it was compared to the rumbling grunts tumbling from Dream's lips.

When the brunet felt like he was going to come once more, he was pulled away from the suffocating heat and crushing pressure and switched to a different hand. A thumb trapped him by his middle on the palm again, and it took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust and see exactly what was going to happen.

Dream groaned deeply, tightly fisting his dick with his right hand, thrusting up into it. It bumped up against his chest, smearing pre, and all George could do is clench his eyes shut to prepare.

A few more frenzied strokes and the Brit was utterly drenched in milky white, the blonde tapping his cock head on George's face while he squeezed out the last drops of his come. George spluttered, leaning back and using his free hand to wipe the gunk from his eyes and nose.

"Georgie..." Dream murmured, face red and lidded eyes fixed on George's filthy form. His thumb glided over the brunet's stomach, slowly rubbing back over the other man's cock with his release as lubrication. "Gonna come again? Got off on being used as a toy?"

He whined and latched his legs around the digit, bucking up into the pad. He offered the blond his best pleading face, giving a soft, "please, Dreamy..." which made Dream roll his thumb much faster over George's dick.

He climaxed a few moments later, keening out his boyfriend's name. Panting, he sagged into Dream's moist hand, tiredness making him uncaring of how gross it was.

George received a big lick when his eyes fell closed. Dream cleaned him up with his tongue, eating his own come, until the Brit was just covered in a thin coating of saliva. He let out a little noise at his very sensitive cock undergoing a few more licks.

"You're fucking disgusting." he finally said, nudging the giant face away when he was adequately clean.

Dream grinned and gently dried the brunet with his green hoodie. "Aw, you truly flatter me, George."

He stretched his legs out and placed his boyfriend on his knee so that he could tuck himself in and zip his trousers up. He gave George his outfit back, the man putting it back on with just a little difficulty, legs wobbly from two intense orgasms. Dream lifted him back up after, cradling him close and planting a chaste kiss on his features.

George pressed back softly, and Dream pulled back a few seconds later. The blond had a goofy smile on his face, eyes full of love and adoration. Leave it to Dream to become all mushy and sentimental after coming.

"I love you." George said just before his lover had the chance, feathering a few little kisses over his lips and cheeks.

Dream hugged him to his chest after he pulled away. "I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Right now, as of making sure this is good to post, I find out someone else actually wrote something in the macro/micro category for this fandom. Like, right before I actually post this second chapter, someone actually decided to also write stuff like that too?? Please, Anon, if you're seeing this, please come out, don't be shy. Please keep writing your thing. My brain just wants to see more stuff like that here because it's too hard writing actual sex because there's more stuff for me to mess up and make it unreadable. And also g/t and macro/micro is very nice.

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

Remember the crafting table thing? This is that. Sapnap sucks George off.

Chapter Notes

Hickeys and blowjob stuff. I swear actual sex is coming soon, I'm just posting these in the order I wrote them. I happen to have wrote this one a while ago, a few months after the crafting table meme started. Also in second person, with "you" being Sapnap, but even if I didn't mention it you'd all figure it out.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You slotted your lips against George's, already asking for entrance by swiping your tongue at the seam of his lips. He huffed and opened up, pressing deeper and bringing his hands to grasp at the sides of your face.

Your cold fingertips skimmed at his bare sides, and he shivered a bit from the tingly sensation, sighing softly into the kiss. A leg hooked over your hips, drawing you in close. George grinded, clothed hard on pressing incessantly on yours, and he whined into your mouth at the contact he made.

“Needy,” you breathed against his lips, rolling your pelvis once.

He tugged you back into the kiss by your hair, tongue slipping back in and smoothing over yours eagerly. He moaned when your roaming digits finally rubbed over his nipples, lightly pinching at the hardening nubs and tracing the edges.

George made the prettiest little sounds ever, and you basked in the feeling that only you get to hear them, only you get to touch him like this. The thought furthered your excitement, and you dragged your crotch over his firmly, keeping up a slow and steady pace so that you could continue to listen to his desperate mewls as he squirmed.

You broke the kiss, a clear string connecting you to his plump lips. You trailed wet kisses over his jawline, nipping and sucking on the skin there.

“Sap...” he whimpered and tilted his head, encouraging you to mark up his neck.

Taking the hint, you scraped your teeth over his sensitive areas. Latching on, you gave him a hickey in a very hard to hide place so that everyone would know who he belonged to. A few more marks later and he was verging on keens, hands nudging you downwards where they were affixed to your locks.

You fell to your knees at the request, tugging at the hem of his trousers. Reluctantly, he let go of your hair for a bit to hold himself up on the crafting table, lifting his hips so you could pull his

pants and underwear down. His shoes came off with it, leaving him only in his socks.

George threw his legs over your shoulders, yanking you close, and you went cross eyed to look at the cock mere centimeters away from your nose.

He was already leaking, pearly drops at the tip threatening to fall to the wooden floor. You swiped the pre up with your tongue, savoring the slightly tangy flavor. Gasping, he jerked forward, and his dick head smeared across your lips.

“Sapnap, please.” he whined, repeating the action.

Chuckling, you grasped at the base to keep him steady. “Needy,” you said again, taking the head in.

There was something nice about sucking your boyfriend’s cock. You loved making him unravel with just your mouth, feeling the heaviness weigh your tongue down, the salty taste of his come. The way he just *melts* against you, heels digging into your back and fingers entangling in your uncombed locks. Eyes clenched shut in pleasure, sweet moans and whines and pants leaving his perpetually open mouth. Spit began to dribble down your chin as he thrustured up into the heat, and you used it to slicken up your own cock after freeing it.

You moaned around him, George practically squealing from the vibrations. “O-oh God, fuck, you feel so good.”

You stroked yourself quickly with a tight fist when his movements stuttered, knowing he was close.

“S-sap, I’m so close!” he whimpered, confirming your suspicions. If your mouth wasn’t full you’d smirk.

You hummed around him, wiggling your tongue the best you could from under his cock. A few more juddery thrusts and he cried out your name sweetly, a splash of warmth landing on your tongue and the rest decorating your visage in white when he pulled out.

You climaxed a few moments later, his blissed out face perfect jack off material. You stood up and captured his lips in a kiss, laughing when he pushed you away.

“Gross, Sapnap!” his face was screwed up, probably from tasting the come you neglected to lick off your lips.

“Come on, I can’t get a kissy wissy from my Georgie worgie?” you faked a sad voice, pouting.

He groaned, leaning in to give you what would likely be the smallest peck imaginable, when there was an all too familiar creak.

You both immediately turned to face the front door, opening to reveal Dream and Ponk. For just a second, they didn’t notice you both.

And then. “What’s--” a throat shattering wheeze sounded out from the blond when he locked eyes with you, and he bolted back out while doubled over.

“Not the crafting table!” Ponk shrieked after, electing to leave hastily like Dream had.

George groaned again and covered up his embarrassed features. “Oh my God, I can never show my face around the server again.”

“What about me? I’m the one with jizz on my face!”

Chapter End Notes

This is very short, but at least at the time of writing I meant it to be like that. And I'm so sorry that the first two have George being like submissive, I have another already written where he's the dominant one but that's the last of my prewritten stuff, so you'd have to wait a bit for me to post it. Also am I using the words submissive and dominant right?? I'm pretty sure I am.

VurbPVP

Chapter Summary

Hey deleted this.

Okay so, I have deleted the contents of this chapter because like, Mega actually lied about his age and stuff, so he's like 17 or something. The reason why I just didn't straight up get rid of his chapter entirely was because I'd have to fix the first chapter, and man, I do Not want to do that. So sorry about writing about someone of was underage, but in my defense, I did the math (like how long he's been the manager guy on Skeppy's server and how old you'd have to be to apply for it).

Skephalo

Chapter Summary

Bad chases Skeppy and then they fuck after he's caught but like, more detailed than this.

Chapter Notes

Big warning: this contains consensual non-consent (is that even the term? Like it's not rape, but they both act like it during). It's implied they discussed it sometime beforehand, meaning Skeppy is just pretending he doesn't want it. Skeppy is not being raped or touched non-consensually, and Bad is not a rapist. It was preplanned. No one is having something bad happen to them. If you like Skephalo and don't mind stuff like that, it is completely safe to read. That being said, I can tag dubious consent maybe, but I probably won't update the tags with rape/noncon.

I wrote this because apparently a lot of people, even people considered "vanilla" have rape type fantasies for some reason?

So, consensual non-consent, technically drugging (the potion counts as a drug in a way), blow jobs (which were in the last three I wrote, why am I writing so many blow jobs? The next one I post on here will not be containing that at least), actual sex happening, and a little bit of aftercare in the end (probably way less than what people would do in real life, but it's Minecraft, where you can die over and over again to mobs and lava and hitting the ground too hard and be completely fine mentally and physically after respawning. So it's fine)

This is another inside of Minecraft thing like the last three. I use noirette as a term for Bad and blulette as a term for Skeppy sometimes, I'm sorry if that's cringey, I completely understand. I'm basing them off their Minecraft skins.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Skeppy ducked under a low hanging branch, fast, long strides coupled with his zooming eyes making the world around blur. The wood skimmed his cyan colored hair dangerously close to the scalp, making him greatly consider slowing down, but he knew his pursuer would do anything to get his claws on him. Hoping he didn't bang his forehead on anything, he continued sprinting, weaving through the trees and jumping over rocks and logs.

“Ooooooh, Geppyyyy!”

The voice rang out, a fresh rush of adrenaline accompanying it. He gasped, changing his direction to try and lose the other, despite knowing deep down it was futile, that Bad would find him no matter what. He received the unsurprising answer when he heard his name called out again, this time much louder regardless of the blood pounding in his ears.

His luck ran out a few minutes later into the chase, the toe of his shoe catching on a rock. Instinctively, his arms shot out in front of him, but his left leg twisted weirdly, leading his arms to

pinwheel in confusion as he collapsed on his side in the grass. Rolling onto his front, he was just about to stand up when weight settled down on the small of his back.

Even though he was already captured, he persisted with the act. He screamed (mild) obscenities, thrashing around in the dirt in an attempt to buck the taller man off him.

“Hold still, you little muffin--!”

Managing to twist his body around, he shoved the black haired man back. Skeppy clambered away at least a foot before Bad yanked him back by the ankle, quickly perching on top of his stomach with either knee at his sides to avoid the wildly kicking legs.

Skeppy’s arms flew out to push Bad once more, but his wrists were seized easily, tightly held above his head. Wiggling did nothing to dissuade his captor, the noirette reaching into his pocket and retrieving a bottle. The potion’s contents spiraled in shades of purple, the hues dark.

Recognizing the brew, Skeppy struggled while he still could, pursing his lips when the uncorked potion was pressed there.

Bad forced it past, Skeppy reluctantly opening up so that he didn’t chip a tooth. “Don’t spit it out. Swallow it all or else.”

Letting it tumble to the side, the same hand clamped over his mouth, nails digging into his cheek. White eyes narrowed at the blulette, challenging him to waste the elixir.

Skeppy gave a heavy gulp, and the instant the liquid flowed down and burned his throat, he felt weak. Bad let go of his wrists to pat him condescendingly on the cheek, other hand stroking through cyan locks.

“Good job Geppy! Such a good boy, huh?” he cooed, thumbing just under his eye to catch the falling tears and taste them. “Hm, salty.”

Normally, a weakness potion wouldn’t be this effective, but Skeppy could barely lift a limb. His arms were cooked noodles, flopping uselessly where they were left raised above his head in the grass. His legs twitched, itching to get up and flee from the situation.

The blulette croaked. “B-bad...”

Bad shushed him, moving off his torso to scoop him up into his arms, carrying him bridal style. “My goodness, you’re so filthy from all that running around and playing in the dirt! Don’t worry, I’ll get you out of those clothes in a jiffy!”

Skeppy’s head lolled to the side when he shook it to show his disagreement, his neck straining to try and right itself. “No...”

Humming and ignoring Skeppy’s pleas, the noirette trudged along the forest, eventually seeing the little wooden shack he had built earlier in preparation of his catch. He managed to open the door without putting the other down, and Skeppy upped his writhing, which wasn’t much.

“Oh, calm down! Fussy muffinhead.” he said, nudging the door shut.

Through bleary eyes, Skeppy saw that the only things in the dim room was a bed tucked into the corner and a crafting table in another. He was transferred to the former and lied down on top of the comforter, looking up at his captor with big, wet eyes, begging him not to.

That only spurred Bad on, him kicking off his boots and kneeling on the bed to get closer. Skeppy's arms were maneuvered back above his head, the noirette pulling the hoodie over his head with minimal resistance, the shirt underneath coming off with it. "Goodness, you look so enticing." he marveled, reaching out to smooth a thumb over a blue tinted nipple.

Skeppy sucked in a sharp breath, forcing another head turn so that he faced the oak wall. The noirette tenderly rubbed circles into his sensitive flesh, other hand smoothing over his midriff. He couldn't see from the angle he let his head rest, so he jolted at the wetness that smoothed over his other nipple. It traced at the edges before pressing flat over the whole thing, dragging over the hardening bud, and Skeppy gasped and wiggled.

"Hmm," Bad licked over it again, this time slower like he was thoroughly tasting, drawing out an almost buzzing sound from the bluette, "y'know, I almost expected blueberries, 'cause they're blue. Cute, little blueberries."

"Pl-ple... ease... stop..." he said in the middle of Bad's rambles, woefully disregarded with another absentminded shush.

He pulled firmly on the waistband of the bluette's trousers with a single hand, the other holding Skeppy still so that he didn't slide towards him. Just like with his shirt, his underwear was stripped off him at the same time as his pants, shoes and socks cast aside.

Shivering, he tried to bend his knees to cover his privates, only succeeding in sprawling his legs out further. He slumped completely boneless from the effort, feeling exhausted and panting lightly.

The noirette giggled, palming himself. "Aw, Geppy, so small and helpless. So weak you can barely move a muscle." At the despondent look he was given, and the pitiful sound that creaked through when the bluette's gaze drifted downwards, Bad let out a moan, briefly squeezing his crotch harder.

Standing for a moment, Bad shedded himself of his own clothes, leaving his boxers on; he climbed onto Skeppy afterwards, straddling his chest.

"Oh my Gosh, your sweet, little lips would feel heavenly wrapped around me, hm?" Bad asked rhetorically, not expecting a positive response. He tugged the waistband down just enough to expose himself. The bellend smudged over the bluette's lips, Bad groaning and rolling up into it. "Nnhhh, frick. O-okay, open up, Geppy."

With no difficulty, he pried open the bluette's mouth, slipping himself inside. Skeppy made a miserable sound around the head, the vibrations shooting up Bad's cock and making him moan.

"G-goodness!" he gasped, pushing until he was about halfway. "So good, f-fudge..." he thrusted slowly for a while, eyes cinched shut as he whimpered from the warmth.

Skeppy let out another uncomfortable noise, nearly a gag from the head bumping against the back of his throat. The noirette opened his eyes, and the sight alone could've been enough to make him come right there.

Lips stretched obscenely around his length, face wet with tears and flushed scarlet, little cries sending pleasant pulses through his cock. It took everything in him to stop, sliding out with a desperate whine. The string connecting the throbbing tip to Skeppy's swollen lips just about made him plunge back inside, but he reluctantly restrained himself.

Promptly, he got off the other, picking up his discarded pants and plucking another bottle from the

pocket.

“Buh-ad... no...” The blulette warbled as Bad sat on his knees between his twitchy legs, spreading them farther apart.

Slicking up three fingers, the noirette rubbed the tip of the index over Skeppy’s quivering hole. “So adorable,” he said, voice dulcet, as he wormed in two fingers and watched the other’s face crease in discomfort, a few more tears slipping out and adding to the dampness on his face. Skeppy squirmed, and the fingers probed deeper. “You can’t do a thing to stop me, huh Geppy? I can do whatever I want.”

The blulette sniveled pitifully, hands failing to cooperate to push away the touches. “St... op.”

“No matter how much you struggle, you’ll never be able to stop me. So pathetic.” Bad giggled, cramming in the third finger, scissoring the weakly clenching ring. His free hand enveloped the base of Skeppy’s shaft, which had begun to stiffen despite the harsh treatment. “And look at you! Getting hard from it. Getting hard from being completely defenseless.”

“Nnn... no, Bad...” he wheezed, hips involuntarily jerking up when the other slowly fisted his dick. “D... don’t... want th-th... is.”

Bad tsked and squeezed on the upstroke, Skeppy whining at the tightness surrounding the tip, body trembling. “Poor Geppy,” Bad sang, kneading the pad of his thumb into the slit, earning another noise from the blulette, “lying to yourself.”

Tossing his head back, he moaned when the searching digits jabbed into his sweet spot, fidgeting feebly. They pressed firmly, rubbing right over the bundle of nerves, and Bad savored all the sounds spilling from the other’s lips.

Bad pulled his fingers out, Skeppy sagging in relief. His respite didn’t last long because the noirette yanked him closer, his tired eyes fluttering back open.

“Ah-ah, don’t fall asleep on me yet, muffin.” the sleek head was pressed at the blulette’s entrance, slowly pushing into the tight heat. “O-oh my goodness! Frick, you’re still so tight.”

Skeppy hissed, writhing weakly while being penetrated. He hiccupped, crying again, only able to get out babbles that vaguely sounded like pleas for him to stop.

The noirette bottomed out, doubling over and groaning out a string of almost swears. Giving virtually no time for Skeppy to adjust, he pulled out and shoved back in, setting up a fast rhythm.

“G-god, you feel so fricking good,” Bad moaned, fucking up into him roughly, continuously jerking him off and digging his nails into soft hips. “You look so good, all teary eyed and red faced.”

Skeppy keened hoarsely, back arching and limbs twitching uselessly when his prostate was slammed into. He started to sob when Bad lifted his pelvis up slightly to angle his thrusts in just the right way to hit it head on again and again, hole convulsing around the pulsating shaft.

“Oh frick, frick, Geppy,” he rasped, watching Skeppy’s visage in rapt attention, “*F-frick*, I fudging love how you can’t do anything. So pliant and malleable below me.” he gave the blulette a brief, feverish kiss, swallowing up his needy whimpers, “I just want to keep you like this. My little, helpless muffin, reliant on me for everything. I--I can just shove inside whenever and you can’t do a thing but flipping take it.”

Bad latched onto his neck, sucking deep bruises into the sensitive skin, changing the pace of his thrusts to short and brutally quick. The bluette wailed shrilly, and Bad kept stroking his cock even after he came, coercing constant high-pitched noises from him.

“Keep you like this,” he growled into his throat, “So freaking hot. Uhhnn, frick, j-just use you like a cock warmer, k-keep you speared on me for hours. Sc-screwing you when I feel like it... just, jus’--mmhhhhhh, frick, *Geppyyyyy!*”

He grunted, climaxing as deep as he could inside Skeppy, slumping down onto his chest afterwards. They both were quiet for a few moments, save for their breathless pants.

Peeling himself away, the noirette pulled his spent cock out slowly, watching the other’s nose scrunch up from his dick scraping against his fluttering walls. A flood of come followed, loose hole clenching around nothing as it stained the sheets.

He reached for his pants, fetching the third bottle of the day from a pocket, this one’s contents white. “Drink up, Geppy.” he said, holding the bluette’s head up and gently pressing it to his reddened lips.

Skeppy drank it, the milk negating the effects of the weakness potion the second it went down and soothing the burn. “Th-thanks, Bad.” he croaked, coughing a bit. He winced at the ache in his ass.

Bad gathered him up in his arms, holding him close. “I, um, I wasn’t too rough, was I?” he asked meekly, averting his gaze to the crafting table in the corner. “I’m sorry, I think I got a little too... intense there at the end. I’m sorry.”

Skeppy gave his boyfriend a peck on the cheek, tenderly placing his hand on the other and turning him to face him. “You were great. So fuckin’ sexy.” a little blush spread over his cheeks, and the bluette gave him a few little kisses for how cute he was.

“Are--are you sure?” he mumbled shyly, and only Bad could pound into someone ruthlessly and then be bashful after the act.

Another kiss at his lips, this one longer and filled to the brim with sweetness and comfort. “Bad, if I didn’t want to, I would’ve safeworded.” Skeppy reassured him, curling his fingers through dark locks. “I loved the roughness and your dirty talk at the end, okay? You did really, really good.”

His sheepish grin turned into a giddy smile, snowy eyes overflowing with adoration. “I love you, muffin.” he breathed out a moment later, planting a tingly peck on the bluette’s forehead.

“Love you too,” Skeppy said, shifting a bit in his arms. “Okay, we’re sweaty and I’m covered in come. Did you bring anything to wipe us off?”

“I was thinking we head back to Invaded. We logged out in your house, so we can go like this and take a proper shower.” Bad suggested.

Skeppy cuddled into his shoulder. “Sounds good, but you have to carry me. I’m kinda sore.”

“Of course, Geppy.” he agreed, and they logged out of the throw away world.

I can cross this off on the list of things I wrote, so that's something I guess. I'm sorry if anything is formatted weirdly or you don't like the overuse of synonyms. Ever since school, I get this weird feeling if I use the same word to describe something too many times, like my English teacher is going to judge me. Or if I start too many sentences with the same word. Makes me feel like I'm awful at writing. And sorry that I'm always going to write cum as come.

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

Nick has a stomachache and asks George to give him a tummy rub. Bemused, George reluctantly agrees after some coaxing.

Chapter Notes

I came up with this after that shock stream Dream did. Around like the middle, Sapnap starts complaining that his stomach hurts, and he asks George to give him a tummy rub. I think he said tummy massage originally, can't exactly remember because I wrote this a while ago, like a month or two after that stream. Who even says tummy massage though?? Even the word tummy makes me cringe, but there's only so many times you can type stomach without feeling like you're repeating yourself too much and your story is horribly written.

This has uh, stomach kink (not sure of the word), burping kink, two guys rubbing their dicks together (pretty sure there's a word for that, but I don't know how I would even look that up), and that's probably it? Again, it just came to me after watching that stream. I'm not sure if this is a common kink thing or not? I at least liked how there were lots of synonyms for me to use to describe stomach noises and stuff.

This one is set in normal real life. So I used Sapnap's real name. Sorry if that puts some people off.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It started with slight fidgeting, shifting slowly on the couch. It wasn't enough to capture George's attention at first, his eyes remaining glued to the TV as his friend got comfortable on the other end. As time progressed, the subtle wiggling only became more pronounced, the younger man making a strained noise, almost a grumble.

More movement, somehow very audible despite how plush the grayish blue cushions were, a creak sounding out from where Nick pushed hard against the backrest while stretching. Further noise from George's right, a distinct groan, the pillowy seat just beside his thigh dipping down a bit for a few seconds as his housemate struggled to be comfy.

Blindly grabbing for the remote sitting at the edge of the end table, the darker haired brunet turned the volume up a couple notches, putting it back and reaching for his phone. Sighing, he continued to ignore whatever complex gymnastics Nick was doing on the furniture, checking his DMs and scrolling through fanart on his tag.

"Georgieeeeeee..." his friend whined loudly, knocking the phone out of his hand with a foot and onto his lap. Legs settled down over his thighs quickly, trapping it underneath his ankle.

The disgruntled Brit fished his phone out, glaring at the man currently sprawled over the couch and, by extension, him. "What?"

He tossed an arm over his stomach, a slight bit of his midriff exposed from his hoodie riding up. "My tummy huuuurts," he complained, writhing around.

George snorted, eyes back on his phone. "Tummy? What are you, five?" Nick kicked his legs a tad bit like a fussy child, his ankle colliding with the Brit's slender wrist and making him drop his phone yet again, groaning noisily to obtain the other's attention. "What?" he asked exasperatedly, facing his prone friend. "You bitch about having stomach aches all the time."

"No I don't," he mumbled, shimmying into the cushions with a pout.

"Really," George deadpanned, "you don't complain about it every week?"

The fair haired brunet wiggled his limbs, huffing a bit before going quiet for a moment. George was just about to turn away and resume either looking at his phone or mindlessly watching cartoons, when Nick finally spoke up. "Georgie," he spoke, voice quavering as he pitched it higher for sympathy.

"What?" he repeated for the third time, patience wearing thin rather fast.

The younger man's features displayed a look meant to evoke pity in his friend. "Give me a tummy rub?"

"No," he said briskly, rolling his eyes and turning away from the pathetic sight.

"George, please, it hurts," he begged, trailing off into another long, distressed whine that made George reluctantly glance over. He upped the puppy dog look, sticking his bottom lip out and widening his hazel eyes. "I'll do anything! I'll buy you McDonald's or, or you can tweet something embarrassing on my account? Pwease, Gogy?"

The Brit took a moment to consider the tempting offer, face thoughtful. "Hmmm... fine." he caved in, keeping down the devious smile that wanted to come up. "I want both though." Free fast food and tweeting something humiliatingly screenshot worthy on his friend's account? It was definitely something to look forward to.

Nick's legs left his lap so he could sit up properly on the couch, and he rolled his Dream hoodie over his head, casting it onto the coffee table.

"Why are you taking your shirt off?" he questioned, feeling a muted heat rise to his cheeks as Nick placed his naked back on his lap, head sat on the armrest.

The other brunet squirmed in anticipation. "'Cause when you get a massage, you don't have a shirt on, dummy," he answered, folding his arms behind his head.

George couldn't help but admire the sight before him, at least a little. Chest hair dark and fuzzy, steeply tapering off into a thin line before rushing outwards and thickly covering his stomach. The moderate rise and fall, breathing completely calm despite the fact he's resting in his close friend's lap.

With some hesitation, George set his hands flat over the abdomen, pushing very lightly into the slim layer of padding. The younger man let out a pleased sigh, eyelids drooping in an instant as George slowly rubbed circles onto his stomach.

Another light push and Nick burped, groaning after. "Sorry, man."

"I-it's fine, Gasnap." The Brit said, managing to keep the flustered tone out of his voice that

threatened to seep through, infinitely glad the other's eyes stayed closed.

As he carried on, Nick's sounds only became more frequent, unashamed of how vocal he was with his almost sexual groans and satisfied belches. The dark haired brunet couldn't help but blush profusely as he worked his fingers into the muscles, massaging the furry belly. It gurgled faintly, churning around the likely large amount of unhealthy snacks his friend ate earlier that gave him his indigestion. Sloshing with each knead of his palms, Nick content to lie bonelessly on his thighs, pleased rumbles spilling easily from his plump lips.

George didn't know why this was so exhilarating, the sounds and feel turning him on. His cock twitched in his sweats, and he desperately tried to stop the unwanted arousal before the younger man noticed; he could never get over the embarrassment of accidentally popping a boner on his friend's back.

Nick moaned loudly, a hiccupping burp cutely reverberating after. It sounded so undeniably sexual, so the Brit accomplished the tough task of tearing his eyes away to look at his friend's crotch. And it was still startling to see the prominent bulge in his shorts, George's own briskly chubbing up enough to where he was certain Nick could feel it poking into his back.

And Nick hadn't said a word about it, simply basking there from George's nimble digits rubbing into his abdomen, lids blissfully closed. There was no way his erection wasn't noticeable. It was like it didn't faze him at all. The gears turned in George's head, and he chewed on his bottom lip nervously.

"Uhm, N-nick?" he whispered, resisting the urge to hump into the weight above. When he was given a small hum as reply, he took a deep breath to gain confidence. "Can I try something?"

His friend cracked an eye open, lazy smile on his face. "Sure."

Their other friend could walk in at any minute if he decided to take a break from editing. Clay could decide to check on what they were doing or he could come down to get a snack. Patches could meow for food and force him to come down and feed her. There were so many reasons that could make the blond leave his room and discover them in what was about to be a very compromising position, but George really couldn't help himself. He motioned for Nick to lift up for a moment, the younger complying; he lied flat on the cushions, watching the other curiously. The Brit moved to straddle his hips, simultaneously grinding his clothed cock into Nick's and gently kneading his tummy.

"UurrRRRURP, fuck, *George!*" he groaned, the blaring burp making the dark haired brunet's dick jump in his trousers.

"That's so hot..." George murmured to himself, rolling his pelvis again. He whimpered, clenching his eyes shut.

Nick yanked him down, eagerly kissing the other brunet, hands sliding down to grope at his ass. Unceasingly, the Brit caressed the stomach below him, and he pressed both hands in more as he leaned closer.

"Wait, wait--don'tsqueezeme--!" he gasped, but George kept his lips firmly locked against his, tongue slipping through. The pressure made him burp straight into the unsuspecting Brit's mouth, the vociferous sound muffled by the dank cavity.

George pulled back, coughing a bit. The heat lingered in his mouth, the unholy mix of sour cream chips, cookies, melon milk, and things he couldn't accurately identify overpowering his palate.

Tingly on his taste buds, mingling in the air around. It crossed his mind that this was supposed to be gross and rude, that he was supposed to be at least mildly upset about it. The younger man's visage heated up considerably at his blunder, sheepishly mumbling an apology, waiting for the Brit to rightfully cuss him out for burping directly into his mouth while making out.

Instead, he pushed roughly into Nick's gut, locking lips with him right when he belched as predicted. The taste smoldered on his tongue, mouth filled with the acidic heat, and George gulped harshly, detaching from the other's mouth.

The dark haired brunet yanked the other's shorts and underwear down to his knees quickly, his own bottoms only making it to his thighs before he got impatient.

"D-damn, George, i-is burping really that sexy?" he asked shakily, gripping George's hips harder as the Brit stroked their cocks with a spit coated hand in tandem.

He was answered with more kissing at his lips and pleasurable rubbing at this abdomen, shaft pressed tightly against George's as he fisted them fast. "God, Nick..." he whined, swiveling his wrist around their tips, the motion greatly eased by the slick pre steadily dripping, "fuck, fuck, fuck please..."

Another belch filled his cheeks, raucous and rather potent compared to the last one; it was partly swallowed down with watery eyes, the rest let out into the air as he coughed.

"George, are y--" Nick was cut off when he was kissed once again, the other brunet crushing his lips hungrily against his to help muffle his moans, humping frantically into his dick.

Every little noise rumbling up from Nick's throat, the intoxicating flavor permeating his senses, and the loud gurgling from the abdomen he was currently caressing made him mewl ardently into the younger man's mouth. George was so close, the feeling furling low in his own stomach, full body tingling nicely, nearly lightheaded. A few more pumps and he broke the kiss to muffle his keen into Nick's shoulder, the scent of a fresh belch released to blend in the air around.

The Brit stroked himself through his orgasm, shuddering hand exceedingly slippery as he squeezed his sensitive cock securely against the fair haired brunet's.

Nick came soon after with a grunt, tugging the other's hair up so he could kiss him again, lips sliding sloppily and lazily. George finally let go of their spent dicks, his semen dampened hand gliding on the dense patch of hair beneath him, spreading it around the heaving gut.

His lungs tickled, and he pulled away to pant breathlessly, hands still. "Nick... o-oh my god." The younger burped in his face when he pressed in a bit, the smell burning and imprinting itself in his nostrils. "St-stop it!" he hissed, features shamefully managing to redden further, cock nearly twitching.

Smirking, Nick forced another one up to fluster his friend, this one a little hiccupy. "Why? You seem to love it."

George smeared his hand over the other brunet's mouth, covering the lower half of his face in white. "Shut. Up."

He giggled in spite of what was just streaked unapologetically across his face, tongue reflectively darting out to wet his lips and ultimately taste their combined release. "Dude, everyone has their kink." he said, eyes roaming over where his stomach hair was slicked down, George's left hand absentmindedly squishing come all over the area.

Following to where Nick was looking, he squeaked and tore his hand away like he had touched hot metal. “S-sorry!” he spluttered. Abruptly, George scrambled off his friend and stood up, pulling his sweats up and wiping his dirtied hand into the fabric.

“S’fine, George.” Nick said, repeating George’s actions in a much less hurried way. He slipped his Dream hoodie on, pinching the front out a bit so that the inside stayed clean. “You don’t need to stress out. I can take a shower.”

The Brit envied how calm the younger man was, like sharing a weirdly kinky experience with your friend of four years and roommate of three months was not a big deal. His own nerves felt shot, the adrenaline dwindling giving a light tremble to his body. The sweat that accumulated cooled uncomfortably on his skin, making it feel as though he was still exposed in the middle of the living room, not to mention what was now soaking into his boxers. He could still feel the nearly numbing heat nuzzle his cheeks, the smell of past heady burps clinging desperately to him.

And he felt so damn embarrassed. It was the other reason his face felt hot enough to fry an egg. His cock literally touched the other man’s, lengths right up against each other’s as he stroked them with his own hand. Literally jerked his friend off because of all the gross noises his stomach made and his belches.

“George...” Nick started when he saw the uneasiness on his face, voice soft. He took a moment to gather his thoughts so that he could find the right thing to say. “It’s all fine. What just happened here is just between us, and it doesn’t have to change a thing, okay? We can still just be friends.” he finished, sounding sincere. A small smile was offered, and the fair haired brunet gave George a pat on the shoulder in lieu of a hug.

George couldn’t help but return the gesture a long moment later, awkwardness fading a bit. “I-- thanks, Nick.” he mumbled.

He was given another reassuring pat. “Okay, we’re good here, right? You’re good? ‘Cause I need a shower.”

“Yeah...” George sighed, “we’re good.” He shuffled uncomfortably, reminded of the little bit of come drying in his underwear. “Can we just talk about it later or something?”

“Sure, dude.” Nick said, leaving the room for his shower.

The Brit took sometime to check around the couch, to make sure there was nothing amiss before he too left to clean himself. His friend hadn’t seemed perturbed by the whole thing, so George chose to forget about it for the moment by editing a video he should’ve uploaded a week ago after showering in the downstairs bathroom to avoid suspicion.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like with some of the other ones, I describe things in a way that seems very unsexy, like someone being covered entirely in spit or someone literally crying while being fucked. Like, is stomach gurgling sexy? Is burping sexy? Probably to someone. Did I describe it in a very unsexy way? Probably.

The next chapter is Dreamnotfound, with dom George. I already have it as a draft and formatted all good, but I’ll wait a bit to post it.

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

George transforms Clay into his underwear, wears him the entire day, and then comes in him.

Chapter Notes

I don't even know where I got this idea from? I know it's a thing, but I don't think it's very common, so I can maybe say I'm one of the first to write a clothing transformation fanfic in this particular fandom? At least one of the first. I don't know if that could be considered an achievement. All I've been doing since very early January of 2020 is writing about blocky guys having sex and playing Minecraft.

And I finally wrote dom George. When I write more because everything in this chapter and the ones before were prewritten, I'll make sure to switch up who tops/bottoms and who's the dom/sub. So I'm just seeing them all as switches considering it's not like we actually know which one they are. Also, did I use any of those words right??

Warnings for this one: underwear transformation, degradation, mentions of blow jobs, praising, fingering for like a second, hand jobs, safeword use, and kind of kink negotiation at the end maybe?

And WOOO yeaahh, aftercare. I managed to actually write it, and I think I did pretty okay. In most other fics, it's usually just cuddling or taking a bath, so I thought that was good enough to write. I haven't had a bath in so, so many years though and was like, how do people do it? How would I write it? Am I really going to have to look up how to take a bath? The answer to the last question is yes, I had to look it up.

This is a real life thing, so Dream's real name is used a few times.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As soon as the front door shut, the wiggling started back up with renewed vigor, the crotch of his briefs shifting as vehemently as it could around his half hard dick. It still wasn't much, just a light twitching that could barely stimulate anyone who wasn't aware of the circumstances surrounding this particular pair of underwear, but George couldn't help but grin to himself. Reaching down, he gave a brief, warning squeeze, mumbling a quiet but stern "behave" just loud enough for anything around his person to hear, and the action halted.

He shucked the plastic bags a bit higher on his forearm and kicked his shoes away to rest near the door. His feet were protected from the cold linoleum of the kitchen floor by his socks as he shuffled around, putting away the few groceries he bought earlier from his long outing. There was another impatient twitch, but he chose to let it slide just like the few other times it happened today, this time pulling the fabric of his pants and underwear away from his cock and pinching it. He grinded the pads of his fingers together for a moment, satisfied with the message he gave when all activity ceased once again after an uncontrollable spasm. Lenient, a considerable amount more than he would opt for generally, but George thought a few chances were needed when they've never done this before.

The Brit made his way to the bedroom after, stripping himself of everything except his briefs. The lime green (at least he was told that it was lime, his eyes registering it as being colored piss yellow) underwear quivered when he stroked a fingertip lightly down his length, chasing a prominent vein.

“Aw, Dreamy, are you excited?” he asked while groping himself, aware no verbal response could be produced. “Little slut could hardly wait, huh? Squeezing around my cock all day while I talked with friends and ran errands.” Thumbing the bellend and fondling his balls through the cotton, he scooted farther up on the bed and fell backwards, his warming skin meeting the cool blanket. “Move now. I know you’re dying to feel around me like the cockslut you are.”

His underwear was practically trembling, the sensation feeling delightful and adding to his own motions. Still wasn’t much compared to something like a vibrator, but it was more about the fact that it was another person. A person who was folded down and shaped into something he could wear around his most intimate bits, shielded completely from the world when he wore something as normal and uninteresting as pants. Its only purpose was to add support and stop the unpleasant friction from his jeans, to absorb every little bit of sweat and give a sense of modesty when pressed around him.

Just the thought that his boyfriend was unable to do a thing except shiver around his cock made him moan and snake his hand under the waistband, giving himself slow strokes at the base. His erection strained against his briefs, a darkened spot forming right where the tip was tightly pressed.

“Forced to soak up my pre like a little come rag.” he spat out, pulling and twisting the thin fabric around his digits, yanking it far away from one of his thighs. His efforts forced a full spasm out of his underwear, a nice little tingle shooting up his spine and down to his toes. “Bet you’d love the feeling of me coming in you like this, filling you up with my load like the dirty whore you are.”

George pumped his shaft quicker, wanting to make his fantasy a reality while savoring all the warbling the cotton’s doing. “You’re fucking pathetic, Clay. If you had a mouth, you’d be whining like a bitch in heat, begging me to ram my cock down your throat and make you cry and drool around it.”

The brunet’s imagination gave him a clear picture of the scene: nose crushed against skin, his entire length engulfed in wet heat, the end being squeezed around constricting throat muscles, and tearful, yellow (green nearly covered up by the pupil, so cute and innocently wide like a doe’s, just asking to be used and ruined) eyes looking up at him--another glob of come left the tip and his briefs obediently sopped it up. George nearly regretted that he couldn’t see that today, but what made up for it was the fact that his boyfriend’s nonexistent face was situated right in the crotch he was currently drenching in precome. Almost like the blond was nuzzling his cheek against him, wordlessly requesting to suck him off.

“Fuck, I can’t think of any other slut who would agree to something as demeaning as this except you, Clay.” he hissed, one hand pumping up and down furiously while the other’s fingers rubbed and tweaked at the head through the fabric, toying with the steadily leaking slit. His briefs vibrated, a shudder wracking his frame from how good it all felt. “St-stupid slut, so fucking needy and worthless. I’m gonna fill you up with so much come, fucking drown you in it. Gonna ruin you from ever being worn again.”

He was so close, grinding his palm into his dick, compressing firmly around himself. The Brit couldn’t help but groan deeply as he came, hands and digits unrelenting in their movements until he was gasping from the sensitivity as he rode out his orgasm.

He had never come so hard in his entire damn life, limbs a bit twitchy and cock still pulsing in his briefs. He gently grasped at his softening length, lightly squeezing it through the cotton just for his

hot come to squish around, slicking the front up even more. There were a few flutters around him, his underwear reminding him of its existence, making him chuckle breathlessly and offer no response.

He scooted back towards the edge of the bed and gingerly pulled the sullied pair of underwear down his legs, making sure nothing happened to drip out. Balling it up, he used a dry area to wipe his shaft clean before tossing it to the middle of the mattress.

Just before he started, George's phone was haphazardly tossed to the end of the bed, a few inches shy of meeting the floor. Unlocking it revealed it was opened on an app he had used earlier. He pressed twice, the second message that popped up being a confirmation, and suddenly all six feet and three inches of his equally naked boyfriend was in place of the briefs he had worn all day.

And a sight it was, almost making his thoroughly spent dick twitch again from arousal. From head to toe, Clay glistened from a mixture of George's sweat and come, his freckled face taking the brunt of it. He was flushed all over, trembling and gasping, eyes blown out but unfocused. His cock stood at attention, rock hard against his tense stomach and oozing so much that if George didn't know any better, he would've suspected him of already coming.

"Dreamy," George called out softly, placing a tentative hand on the blond's calf.

His leg jumped a bit from the contact, and he blinked rapidly for a few seconds before the dazed look disappeared. His teary gaze settled on George, whimpering when the hand crept up to squeeze his thigh. "G... Georgie..." he rasped, throat scratchy and voice at a whisper.

The room temperature water was already being pressed to Clay's lips, the brunet monitoring how much he drank so that he wouldn't choke. He stretched to place it on the bedside table after the blond downed half.

"Fine?" he asked, waiting for consent to be given now that his boyfriend was a person again. Clay nodded, swallowing audibly, and that was all George needed to continue further. "Spread your legs some more, slut. You should be quite familiar with that action."

The blond did what he was told without question, leaning back on the bed when a light push was given to his chest. His hips jerked up when the pre was collected from his cock by thin fingers, the other hand sliding to pinch his inner thigh.

"Be still," the Brit warned, semen coated digits prodding at his hole. "You've been good so far, it would be quite a shame if I had to punish you. Remember, no moving and no coming."

The blond breathed in noisily and quickly, his whole body shaking, but he managed another nod. A finger pushed through the quivering ring, wiggling around a bit before the middle accompanied it; Clay moaned brokenly, voice increasing in pitch when they pressed into a certain spot that made him nearly come, cock twitching pathetically.

George didn't let up, driving the tips repeatedly into his boyfriend's prostate, the man practically squealing and wailing from the pressure as fat tears rolled down his face. Clay squirmed on his digits, and before the Brit had a chance to retaliate for him disobeying, he succeeded in getting a single word out.

"K-kuuuh-kumquat!"

All at once, George's hands left his body like his skin was hot enough to leave burns, the urgency in the way it was said making him inwardly panic. The Brit maneuvered so that he sat beside him

on the bed. “Shit, fuck, are you okay?” he asked, the scene put on hold or possibly ended.

His palms hovered over Clay, unsure on whether he would be okay to touch him or if it could upset him further. He was answered when Clay’s trembling arms draped themselves over his shoulders a moment later, his face snuggling into the brunet’s hair as he pulled him close. George was smushed into his chest, his own arms curling loosely around his waist as his boyfriend’s tremors slowly dissolved and his heart rate relaxed.

“M sorry...” was eventually mumbled into his dark locks after a few minutes, his breath warming the top of his head. “I got o’erwhelmed... an’ didn’t w-want a p’nishment...”

George peeled his face away to speak properly. “Shhh, it’s alright, baby. Don’t apologize for using your safeword. I’m sorry I went too far.” he shuffled a bit back to look Clay in the eyes, hands ghosting over cooling flesh until he was cupping his wet cheeks, the other leaning into the soft touch. “Want to talk about it now or during your bath when you’re a bit more calm?”

Clay tugged the brunet back into his hold. “Later... t-touch me?” he begged in a tiny voice, face buried back in his hair as he nuzzled him. “W’anna come...”

“A-are you sure?” he asked, receiving what could be interpreted as a nod at the top of his head. A small glance downwards at his lap revealed that the blond was still painfully hard, his hips swiveling slightly and thighs rubbing together, desperate for friction. George wondered why he didn’t notice, but he chalked it up to the anxiety that welled up and lingered for a bit when his boyfriend safeworded. “Okay, Dreamy,” he started, fingers curling around his boyfriend’s throbbing erection and pumping at a moderate pace; his hand slid uninhibited, the pre from before acting as adequate lubrication, and he swiveled his palm to spread it around, “come whenever you like. You earned it, baby.”

Clay keened, bucking up into George’s hand and squeezing him tighter to his person. “Puh-lease! Please, G-georgie.”

The Brit shushed him and moved his hand fast around him, feathering kisses over every bit of heated skin he could reach. “I got you, I got you...” he murmured, wrist twisting at just the right place to make Clay choke out a loud moan.

The cries just above him swiftly reached a crescendo, the blond sobbing out unintelligible pleas as George’s hand was promptly soaked and dripping. Come splattered over his heaving stomach, mixing with beads of sweat, and Clay slumped over George near bonelessly.

“Better, Clay?” he asked after giving his boyfriend a moment to calm down from his high.

The blond nodded, whining when the Brit slipped out of his arms. “Shh, just gotta run you a bath. You’re still covered in sweat and come. It’ll help make you feel better.”

Groaning, he nodded again, this time with a pout that George planted a little peck on. The brunet left for the adjacent bathroom, going through the familiar motions of rinsing out the tub of any potential debris still around and filling it with water a few degrees short of scalding, which was preferred by his other half. When it was a few inches from the rim, he turned off the faucet and fetched the blond.

He settled in just behind Clay, letting the spent blond lay back so that his head rested on his chest. George let him just soak for a few minutes in comfortable silence, basking in the warmth of the water before he had him sit up a bit.

Grabbing the body wash he had stood on the edge, he lathered up a cloth and started gently scrubbing his boyfriend's body. "Are you doing okay? Do you wanna talk about it now or tomorrow?"

"Now I guess..." he said, wiggling a little when the Brit's cleaning got to his thighs, the movements turning even lighter. "I'm... I liked it when you used me, kind of like what we usually would do. I like it when you treat me like I'm an object, like--like I'm yours to do whatever you want with, but..." pausing to find the right words, he fiddled with his own fingers to keep his twitchy hands occupied.

"Take your time, baby. I want to know what I can do better for you." George let the rag float in the tub near Clay's bent knee so that he could wet his hair with a plastic bowl. Tilting his boyfriend's head back and positioning his cupped hand over his forehead, he poured enough to get the blond locks wet; after, he massaged the shampoo into his hair, scratching at his scalp.

Dream practically purred, nearly forgetting his next thought. He let George maneuver his head back again to douse away the suds, waiting until he was done to speak. "Well, like, I don't know. I was your underwear the whole day, and I knew what was gonna happen at the end. I can't feel much like that, but I was on edge the entire time... just waiting to turn back and do stuff. When I was me again, it all hit me at once, and I already felt like I was edged for like ten hours. An'... I just couldn't take it like usual." He gave a half shrug, sinking down until he was submerged up to his shoulders.

"So, when we do this--if we do this again, your choice--you don't want any teasing or denial?" George asked, letting his fingertips trace absentmindedly over the blond's waist.

Clay hummed, eyes slipping closed. "Uh huh... like I've--I've been good. I was being good, and I just want to come while you praise me for being your good boy." his voice was quiet.

The brunet strained to crane his neck down, succeeding in his endeavor to place a delicate kiss at his boyfriend's hairline, their eyes meeting in the awkward angle after Clay sensed his adoring stare.

"You've been my good boy, Dreamy. You always do so well for me, so perfect. So beautiful." he cooed, damp palms reaching to smoosh his cheeks together. "Next time, I'll treat you so well after I change you back. I'll let you do whatever you want, okay? Let you tell me how fast to stroke you, even let you push my head down and fuck my throat if you want, pretty boy."

The blush in his face managed to creep down to his chest and over to his ears, his heart swelling up in his ribcage and stomach squirming in a nice way. "Noooo, Georgie..." he whined, embarrassed from just a few sentences, "you're not supposed to do it now..."

"My good, little, slutty toy. So well behaved, deserving of a treat..."

Clay whimpered, and he sat up fast enough for a bit of the displaced liquid to splash up over the rim and onto the oval rug. "Can't get hard again, stopppp..." he complained, his cock only giving a slight twitch under the water.

After pressing a tingly kiss to his nape, George stood and ushered him out, pulling the plug and drying him with one of the fluffy towels that hung just outside the tub. "Okay, I need to actually get clean, so you go ahead and brush your teeth while I take a quick shower."

"Ughhh... take too long."

George scrubbed the towel through his blond curls. “Just a few extra minutes before we can cuddle, you can last that long. Besides, you get the sink all to yourself so you don’t end up spitting toothpaste into my hair.”

“It was *one* time!”

Grasping the sides of his boyfriend’s frowning features, he planted a big smooch on his cheek before tossing the towel back on the rack and pulling the curtains so that only his silhouette was shown. “One time too many, Dreamy.”

Clay groaned, brushing his teeth while still nude and then leaving the room. George gave himself a quick wash down and dried his body even quicker after, speeding through his dental hygiene and praying that one half-assed night of cleaning his teeth doesn’t come back to haunt him later in life.

He slipped under the covers, strong arms wrapping around his waist in an instant, back pressed against front. “Love you.” A nose nestled in his locks, breathing in deep.

“I love you too, Dreamy,” George intertwined his fingers with the blond’s, lifting up one of his hands and brushing his lips against his knuckles, “goodnight.”

“Uhmhm...” for a moment, the Brit had thought the other had fallen asleep already, his breathing slow, but then Clay spoke. “Hey, next time, can I be like, girl’s panties? The ones with the frilly bits? Or maybe a thong?”

The brunet let out a sudden peel of laughter, snorting a little. “You want me to go out with my friends wearing a thong?”

“Wearing me. Still me, just wrapped around your dick.” he could feel his boyfriend’s frame shaking with barely contained wheezes, needing a bit to compose himself before continuing with a softer tone. “You can start out with panties though, I think it’d be really hot...”

Now that he thought about it, it really wouldn’t be so bad. Just like today, no one knew he was wearing his boyfriend, this happy, floaty feeling accompanying him wherever he went the entire day. A little prickly feeling shot up his spine when he thought about doing something as uninteresting as buying groceries wearing a pair of panties literally made of boyfriend material. Maybe he’d allow Clay to twitch around him every once in a while, create a way for him to know when to carry on with his minuscule rubbing and when to stop.

“Yeah... that’d be nice.” he said, pressing the back of the blond’s hand to his cheek. “We’ll do this again in a few days. That should give you plenty of time to decide exactly what you wanna look like.”

“Uh huh...” was mumbled, and this time he was sure the silence that followed afterwards meant that the other man was actually asleep this time.

“I love you, Clay.” he whispered, snuggling back to get as close as physically possible. He could almost feel the smile at the crown of his head.

Chapter End Notes

I think this is the longest one I've written so far, so that's good I guess.

Also, I don't really know if I did the degradation part right. Like man, I don't like that at all, I wouldn't want to be called a slut, but praising would also be just as weird and awkward. So I'm just going off of what other fanfics had and hoping for the best.

Skephalo

Chapter Summary

Fucking vore. I wrote vore. Skeppy eats Bad.

Chapter Notes

Honestly, writing this wasn't even that bad. I don't really like vore, but I wrote it because a lot of this is me trying to write different things and vore is infamously spoke about. So, this is the result. Don't worry, you'll have either Dreamnap or Dreamnotnap with normal sex things after this chapter.

So this contains Vore™, eating of normal food, a lot of spit and slimy stuff, and masturbation. No digestion of people, so it's like safe vore (pretty sure that's what it's called).

I purposely wrote this to sound so gross and disgusting. I looked up vore stuff for inspiration and like, they barely talk about how gross it would honestly feel. It's always, "oh wow, so cozy uwu, so safe and only a little bit of spit is in here," Damn It, I would like at least a little bit of accuracy! You're covered in spit and bile and fucking slime inside some small, humid weirdly shaped balloon! Is that really going to be the most comfortable thing, especially if there's chewed up food limiting the already cramped space? The only thing I couldn't explain was the lack of no air, but these bitches are in Minecraft! They don't need to breathe! I'm not making fun of anyone who likes vore, but Man, I couldn't find anything where it was described as totally disgusting for the tiny person, all of it was either, this guy got eaten and he's terrified and going to be digested, or this guy got eaten and it's like insanely comfy and nice. Anyways, I am happy with the result.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bad was surrounded on all sides by various sliced and chopped up vegetables, the smell fresh. The ground below was ceramic, white with little swirls around the rim of the platter to give it a splash of design. The noiret gingerly sat down amidst the greens after nudging a cucumber away to give some free space. Shivering, he curled in on himself, circling his arms around his bare legs. He was only in his underwear after all, and everything else had been stored in the fridge beforehand.

“Awww, Baaaad,” a voice above cooed, letting out a little giggle that made Bad’s heart melt despite the cold, “don’t worry, I’ll warm you up reeeaal soon.”

It was almost ominous, the way it was said. Anyone else would’ve made him wary, but Skeppy was... okay, usually anything the other man said in that mischievous tone, paired with that impish smile and laugh, made him instantly accusatory of any action taken afterwards. This was different, however, as Bad knew exactly what was going to happen. Prior to willingly stepping onto a plate filled with food in front of his gigantic boyfriend, he had agreed to it.

Brown eyes were fixated right on Bad’s tiny form, the bluet’s knuckles digging into his cheek as he

leaned on his arm. Even when his other hand moved, a fork gently stabbing into a nearby cherry tomato, his gaze never left the other.

“Uh, you’re still... good, right? I can keep going?” his face softened considerably, and it looked more like he was staring at a lover, not his prey.

Bad adjusted his body a little, cringing when his foot touched something cold. “Yes, just hurry up, you muffinhead. I’m coooold.” he mimicked the whiny voice Skeppy used frequently to get what he wanted, and it earned him another giggle.

The bluet bonked him on the head with the cherry tomato. “I’ll try, Bad, but I have to save the best for last.” he said, popping it into his mouth and chewing.

It continued like this, filled with playful banter and Skeppy occasionally prodding his tiny boyfriend with bits of food before he eats it. Bad barely noticed when it was all gone, too wrapped up in one of their normal “arguments” to realize it until the utensil that picked at the vegetables around settled down halfway on the plate.

Bad was plucked up by his armpits with two fingers and brought close to Skeppy’s features. A tongue darted out and licked him without hesitation, from his stomach to his face.

“Geppy,” he whined, squirming at the saliva coating his front. The noiret wiped it away with his forearm, only for a fresh layer to undo his work. “Gah, come on! Skeppy!”

Skeppy stuck his tongue out and dripped a glob of drool right on the top of the tiny’s head, soaking his hair. Bad let out one of his signature “growls,” reaching up to try and scrub it out only to have thick strings of it stick to his hands and run down his arms. There was virtually nowhere to wipe it away.

The bluet let out this snorty chuckle. “You’re so cute when you’re mad.”

“Oh my goodness, you--ugh! Just hurry up and eat me before I change my mind!” he yelled, the scowl creasing his features not helpful in the slightest in making his boyfriend intimidated. Crossing his arms, he let out a little huff. “It’s bad enough I’m going to sit in there with chewed up food. You don’t have to lick me all over for the next ten minutes.”

“But you taste sosososo good though.” he spoke like it was the most obvious thing in the world before pulling one of Bad’s arms into his mouth; he suckled on it for a moment, eyes fluttering shut as something akin to a moan rumbled around the appendage. He pulled it out with a pop. “Just wanna savor your sweetness, Bad.” Skeppy repeated the action with the other arm, removing the excess spittle.

The noiret blushed just a little, scoffing at the notion as his partner turned him around to tongue at his mostly dry back. “Yeah, spitting in my hair was ‘savoring my sweetness,’ huh.”

“... Yeah.”

“Uh huh, well hurry up then. I’m still fudging freezing!”

A big smooch was pressed between Bad’s shoulder blades before he was spun back around. “Fiiiiine, I’ll eat you now. Head or feet first?” the bluet asked, his tone showing how excited he was.

“Head?” It came out more like a question, the tiny unsure of which would be better.

Lips were immediately pressed onto his face, cutting off his ability to breathe. Skeppy hummed, pulling him closer and opening his mouth up to practically make out with Bad's whole head. Before the noiret could tap at Skeppy's cheek to signal that he needed air, the extra traces of saliva that coated his face were sucked away.

Skeppy swiftly crammed him inside, rolling his boyfriend around a bit. A muffled "ewww!" was heard from inside his cheeks, and then he let the tiny fall to the back of his throat. He gulped, Bad yelping as his upper half was immediately pulled down into a narrow place.

Another harsh swallow and the rest of the noiret was being forced down the esophagus. "Oh my gosh!" he squeaked out as he was being squeezed mercilessly by strong muscles.

It had only lasted a few seconds before he fell into a humid cavity devoid of any light, landing in the partly digested salad that Skeppy had eaten just before. Slime and bile plastered itself to every inch of his lower body, but he found it to not be as gross as he thought considering he couldn't see it.

Skeppy took in a deep breath, panting a little when his airway wasn't blocked anymore by the rather large thing he ate. "Y-you're okay, right? Can I--can I touch myself? Please?"

Something pressed into him from the outside, presumably a hand, limiting his already small space, and he was knocked around a little by what was likely impatient wiggling.

Once he was here, it didn't seem like the worst thing in the world. Sure, the texture of the food left a lot to be desired (maybe Bad wouldn't let him indulge beforehand next time like he insisted), but everything else was... surprisingly okay. It was balmy, not as shockingly warm as he thought it would be, heating him up and melting away the imaginary icicles that made their home on his body while he sat on that plate. And strangely cozy, something he never thought he'd describe a literal stomach as.

"Go ahead, Geppy, touch yourself for me. I'm good in here." he called out, rubbing the ridged and slippery walls. It wouldn't be something he would do for the man often, he decided, but he would let him every once in a while. Despite how nice the ambient temperature was, one of the first things that came to mind was the off-putting phlegmy feel of the whole area around.

"Ohh, Bad... fuuuuck..." he whimpered, already seeming like he had a hand wrapped around himself. A moment later, Bad could hear the lewd skin slapping on skin sound, moans rumbling around him as Skeppy stroked himself briskly. "Bad, Bad, you feel so good in there."

Bad couldn't really see what the difference was between just having food in your stomach versus your shrunken lover helping to fill the space, but to each their own. "Tell me how much you like it, muffin. Tell me how good I'm making you feel." He pressed more into the folded walls, kneading his fingers in.

Keening, Skeppy fisted his cock even faster. "S-so good, so good... feels fucking amazing. Oh God, k-keep moving please, for me, Bad."

He started to babble out curses and rut into his hand, and Bad was sliding all around, cringing a little as more digested food began to stick to him. A shower was definitely needed after this, but the longevity of it was greatly increased in Bad's mind after he was heedlessly tossed around just to have masticated vegetables caked on from his head to his toes.

Yeah, without a modicum of doubt, the bluet will need to have an empty stomach if they are ever to do this again.

Skeppy's breathing became heavy and his thrusts erratic, signaling he was close. The noiret stuck it through despite how disgusting it felt, the discomfort outweighed by the peculiar sense of pride that bubbled up; he had barely done a thing, and his boyfriend was already so close to his peak from just his own hand and a little rubbing at his stomach lining.

"Come for me, muffin," he encouraged once he was sure he had mostly removed the slime from around his mouth, as futile of an effort that was.

He was suddenly squeezed tight as Skeppy tensed his abdomen, the moan from above probably loud enough to reach a few rooms over. The sound was suddenly wetter as the bluet stroked himself, and he continued until he mewled from the heightened sensitivity.

The man went mostly still, Bad relieved that the jostling halted. "Did you finish? Can you throw me up now?" he asked.

The bluet groaned noisily, drawing it out long enough for Bad to snap out his name during. "I can't just puke now..."

"And why not?"

"Because there's still food in there with you. We need to wait like... two hours for it to digest." Skeppy replied after a moment, voice small.

"Geppy!"

"Pleeeeeease Bad," he cried out in the same tone he used to demand sand, "just a little longer, pleeeeeeeeeeeeeee--"

"Oh my gosh, fine!" he yelled, slamming a fist into the wall in front of him. "I'll stay here a little bit longer, but after my shower, we're going to discuss this better, mister!" God, all he had to do was whine a little, and Bad couldn't help but just cave in and do whatever he wanted.

Skeppy thanked him profusely, and the noiret could feel a hand rubbing into the space he was apparently going to have to stay in for the next two hours. The movement was limited greatly, the bluet moving slowly so that he didn't disturb him much, which Bad was grateful for.

Eventually, as he was completely covered in it, he got used to the slime and food, enough to where the warmth surrounding him lulled him to sleep. It's not like he could do much anyway, the snores rumbling all around attesting to that sentiment.

"Ughhh... the things I do for that fudging potato-y muffintop..."

Chapter End Notes

I'm unsure of how many people will actually read this chapter and not skip it at the mention of vore, but oh well. It's already written.

Normal smut stuff will happen in the next chapter.

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Nick and Clay have casual sex I guess.

Chapter Notes

I finally wrote Dreamnap, so now that's another relationship tag I don't have to feel like I'm lying about. It's kind of short though.

This has fingering, rough sex, and kind of dacryphilia for a second.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

All it took was Nick coming into his room, climbing right on top of him, and saying “I’m horny” for Clay to toss his phone to the far side of the bed and kiss him.

A tongue was immediately smudging over his teeth, slipping through to try and lick his nonexistent tonsils. Hands squeezed at his hips before sliding back to dig his fingertips into his ass cheeks, harshly grinding his covered crotch into Clay’s. It wasn’t long before the brunet was essentially tearing the taller man’s clothes off, nipping at his bruised collar bones and throat as he managed to work two lubed up fingers into Clay’s hole.

“Fuck, you’re still so loose,” Nick murmured against his neck between nibbles and kisses, scissoring the lightly clenching ring for a moment before letting another digit slide right on in to the knuckle with the others. “Always so ready for me, baby.”

The blond groaned in pleasure, only experiencing a little sting from the invasive, ever wriggling fingers. It was practically every day he was fucked by his best friend, the younger man’s libido so high that very often (sometimes multiple times a day), he’d barge into Clay’s room and demanded they fuck (consensually, of course. If Clay had ever refused, Nick would just go back to his own room and jerk off or try his luck again later).

It was because of that, that the brunet was able to remove his fingers and replace it with half of his fat cock in seconds, Clay’s hole offering just a slight bit of resistance as he thrust the rest of the way in. Clay whimpered, eyes screwing shut from how quick it was as Nick started to move in and out at a moderate pace, giving him a little bit of time to fully adjust to the size before completely ruining him.

Just as he was about to go faster, there was a sudden scratching that took some of his attention away from the current situation. A resounding meow was released from the small creature just behind the door, claws scraping gratingly against the wood.

Clay’s eyes snapped open, head turning to the door. “Oh my God, I forgot to feed her!”

In an instant, Nick was nudged away, grumbling about loss of warmth as Clay speedran pulling on his shirt and boxers. He rushed out, a quick “sorry, later!” thrown to his roommate.

Patches skillfully weaved around his legs as he opened up not one, but two cans of wet food for her, the extra one an apology for being a horrible cat parent.

His hard on was forgotten completely and gradually softening as he knelt on the tiled floor and scratched behind her ears, whispering praises to her about how she's such a good kitty, as if she could understand him. Patches purred and ate her food, content to let him mumble gibberish and pet her while she enjoyed her slightly late meal without further complaint.

Clay was unexpectedly yanked up by the collar of his shirt, choking a little as he was manhandled into being bent over the nearby counter. "Nick--!" His underwear was tugged down in the back just under the swell of his ass, and he was promptly filled to the brim, his words abruptly cut off as he let out a yelp.

The blond tried to lift up, but Nick fisted his hair and kept him down by shoving his cheek into the marble. "Stay still, you can't just leave in the middle of getting fucked."

He wasn't given a chance to reply, the rebuttal at his lips silenced as he was hammered into, Nick offering no mercy from the brutality of it. "Fffffuck! Sl-slow down!" he cried, drool seeping out from the corner of his mouth and pooling on the countertop.

Clay gripped the edges tightly, knuckles turning white. His dick was brought back to life when Nick's began to hit his prostate head on each thrust, straining against the cotton and soaking the front in pre. The hand cemented in his curls yanked up as the other firmly squeezed over his cock, and thick tears sprung to his eyes.

"So fucking pretty," the brunet grunted out, draping himself over Clay's back to lick away the tears staining his cheek, "so pretty and so goddamn nice to fuck."

The younger man kept at it after the blond came, plunging in and out at a breakneck pace even as the silky walls clamped so tightly around him. Clay sobbed loudly, unable to do a thing but stay still and be fucked into oblivion, nothing besides the overwhelmingly painful overstimulation at the forefront of his mind until his friend finally released in him.

Nick gave a few slow thrusts, sheathing his length back inside entirely when he was done. He pressed his sweaty forehead between Clay's shoulder blades, breath cooling the taller man's clammy skin.

They were both comfortable to remain there connected and unmoving for a small moment, just enough time before everything started to feel gross and sticky. However, a tiny *mrrrrp* brought Clay back from his tired state, heavy eyelids fluttering back open.

"Nick... pull out," he whined, face flushing in embarrassment as he remembered his cat was here the whole time.

Her little, white paw patted at his socked foot. "Meow." she repeated, rubbing her whiskered cheek on his ankle before she moved to scent Nick's leg as well.

The brunet did as requested, pulling out without any protest unlike earlier when they were interrupted. They then pretended like they hadn't just had sex, choosing to clean themselves up and slip on some more clothes. As was customary after any sexual encounter they shared, they exchanged the small "totally platonic and normal best friend" peck on the lips.

Afterwards, they watched some movies together, cuddling while Patches sprawled across their laps. All three fell asleep, happy with the events of today.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, this is normal stuff beside the roughness part. Not much for me to say about anything.

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

George feeds Nick his favorite junk foods and then they fuck I guess.

Chapter Notes

This is a part two thing to Chapter 6's Georgenap, so like you don't have to read that one, but it would probably make more sense.

Okay, so this chapter is technically dedicated to someone? Like not in a weird way, I'm sorry if this is taken in a weird way considering I've never actually interacted with him, but he was the second person ever to follow me on Twitter. And I don't even do anything on Twitter, I just thought it would be good to have one with the same name thing as my Ao3 because I made them both on the same day. Like he even bookmarked my oneshot thing, and then he followed me on Twitter, and then he accepted my follow back?? And when I saw the name in the bookmarks part I was like, I recognize him, I recognize that name! I saw it a bunch on Twitter before he privated, so like an actual popular person on nsfwmcyytwt actually thought something I wrote was decent???

I knew of his like kink things, but not in a weird way because I've read stuff on his Twitter before, so I wrote this for him but I'm too afraid to say the name because that might make it even weirder and I'm too afraid to just, message him on Twitter that I wrote this because I can't talk to people unless they say something first because I Am Awkward. But I just thought I'd write this for him and anyone else who would want to read it. Even though I'm pretty sure I wrote this terribly and parts of it probably don't make sense, I don't know.

I would've had this out WAY quicker, but last week I had a bunch of real life stuff I had to do, so by the time I got back to my room, I'd be like euguhh and watch YouTube, so I was only able to get little bits done at a time.

So, this contains stuffing, stomach kink, hickeys, blow job (like the bare minimum of one), and hand jobs. Honestly I don't even know how cringe my little warnings sound, like should I just put oral sex or is blow job fine?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nick had just finished streaming, saying his goodbyes to his chat and his friends before closing out of everything. The whole thing lasted three hours, a considerable amount of time dedicated to speedrunning, although he had only made it to the end once. And screwed up one cycling the Ender Dragon, ruining what would have been a sub forty run.

That was where he had chosen to end it, and he was now considering his other options of entertainment. He had wanted to leave and hang out with his friends, but Clay was editing an important manhunt and had asked to not be disturbed and George had gone out a while ago to pick up a few things.

Besides, even if George was home, he probably wouldn't even want to talk for an extended period of time to the younger man anyway. He was being rather distant, cutting conversations short and spending much of his time just sitting in his own room under the guise that he too was editing (which was a lie because they've only recorded like one video for his channel, and he's already uploaded that one). Never looking Nick in the eye, seating arrangements leading to George sitting as far away as humanly possible, and leaving the room whenever he even caught a glimpse of food in Nick's hands.

And... despite how much it kind of hurt, Nick understood. How many friends who've had sex with each other go back to normal? At least one of them, if not both, would play back the whole interaction every time they saw the other, unable to just... dismiss it as not a big deal. Nick felt comfortable around George, but the Brit was a completely different person with completely different feelings.

Honestly, he wasn't even sure why he had begged George so much to help him. Sure, he's thought about it at times, wondering what it would be like to have hands that weren't attached to himself rub his achy stomach after he had stuffed himself. Fantasies that would keep him occupied before he'd finally fall asleep despite the discomfort, scenes where one of his close friends would knead his tummy with nimble fingers, him being able to just melt into the nice sensation.

But none of that was worth their friendship. God, if he had just kept to himself, if he just did his normal routine and left before something so stupid left his mouth, George wouldn't be avoiding him. Maybe he'd come back around eventually...

Sinking down into his gaming chair, he sighed deeply, covering his face for a moment. He just felt so drained, it was like all of his energy went into that one stream. Maybe he should take another nap.

Just as he stood up, there was a soft knock at his door. "Yeah?" he called out, cringing a little at how depressed he sounded.

He expected Clay, and was just about to greet him when a decidedly shorter man poked his head through the gap.

George let himself in without a word, the plastic bags held in both arms crinkling lightly as he made his way over to the bed. Sitting down cross legged near the edge, he placed groceries he likely bought earlier beside himself and gestured for Nick to come over.

Amazed that the dark haired brunet actually came here voluntarily, and was looking him directly in the eyes without any embarrassment, he settled down on his free side. George pulled out a packet of chewy cookies, peeling the top open and grabbing one between the pads of his index finger and thumb.

It was pressed into his lips. "Open up for me, Sap." George murmured.

Nick choked down the saliva that accumulated in his mouth so that he didn't drool like an absolute idiot. Letting his friend press it through his lips, he chewed slowly, hyper aware of the brown eyes observing every little movement his jaw made. When he swallowed the chocolate chip cookie down, George's inscrutable gaze turned down to his throat, observing the way his Adam's apple bobbed. Without looking away from Nick, the Brit urged him to have another, presenting it to his astonished features.

Before he knew it, two of the four clear rows housing the cookies were empty, half of the container eaten without effort. George praised him, lovingly wiping away a dark smear of chocolate that was

at the corner of his mouth with his thumb. The fair haired brunet blushed when his friend proceeded to suck away the stain on his finger, continuing with feeding him the rest.

“Hey, d-did you buy soda or anything?” Nick asked right after his mouth was free, more food crammed in after he finished his sentence.

George pulled out a six pack of Coke, wiggling one out of the plastic rings and handing it over after taking the liberty of cracking it open for him. He gave a breathless thanks after taking a few big gulps, now used to how the other’s eyes tracked the way it went down his throat.

After completing the cookies, George was already pulling something new out. The distinct smell of a fresh bag of chips wafted up after the yellow packaging was pulled apart at the top, and just like before, more junk food was being pressed into his willing mouth.

They went through more and more, Nick eating much more than he usually would due to the nonstop encouragement. His stomach felt stretched to the limit, and it was already trying to churn around all the junk he packed in, audible gurgles and groans reaching his ears.

“Georgie, wait...” he managed to get out, quickly twisting his head away so that the strawberry frosted donut bumped against his cheek, “too fuuuuull...”

The Brit threaded the fingers of his free hand through the younger man’s locks. “C’mon, just one more.” he coaxed, gently turning his head back forward and resting the treat on his lips. “You can eat one more, can’t you, sweetheart? For me?”

Light scratching at his scalp, tips of his nails featherlight as they trailed down to the nape of his neck. He shivered involuntarily as they just barely touched at the fine hairs, and, in a daze, he took a bite of the donut without thinking of his stuffed, beginning to ache, stomach.

He blinked out of it before the next honeyed praises that flowed like second nature affected him too much, wondering how just a few words as sweet as sugary things being fed to him made him just mindlessly do what George asked of him.

Where had all that confidence even come from? Their last meaningful interaction left the other man unable to even cope being around him for long, eyes forever searching for something interesting on the floor and face flushed red in shame. Was all the ignoring just him trying to build himself up for *this*?

Nick belatedly realized he finished the donut, just barely swallowing it down before lips crushed onto his. He moaned immediately, circling his arms around George’s neck while thin digits found their way under his shirt. They pressed into his tummy, soothing over pudgy flesh and dark hair delicately for a bit while his tongue seemed to scoop up any trace bits of food still leftover in his mouth.

George drew back just to strip him of his shirt and gestured for him to move so that he was prone on the bed, head propped up on a pillow. Instead of straddling his hips like that one day, a face was being pressed right into his belly, hands ghosting up his sides as soft lips kissed at his stomach.

“God, I really like... this.” The Brit murmured into fuzzy skin, words faltering as he compressed his features in enough that it forced a little hiccup from Nick, and he couldn’t help but just nuzzle his belly as the burbling became more distinct, more clear. “You’re so beautiful... and all the little noises you make are music to my ears, Nick...” The kisses developed into nibbles, hands squeezing at love handles before his fingers dipped below the waistband of his bottoms and teasing the sensitive skin there. “So, so good for me, taking everything I give you.”

“O-oh my god,” Nick stuttered, letting his hand lace through George’s much shorter hair, scratching at his base of his skull much like he would a cat’s as a hickey was sucked just above his hip bone, “Georgie, please, please.”

More were added, splotchy blemishes marking his quivering stomach all over before finally the Brit yanked his shorts down to his thighs. His cock sprung up, bellend nearly clipping George on the nose while Nick sighed in relief.

Lips were pressed to the tip, mouthing down the shaft before he licked back up. Nick moaned when the head was engulfed in wetness, but it only lasted a few seconds as George pulled off to gag when he tried to take in more.

“S-sorry, I’ve--I’ve never actually done this.” George apologized sheepishly, the confidence from earlier seemingly absent.

The younger man opened his mouth to respond, but all that left was an embarrassing squeak when just the head of his dick was sucked on vehemently, the rest fisted by the other brunet’s left hand. The other hand massaged at his abdomen, digits digging into muscles firmly, and Nick couldn’t stop the near constant moans and belches from all the pleasant sensations going on at once.

He resisted the strong urge to thrust up and push the Brit’s head down, not wanting to overwhelm him, instead choosing to comb his trembling fingers through soft hair and mumble praises similar to the ones the other had said prior. It seemed to have a similar effect on George as it did to Nick, his whimpers sending nice, little vibrations up through his shaft.

“Cl-close,” he soon warned, tugging a little on the other’s locks as heat collected low in his gut.

George pulled off, choosing to lather all around the top with spit, paying special attention to the underside while his hand sped up significantly. Nick whined, bucking up into it, managing to choke out another warning just before.

Rather than coming on George’s face like he had thought was going to happen, the Brit aimed his pulsing cock right up his own heaving stomach. The farthest it shot up was to his collar bones, most landing and pooling around various areas on his tummy.

George stroked him through it until he wriggled from the overstimulation, promptly letting go to undress himself lightening fast, the movements nearly a blur to the other. Straddling him, the dark haired brunet instantly dipped down to kiss him hard, hands kneading into sullied flesh to spread the gunk around and make Nick burp into his mouth.

Shuffling forward enough that his back was arched almost painfully, his cock slapped wetly on the furry stomach beneath him. He eventually couldn’t keep up the angle, pulling away from the kiss to sit up and rut onto him.

Nick couldn’t help but appreciate the filthy sight before him, something he missed last time from how spontaneous it was. Eyes cinched shut, open-mouthed panting, cock sliding rapidly up and down as he humped over his abdomen, and hands leaving fingerprint shaped bruises in his sides. He couldn’t even keep the dominant act up, so lost in the pleasure that Nick was sure that the Brit physically could not quiet down, loud moans filling the room and likely traveling the short distance away to Clay’s room.

If this wasn’t literally the hottest fucking thing Nick had ever seen in his entire life, he probably would’ve at least told the other man to make an attempt to muffle all his noises so that they could bypass any unwanted, awkward conversions later. But right now, nothing mattered besides George.

The only possible reason he'd interrupt this was if someone had actually walked in and George didn't notice.

George practically wailed when Nick pressed his hand on top of his dick, letting him hump needily into the added friction. All coherent thought left, only whiny babbles leaving his pink lips, a constant mantra of *Nick* and *please*.

His thrusts became erratic, and Nick was surprised that the Brit had just managed to clap a palm right over his own mouth to dampen what would've been the loudest sound he made. George exhaled rapidly through his nose, eyelids fluttering closed while he rocked through the aftershocks.

Gently, the younger man tugged him downwards after he had calmed down, removing his hand that almost seemed affixed there and pressed a few delicate kisses to his pink, willing lips. George scooted down automatically so that he wasn't arched uncomfortably again, melting right into it and already prodding with the tip of his tongue.

Nick smoothed his tongue over George's languidly, a sharp contrast to the kiss they shared earlier. They pulled away after a few slow minutes, the dark haired brunet slumping down right on top of the other and burying his face in the crook of his neck.

"Dude," Nick said before rethinking the word he chose and deciding to amend it, "George. C'mon, we need to shower or something. I got come, like, all over my tummy." After receiving no response, and feeling the subtle trembling of the body on top of his, he spoke again, softer. "Georgie, you don't have to feel all messed up if that's what's going on right now... just like last time, nothing has to change. There's literally nothing you could do to make me actually upset, okay? I love you so much and value our friendship a lot. You don't need to be upset about anything."

He ran his hand up and down George's back, hoping he had said the right thing to comfort the other. If he had to go another week without being able to talk or interact with one of his best friends in the whole world, he honestly might cry. George meant so much to him, even if none of these interactions ever resulted in anything more, never resulted in a romantic relationship, he would be completely okay as long as they remained close friends.

Nick pressed a little kiss into the other's hair and squeezed him close, choosing to forget about what was coating their fronts and the copious amounts of empty containers and packages littering the floor around. Everything could be dealt with later.

With George's shaking subsiding and breathing going back to normal after a short while, the younger man spoke up during the comfortable silence.

"... Man, the post nut clarity really hits you hard, huh?"

The Brit's body buzzed above his, but he knew it was nothing bad when the other's giggles reached his ears, George failing to muffle it in his shoulder. It made Nick laugh too, both eventually just wheezing, unable to contain it.

"O-oh my god, you're so fucking stupid," the other brunet managed to get out after their long laughing fit, nearly out of breath. "I'm just--I'm just, it's just weird. I hyped myself up for this so much, and it's... it's still very, um, overwhelming, I guess. But really good, I'm... yeah..." he supplied lamely, incapable of forming the right response.

Nick resumed his rubbing, feeling George slacken further in his hold. "I get it, you're good. If this happens again next time, I'll always try to make sure you're okay. You're important to me,

George.”

“Next time?” he questioned, and Nick almost backpedaled, scared he said the wrong thing, but George had thankfully continued, “I mean... I’d like to do something like this again, next time. At some point.”

Nick gently gripped the other’s chin, lifting his head from where it was pressed into his shoulder and placing a soft, chaste kiss onto his lips. “Of course, Gogy.” he breathed against him, and George unintentionally shivered from the contact.

After some more lazy cuddling, George complained about the stickiness, leading to them finally peeling apart to head to the bathroom to shower after grabbing new clothes. They emerged in half an hour, hair damp and messy and the Brit’s borrowed clothes just a bit too large on his smaller frame. Just as they both stepped out, however, Clay had just made it up the stairs.

Nick feared for any interaction at all, both him and George standing frozen in the hallway while their friend just kind of gave them a... *look*, adjusting the half asleep Patches curled up in one arm while his other hand held one of those refillable glass water bottles he was fond of. Turning on his heel, the blond went into his editing room without a word after five seconds of practically staring into their souls.

Relieved, they retreated back to Nick’s room, shutting the door as quietly as possible to avoid any unnecessary noise in spite of everything that had occurred in the past few hours. George hopped back into the other’s bed like he owned it, beckoning him over with a finger. Nick slipped under the covers facing George, but he was flipped back the other way, the Brit’s slender arms circling around his middle and hands tenderly caressing his stomach under his hoodie.

“Little nap?” George suggested, a yawn cutting through the sentence.

Nick snuggled backward, placing his hands on top of the other’s moving ones. “Mhm. Or maybe it’ll turn into a full sleep thing. Who knows?”

The short conversation trailed off there, George giving a half hearted mumble as an answer, and they both fell asleep. Later, they woke up to the bright flash of a phone capturing the sight.

Chapter End Notes

Hope this was written okay. Usually I write things in bigger chunks, so I hope it doesn't flow weird or I did something completely wrong that makes it unreadable. I also didn't read over it as much as everything else on here because all of that was written last year so I've had the chance to read them a bunch of times before I decided to post them. And sorry if it was very weird to like write something for someone when you've never spoken to them, but I just thought I should I guess. If he actually comes back here, because I don't know how bookmarks work (like if I bookmark something and it updates, does it like, tell you, hey, this fanfiction has another chapter?), he'll probably be able to guess it's for him specifically considering I can't think of any other people in this specific area of Ao3 and Twitter who like feederism (is that the right word? It had the red squiggly line under it, so like I don't know if it's just not considered a word or if it's spelled wrong) stuff.

Dreamnotnap

Chapter Summary

Dream puts his son to bed and then spends some time with his husbands.

Chapter Notes

I finally wrote poly Dream Team, so I apologize to anyone who had clicked on this before this chapter existed just because of that relationship tag and was disappointed that there was none for it yet.

In this, Tubbo is their young son. Don't ask me how that works, just go with it. Just assume he was adopted by three cool guys who are happily married.

This contains just a lot of humping and hickies. I kept it short and sweet because it's my first time writing smut with three people involved, so I didn't want to complicate it too much.

This is set in real life, so I used real names. Sorry if that makes anyone cringe.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay finished the bedtime story, bringing the opened book closer to the little boy in the bed so that he could touch the giant, smiley bee on the page. The yellow and black stripes were made intentionally fuzzy on the bee and all the other animals featured inside, and his son insisted on petting every single creature to feel the downy softness of the “fur.”

Toby (or Tubbo, he'd correct sometimes, preferring the nickname the neighbor's youngest gave him to his own) scratched at the bee as gently as his stubby fingers would allow, his absolute favorite animal deserving of a few extra pats before the story was stored away in the little bookshelf beside the bed.

“Ready to go to sleep, bee?” the blond asked, reaching out to brush a few stray brown curls from Tubbo's forehead, making the boy giggle tiredly.

He buzzed in response, his droopy eyelids finally closing and arms settling down over the thick, green blanket. “Bzzz, bzzzzzz...”

Clay gave him a goodnight kiss on his chubby cheek, Tubbo letting out a few more titters from how ticklish he was. “Nighty night, little bee. I love you.”

“Nigh’, daddy... love you...” Tubbo mumbled, already drifting off to have the sweetest of dreams.

The blond ruffled his hair delicately, suppressing the urge to squeal from how cute his and his husbands' son was. His heart overflowed with fondness just by looking at Tubbo's peaceful, little face; he was all tiny and bundled up in bed, looking completely like the angel he was.

After murmuring another “I love you” to his little bee, he turned off the lamp, a faint, golden light still being cast across the room from the star shaped night light plugged in nearby. Clay tiptoed out

of the bedroom, the door shutting with the quietest click he could possibly accomplish.

Darkness greeted him due to the hallway being windowless, so he felt around the floor with his foot just in case Tubbo happened to leave any toys lying around. The master bedroom was at the opposite end of the hall, and he felt another wave of giddiness, this time at the thought of being able to cuddle for at least eight hours with two of the three most important people in his life.

His husbands were already in bed, as they each took turns putting their son to bed so that he didn't get too dependent on all three being there every single night. George was on his side, eyes closed with his cheek propped up on his arm, while Nick was sitting up against the wooden headboard on his phone. They both perked up upon his entrance.

"Hey," he whispered, crawling to the middle of the bed and sliding his body under the covers, as his husbands seemed to favor Clay right in between them. They always left plenty of room for him to slide in on the nights he accompanied Tubbo on his nightly routine.

Nick slung an arm over him. "Tubs in bed?" he asked, ignoring the annoyed groan from George when his hand nearly collided with his face.

The blond hummed, wrapping his arms around the brunet. "Yeah. Out like a light, I think." He smiled when George snuggled in behind him, arms snaking around his waist under his shirt.

They each mumbled out their version of goodnight, and Clay let his eyes close, already feeling unconsciousness creeping up on him from how comfortable and warm the area around was. He was nearly asleep when he felt something hard grind into him from behind, skinny arms tightening around his middle. Sequentially, a leg hooked around his at the front, Nick letting out a soft moan when his crotch dragged against Clay's.

"Guys, wait!" the blond whisper-yelled, feeling his features heat up from the casual grinding on his person. "We--we can't, Toby is in bed! He could hear!"

Nick whined where he had his face pressed into Clay's chest. "Awwh, c'monnnnn, kid sleeps like a fuckin' rock. Pleeeease, c'mon, Dream."

The other brunet's hands glided down to his hips, fingertips compressing hard over his covered skin as he rutted into his ass. "Want you, Dreamy. It's been too long..." he huffed out, shoving his face between Clay's shoulder blades to muffle any other sounds.

Clay felt a little tingle shoot through his body, frame shivering despite the heat as he involuntarily thrust back onto George's bulge, the brief image of being filled up clouding his mind. It did feel like it's been a while, he thought, even though it's only really been a week. It's hard to find time for sexual intimacy when you have a five-year-old at home during summer break, constantly afraid your kid's going to walk into something that would honestly be the most physically, mentally, and emotionally dreadful situation to explain. If he wasn't actively being humped against from his front and back by two gorgeous guys, he would've gone so flaccid.

But... Tubbo does usually sleep through the night, he thought after a moment, chewing on his bottom lip when Nick began to suck blemishes into his neck, *hardly ever waking up from nightmares...* George tugged down the back of his sweats, and Clay felt his already leaking cock push between his cheeks, tip just catching against his hole every thrust while he dug his nails into the meat to squish them together. *He won't come in, he won't come in; we can do this very quickly and quietly, just enough to tide us over for a while...*

His resolve crumbled embarrassingly fast, and he shoved his ruddy face into Nick's locks to stop

any potential moans from leaving the bedroom when the grinds became harsh, his pants pulled down in the front as well so that his length was rubbed on Nick's. Faint moans vibrated against his skin, plump lips mouthing down to his collar bones to nip and suck at his sensitive areas. Likewise, George gave harsher bites more around the back of his neck, squeezing Clay's cheeks tight so that his dick squelched lewdly amid the malleable globes.

He roughly yanked the blond back, Nick whimpering at the loss of friction and tugging him back to continue to hump him. Clay let out a shuddering groan at the treatment into a pillow, briefly chomping down on it to dampen anything loud. George eventually scooted even closer, both practically crushing him between them as his husbands used him to chase their own orgasms.

"Feels s-so, so good," Nick slurred, unable to do anything else but thrust forward and babble. "Please, Clay..."

The blond cradled his head to his chest, muffling the brunet's constant and uncontrollable string of words that happened when he was approaching his climax. George was better at managing his noises, his own face pressed back into Clay's spine as he briskly slammed his pelvis into him.

Suddenly, Nick's movements stuttered, splashing the blond's cock as he cried out into his shirt. The other brunet's thrusts kept pushing Clay back onto him, so the blond smushed his face harder to his chest to stop anything from getting out, shushing Nick as he wept from the greatly increased sensitivity.

The blond came next, adding to the slickness on their abdomens, and then George hissed out a few curses as he painted Clay's lower back and ass. They all were quiet for a few moments, the only sounds were their light panting and Nick's sniffles, when Clay felt the blanket being removed.

A hand grabbed a dry area of his ass cheek, thumb moving to the seam to part them, and just before the blond could ask what the hell George was doing, a flash of bright light originated from behind.

"Oh my god, did you just take a picture?"

George snapped another picture, this time of the mess at Clay and Nick's front. "Mhm. Need *something* to sustain me until we can properly fuck." he said, pulling the blanket up and resuming the exact position he started in so that he could fall asleep.

Clay squirmed, the come gradually cooling on his lower half starting to feel a little gross, but the snore from Nick gave him the strong indication that no clean up will happen until morning. They all wake up before Tubbo anyway, so all they have to do is cram three grown men in one bathtub for a quick shower to get rid of the evidence before the boy has any chance of walking into their bedroom.

Clay let out a deep sigh, snuggling into the man at his front. Maybe he and the neighbor's should arrange another playdate or sleepover for their young sons. Phil and Kristen were exceptionally kind people, surely they would be willing to take Tubbo off their hands for a little while. At least long enough for Clay to finally be fucked into the mattress.

He drifted off with that thought in his mind, mentally planning the most casual way to walk over to their house and ask them if Tubbo could spend some time with his best friend without seeming too desperate and suspicious.

Yeah. It's short, but I think I did okay maybe. Did I do good on the fluff part at the very least? In things I've written a few years ago (that I never uploaded anywhere), I noticed that all I wrote was gore, a little tiny bit of smut and what I can only describe as creepy fluff. Creepy because I would want to write fluff, but I would always have something ruin it. Like, if anyone had read it, they'd probably be like, "Wow, okay, weird, but good for them I guess??" because of how weird, creepy, or awkward I'd end up making it. Back when I was in school, my English teacher really liked what I wrote, I'd get 100s on any writing assignment I'd bother to turn in on time, but that was her opinion on a lot of it when I asked. I mean, fair.

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Clay is a borrower and Nick is just a normal human person and they have sex I guess (literally so sorry some of these say exactly what happens and end with I guess. I am incapable of writing a true summary).

Chapter Notes

So, before I get into this chapter thing, I want to talk about the previous chapter. I didn't respond to any comments before because I planned to just address them all as a whole. I will do a part two to the poly Dream Team and little kid Tubbo thing eventually because I agree, it's literally adorable, baby bee and three dads. But this is a smut oneshot thing technically, so like the fluffy part will be at the beginning again, and then the normal sex stuff will happen after Tubbo's dropped off at Phil's house. But it might be a bit before I write it because like, I struggle with writing smut sometimes and making it sound right, and now I have to think about three instead of two people, so ya know.

Now about this chapter: do y'all like plot with your porn?? Because that's what you're getting, fuck ton of plot before the sex. Just some stuff about Clay's life as a borrower before and after meeting Nick and him marveling at all the things he can see up close without worry of being caught. I honestly just kept writing, I literally don't know how I wrote so much. I'm not sure how many pages on here specifically it is because I just copy and paste it into here and have to format it a bit, like skip an extra line so that you all can read it better. But it's at least seven pages, so it's the longest one I've written so far.

Anyways, this has uhhhhh just macro/micro, blow job stuff and masturbation (did you know I can't spell masturbation? Every time I need to use that word I just type it as correctly as I possibly can into Google until it figures out what the fuck I'm trying to say. Or I did that the first time, now I just go to the tags and copy it from there).

Clay is like six inches tall, and the dirty talk part isn't very good but I was going off on how borrowers are exposed to less media than just normal people, so it wouldn't really get detailed on Clay's end. And sorry about the use of real names, but it's in a real life setting.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The borrower watched his human play some video game on the TV, which was something he recently learned was a thing. He previously thought the moving pictures couldn't be interacted with besides pausing, as Nick told him they were prerecorded usually a few months in advance, but apparently hooking up a console allowed you to play games like on the computer.

Clay thought it was fascinating, as borrowers never had technology such as that. The closest they could get was just watching the human beings (he was embarrassed to find out it was beings, not beans as he had thought for the past twenty-one years of his life; he blamed his parents for that

social blunder, as his giant friend teased him relentlessly the first time it left its mouth) use the complicated machinery from afar, curious eyes from under the couch or behind the bookcase. Borrowers could never truly get a hold of anything like that, even though Clay had seen much smaller gaming devices before, but they're still too heavy and bulky to drag to their own home and would definitely be missed by their owner. Stealing something like that would surely warrant an all out search, leading to hiding places to be discovered.

It made him feel overwhelmingly special knowing he was obtaining the best possible view one of his kind could. No worrying about being seen while trying to catch a glimpse of the show for an ounce of entertainment between the food and item runs. Clay hadn't realized how dull life was until he started borrowing for himself, and he honestly didn't think he could just go back to how it was before he met his human.

The memory was looked back with fondness by the borrower despite the circumstances surrounding it. Somehow he had gotten tangled up in his grappling hook string while hanging from a high cupboard in the kitchen. At the time, he was absolutely terrified, and rightly so. Older relatives had instilled a deep fear in him when he was young, regaling him and his siblings with tales full of death and mutilation if a human had ever caught one of them. He sobbed and struggled while upside down, face beet red and left arm gradually losing feeling where the circulation was being cut off.

When the brunet had finally left his room and spotted Clay, he cut him down without thinking about it too much, wanting to help someone out who was hopelessly trapped. He cradled Clay's tiny form in the palms of his hands, and seeing that the blond was so, so afraid, he let him go immediately. Nick gently placed him on the ground and took a huge step back, hands up in a placating manner like the borrower was a volatile animal. Clay rushed away after a moment that felt like an eternity, nearly unable to stop staring dumbly at the human who had decided in less than a second to save his life and let him go without scrutiny. Nick didn't follow him to see where he hid, in fact, several minutes passed quietly, no footsteps or anything being opened in the next room; it was like he was giving Clay plenty of time to conceal himself.

Their interactions steadily increased after that, the borrower choosing to stay in this house despite the inherent risks, most notably of the human being aware of his existence. First it was the other loudly announcing when he was entering a room, and the day after that he started leaving food out in easily accessible places, all of it cut up in what would be Clay's version of bite sized bits. All sorts of tiny things like string and paper clips and toothpicks were situated on the ground near the walls, even novelty items Clay didn't need like buttons and marbles (the mini cube full of colors was his favorite to mess around with. He liked to rotate the clicky parts until all the tinier squares didn't match and then solve it.) There was even a miniature notepad and a pencil worn down near the metal bit left remarkably close to the main entrance of his home. It read *For you* :) in big lettering on the first page, a little heart with the human's name on its right at the bottom. A teardrop shaped piece of chocolate with a flat bottom was wrapped up in silver foil on the middle of the page. The gesture practically left him in tears, limbs trembling so much that he almost couldn't drag his lovely, heartwarming gift into his hidey hole.

After that, Clay began to leave his home with Nick still in the room, sitting on the carpet near the couch and observing whatever he was doing. The brunet would offer him a casual greeting, making sure to stay outside of arm's reach so that the tiny person felt comfortable. Day after day, he would tread closer until he was eventually so close that he could be crushed by the socked foot he leaned against. That led to him scaling the couch, but the next day after he had first done that, a stack of throw pillows was provided for effortless climbing.

It was only natural that actual conversations commenced, each wanting to know more about the

other and the vastly different lives they lived. Not once in the beginning of that stage did Nick touch him without permission, letting the blond clamber up his thigh and use his shirt as climbing practice or pull at his hair so that he could perch on the top of his head amid the brown curls. If Clay asked for assistance, he gave it, delicately scooping him up so that they could eat at the kitchen table together or take a nap with Clay stretched out on his soft stomach in bed.

The touches became more frequent. The brunet idly petting him with just the tip of his finger, ever so carefully scratching down his back, or bringing him up close to press featherlight pecks to his features. In turn, Clay would grip a single, large finger in his hand, giving a little squeeze to show his affection, and press his tiny kisses all over his palm (following the lines, tingly little trails of love, going up each digit and around the back to pepper them around his knuckles, glancing up adoringly at his human to see the shy, flustered look plaster itself on his gorgeous face.)

If only his family could see him now, where he was currently sitting down on a human's chest and watching him play games, something so monumental for someone of his stature. The calming heartbeat just beneath him, the continual rise and fall of his breathing strong enough to move him along with it. Balmy breaths providing a constant warmth with the way he was lying back on the couch.

Clay tuned back into the present, Nick's little "yes!" bringing him from his thoughts. Something died in game, leaving a grainy blood splatter on the ground where the person was shot. The blond didn't remember the name of his game, only knowing it was exceedingly violent with all the shooting and death, and it weirdly reminded him of the gruesome stories his uncle would tell. It was nice, mind numbing entertainment to watch, although he greatly preferred the pixelated one with all the blocks. That one was fun, and he was even able to actively play it on Nick's phone, tapping the controls on the screen with his whole hand to move the player around.

A few more minutes passed in relative silence before something on screen made Nick upset. "What, no! Fucking c'mon!" he groaned, abruptly sitting up straight to focus better.

That had happened a few times before, when Nick was too much into the game. The first time it transpired he noticed immediately, apologizing profusely, afraid he hurt the borrower and ruined their friendship in two seconds somehow. But borrowers, despite the tiny size, are a bit more durable than they look, so Clay easily brushed it off. He wouldn't get hurt from something like that, especially when the landing was as cushiony as the brunet's stomach or thighs.

So the action, which was virtually nothing to the human, caused Clay to tumble down his front with a yelp. However, this time he fell in the tiny gap between Nick's thighs, back right up against his crotch.

As he was still preoccupied with his game, he hadn't really noticed, adjusting his position slightly to squeeze the hapless borrower between thick flesh. Clay's head was the only part of his body shown, peeking out with his cheeks a little squished, and his limbs could just barely twitch while compressed to his own body.

Shocked, it took a moment for Clay to even process it. Here he was, just... stuck. Stuck between his very, *very* close... friend's thighs. Two thin layers of fabric separating him from a dick probably as big as himself. Heat rose to his face, feeling a little embarrassed about the whole thing despite it being a total accident.

Clay knew it was hard for borrowers to actually meet a new person of their own kind. Humans had it so easy because they had the luxury to go anywhere without concealing themselves. They can meet new people, develop relationships based on how alike they were or shared interests. But borrowers have to take what they can get. He was lucky his parents seemed to like each other, that

even though they married for convenience and to keep their kind going, they shared an actual love.

Which was why Clay was so surprised he found someone he liked so much. A soulmate, someone who he loved and wanted to spend his entire life with. He wouldn't have to settle for the first girl he saw who wasn't too closely related, have children, and hide in a wall until he dies from some unfortunate mishap or another person (because borrowers never die from old age. There's a certain point where you become a liability, too old to move and have kids. Just a drain on resources. It would only make sense that once you become bedridden with no sign of coming out of it, that you're put out of your misery for the greater good. Either that, or you were by yourself for years, and eventually got to the point you were too weak to climb and run to borrow for yourself. You'd just starve in some dark area, so incredibly alone and withering away while a human being was likely a few feet away and ignorant to your suffering. Just the thought of that made Clay shudder, another miniscule movement that made Nick's thighs compress around him a bit more, as if idly trying to get rid of an itch.)

So, just being right there, made him think more about it. No one he knew just did the things they did unless they were married. Clay and Nick never really bothered to put a label on what they were, and the blond assumed that was because it's not like they could just tell others. The only other human to know of Clay's existence was an internet friend of the brunet with a funny accent, and he only told because George demanded to know what was taking up all of his time. George had joked, called them *boyfriends*, and Nick never disputed that claim, just blushing and changing the subject.

"N-nick?" he finally whispered after a full minute of contemplating, and it was obvious he wasn't heard, as he was squashed a little bit more. "Nick!" he tried again, actually yelling to get the other's attention because as oddly pleasant as the surrounding flesh felt, it would probably be in his best interest to get him to notice as soon as possible. He could already feel the weight beginning to get heavy, and it would be really bad to acquire a broken bone or something from the pressure being exerted from both sides.

A switch flipped, his features going from concentrated to full of worry when his eyes snapped downwards. "Oh my god, I'm literally so *sorry!*" he squeaked out, one of his frequent and adorable voice cracks coming through.

Controller carelessly cast aside, he spread his legs and went to grab Clay, but the blond held a hand up to stop him. Before Clay could abandon his plan, he leaned backwards, firmly rubbing his back against Nick's crotch.

The way his hand flew to his mouth, pressing hard over his lips to dampen the surprised moan, and the full body tremor that shook his frame made Clay aware how much control he had. He flipped over to press his front into the slowly hardening bulge, craning his head up to detect any discomfort. As much as he liked the reaction, if his human gave any indication he wanted to stop, he would.

Nick's palm gradually left his mouth, choosing to settle down on his thigh, and he let out this shaky sigh, brown eyes catching the borrower's. "Cl-clay?" he mumbled, steadily scooting forward so that he was slouched over the couch like before.

Clay squeezed it with his arms, giving the most seductive look upwards he could manage, and he was sure he could feel a rhythmic pulse from all the blood rushing south. A hand crept up, gently pressing him more into it, and Nick let out a soft moan. His thighs spread farther apart, fingers prodding the blond's spine as he grinded the borrower more into his crotch.

This continued for a little while, Clay allowing the brunet to use him for his own pleasure, intermittently clutching around the growing tent with his arms and thrusting his own cock into it.

Another look at Nick showed his eyes closed, teeth nibbling at his bottom lip as he ground Clay onto himself harder, face flushed a beautiful shade of red.

He wanted to be up there. He *needed* to be up there.

“Nick, stop.” he said suddenly, a spark of arousal coursing through him when the hand tore itself away like he was scorching metal. Before Nick had a chance to say another apology, the blond lifted his arms up, using an universal signal.

Nick hesitantly picked the borrower up, cupping his hands close so that he didn’t drop him. Clay stripped from his doll clothes without any further delay when he was at eye level, his human’s blushing reaching the tips of his ears.

“Put my stuff somewhere safe.” he ordered, maneuvering to sit his bare ass down on Nick’s left palm and one hand gripping his thumb so he wouldn’t fall.

Nick did so without question, gently pinching the tiny pile with his index finger and thumb and placing them on the arm of the couch. Motioning to be brought closer, Clay sat up on his knees, aware of the way Nick’s eyes tracked the miniscule bobbing of his cock, pupils dilating.

Once he was close enough, he grasped a handful of Nick’s cheeks and smushed his face into inviting lips. Ever cautious, his human only pressed back a little, lips quivering over his features as the blond sucked bug bite sized hickies and sunk his teeth into sensitive flesh.

He pulled away when he could hold his breath no longer, taking in a few deep breaths. “Do you... do you want to keep going?” Clay questioned after a moment.

“Y-yeah...” he spoke, voice hushed due to how close the borrower was.

Clay placed a few more kisses over his lips, these ones much more gentle. At this proximity, it was easier to just gaze into a single eye instead of looking at the space in between them. “Good. But in order for us to keep going, I... I want to be in charge, okay?” he asked, already knowing what he wanted. “Is that okay?”

“Uh huh.” he assented, nodding his head a little.

Hooking his fingers under Nick’s jaw, he guided the brunet until his cock was level with his lips. “Alright, I want you to wet your lips and then stay still afterwards.”

A tongue poked out and swiped across them as requested, leaving a sheen of fresh saliva. Clay tapped the end of his dick on the brunet’s bottom lip, enjoying the micro twitches of his face, knowing how much he wanted to move so badly. Placing his hands back on Nick’s cheeks, he slid himself inside until his pelvis was right up against pillowy lips, entire length engulfed in the sweetest feeling imaginable.

It was absolute heaven, the borrower groaning and doubling over, having to use Nick’s nose as support. “O-oh fuck...” Nick stayed obediently still, letting the blond fuck into his mouth a few times while his eyes crossed to watch him, “so good, Nicky, being so good for me.”

Nick’s little whimpers were music to his ears, causing him to unconsciously speed up, grunting and squeezing tight at soft skin. Nothing he had ever done in his whole life could ever compare to shoving his cock through pliant lips, Nick’s tongue pressing just behind them so that the sensitive tip squished against wet taste buds. His human being so good for him, so submissive, willing to remain unmoving until Clay decided. His hand, although shaky, stayed palm up to hold the borrower to his lips, while the other’s fingertips dug into his thigh to avoid touching himself.

Clay pulled out of the heat to grind his length over Nick's lips. "You look so gone already," he remarked, smearing the practically nonexistent drops of pre right at the barely parted seam. "All red and needy and really fucking beautiful. Literally the b-best thing ever."

The brunet released this desperate, whiny sound, the puff of air sweltering. It made his cock visibly twitch, something Nick couldn't see because of his nose but felt against his bottom lip.

"Please," he managed to get out, voice wrecked as if the borrower's length was long enough to hammer straight into his throat.

"Please what?" Clay pressed in faux innocence, crossing his arms to lean casually over the bridge of his human's nose while still rubbing himself onto plush lips in small circles. "I don't know what you're asking of me."

Nick whined, eyelids cinching shut as his face did its best imitation of a furnace. His words were mumbled, all jumbled together, and it took some light encouragement from Clay for it to come out sounding like English. "I-I w'anna touch m-myself... please c-can I, Clay?"

"Of course you can," he cooed after a moment, taking pity on Nick.

The borrower gazed at him adoringly and sprinkled tiny kisses wherever he could reach, the brunet eventually yanking his bottoms down enough to expose himself without dislodging Clay from his perch. Clay shifted back just a little to catch sight of Nick curling his fingers around himself, a drawn out moan leaving his spit slick lips as he thrust into his hand.

The blond went back to his previous task, pushing back into the moist warmth. "Don't come before me," he ordered.

He shuddered when Nick wouldn't stop whimpering, lips clamping tight over Clay's dick to compensate for wanting to moan aloud. The buildup was nothing like he felt before in his life (his own hand could never hope to match up to this, could never compare to how good it all felt and the fact he's experiencing it with someone he holds so dearly in his heart). The borrower rapidly drove in and out, clutching at the brunet's nose again as he gasped out praises, all the vibrations making his mind go fuzzy. All he could think about for a moment was Nick and his fuckable lips and cute, blushy face, and all his sweet noises.

His orgasm approached quickly, and he just managed to make his human stick his tongue out, rutting into it a few times before he painted the middle area in come. He bent over, nearly unable to hold himself up, his arms the consistency of jelly. It twitched under him, hands and knees squished into the muscle to hold it in place, and drool started to seep out of the corners of Nick's mouth and down his palm.

"C'ay, puh'ea'e..." he mumbled, almost unintelligible without the use of his tongue, it wobbling slightly as he resisted the urge to pull it back into his mouth.

The borrower took his weight off and gave it a little nudge, Nick drawing his tongue back in and swallowing down the miniscule amount of come.

"Lean back some more, Nick," he said after regaining his breath. "Wanna see you come for me."

The brunet reclined farther at his request, gently depositing him back onto his chest just like in the beginning of his gaming session. Pumping himself fast, all sorts of noises spilling out now.

Clay hadn't realized just how close Nick was despite the minimal contact, him just tightening his fingers and swiveling his wrist just right around the head before coming with a shout, back arching

and legs twitching.

He came in spurts, Clay actually getting hit square in the stomach, the force nearly being enough to knock him over where he was sitting. Nick hadn't noticed, eyelids closed in bliss as he stroked himself through it, babbling out nonsense.

The borrower waited a few moments for Nick to calm down before he spoke, his human slumping down into the couch cushions and panting a little. "... You good?"

A hand, thankfully the one without semen, draped right over Clay, rubbing as delicately as possible over his back. "Yeah... 'm good." He shifted a little, lifting his head up. "Oh my god, I got jizz on you." he blurted out, mortified.

Clay laughed as Nick immediately began fussing over him, using a clean part of his shirt to scrub it away. "It's fine. Now you can give me a bath." he said, already thinking about one of the many luxuries he had because of his human.

Not bothering to tuck himself back inside his shorts, the brunet stood up, cradling the borrower to his chest. Clay leaned into him, feeling the subtle thud of his heartbeat underneath the layers of skin and muscle.

Later, while he soaked in the bathroom sink, water hotter than anything his kind could ever hope for, he listened to the white noise of the shower running. He dunked his head before resurfacing for some shampoo, scooping out a glob from the bottle cap Nick placed at the rim and rubbing it into his blond locks. Dipping his head back in to get rid of the soap, he turned over to grab at the rubber duck, using it to keep him afloat.

"This is nice..." he said to himself, knowing that even if he called out to his human that the shower would've drowned his voice out anyway.

It was weird how he felt these sudden bursts of love for Nick from the littlest things. The way he'd make sure the water was to his liking, the dollop of soap kept conveniently close. The soft cloth for when he'd want to get dry beside his new, clean outfit, which was folded up as neatly as Nick's large fingers possibly could manage. Even the yellow duckie Nick insisted he have made him just a tad bit emotional (a lie, he literally wanted to cry, everything reminding him of the Hershey's kiss on the notepad that had motivated him to reach out to the human).

Nick emerged from the shower a few minutes later, grabbing at the towel on the rack and scrubbing it through his hair before drying the rest of his body. The borrower climbed out of the sink and copied him, slipping on his doll clothes afterwards. His human reached out to him, intending on picking him up, but Clay clutched at his fingers and looked up admiringly at him, peppering his damp skin with more kisses.

"Jeez, you really know how to make a guy feel special..." he croaked out, free hand covering at his face to hide the rosy tint in his cheeks and the forming smile at his lips.

Clay pressed a big smooch to the brunet's thumb, giving a brief squeeze to the flesh before hopping into the palm. "Play the mining game now?" he asked, widening his eyes and sticking his bottom lip out.

"Was all that just you buttering me up for Minecraft?" he giggled, lifting Clay up and nuzzling him, squishing the borrower's face into his cheek.

Clay made his voice as serious as possible. "Yes, we had sex for Minecraft."

They both laughed after a moment, Clay wheezing uncontrollably while Nick carried him out of the room. When he calmed down, his human set him down on the miniature pillow on his desk, booting up his computer and getting ready to play on the single player world he lets Clay control his actions on.

Chapter End Notes

Hope this isn't trash, I actually think I did pretty good? I don't know. At least every time I do macro/micro stuff, I change it up a little bit so that it's not all the same. You guys literally don't know how much I have to restrain myself from just only writing that, so I'm trying to put a bunch of normal stuff in between the tiny person and giant person sex chapters. Honestly, I'll basically write anything if it's macro/micro, even things that my brain is like no to.

Anyways, I hope I didn't mess anything up, I didn't read over it much and also it's kind of long, so I'm more likely to miss mistakes.

Badnotfound

Chapter Summary

George puts on a sad/scary movie so Darryl cries.

Chapter Notes

So, before I say stuff about this chapter, question, uh, does no one like Dreamnap??

Like no comments on the two Dreamnap ones I have, which makes me nervous for no reason. Like one is just like two pages of just smut while the other has a long plot part before the porn, so, like, no in between but they're still okay I guess?? I don't know, comments just fuel me, nothing to worry about, I'm fine.

Okay so about this chapter, I got the idea for this one from a BNHA fanfic I read a part of a while back (I don't really even read fics for that specific show, but I clicked it because I was looking for examples of something and how to write it and at the time there were a lot of Kinktober stuff still around, so I was like eh okay). Like the idea for making someone cry from something sad. And you know, I'm trying to write different stuff. Which is also why I put George and Bad together, like does anyone actually ship that or is it just something you only see in poly Dream Team plus Bad?

The detailed movie parts aren't from anything, my inner gore writer wanted to come out but I only wrote it a tiny bit, so that's why the gore part isn't very good anyway.

This chapter has dacryphilia, hand job, dry humping, and is just kind of grossly described. It's also set in real life, so I used Bad's real name.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So what are we watching, George?” Darryl asked excitedly, hopping onto the couch cushion beside his boyfriend and throwing an arm around the back of his neck.

George shrugged, leaning into the other man’s side. “Just a movie. Don’t worry about it.” he reassured, but all it did was serve to make Darryl a tad bit nervous. Still trusting, but nervous.

The Brit unpaused it, infinitely glad that Darryl wasn’t wearing his glasses, as he would’ve seen the words at the bottom of the screen if his vision wasn’t blurry. It started out innocently enough, just a woman sitting quietly in the safety of her own home, a thick book placed on her lap. The fireplace crackled, the flames licking over the logs thrown in, simultaneously lighting and heating up the small living room.

Poor, unsuspecting Darryl watched in rapt attention, unaware of what was to come. A smirk found its way onto George’s face, and it went unnoticed by the other, as the only thing illuminating their own living room was the TV.

A sudden *snap!* rang out, his boyfriend jumping up in fear at the same time as the blonde in the movie. “George...” he mumbled, cuddling further into the other brunet, as a continuous banging originated from somewhere they couldn’t see.

It cut to the front door, it practically being thrown off its hinges, the woman's breath hitching in fear as she scampered up the stairs. George felt the subtle shaking and let Darryl squeeze him tighter, placing a light peck to the other's temple.

It was ultimately the wrong move, as the woman was chased by something the audience couldn't see yet, its hulking shadow taking up much of the view as it loomed over her. Sniffles began from his left, a surprised yelp right in his ear when the woman was eviscerated right before their eyes, teeth like steak knives tearing into her torso. They sunk easily into her stomach and side, the supple flesh pulled away like melting butter, and George missed what happened next when he heard Darryl, his sweet, little love, start to cry softly.

His grin turned wolfish, and he grabbed at the other brunet so that he faced him a little. Darryl squirmed when he pressed open mouthed kisses over his wet cheek, the salt assaulting his taste buds in the best way possible.

Darryl could still hear the movie, the next scene showcasing something terrible happening to a dog, the plaintive cries tugging at his heartstrings and making him think of his own little Lucy napping in the bedroom.

"Stoooooop..." he wept a little harder, weakly pushing at George. "Y-you d-d-did this on puh-purpose aguhhh--again..."

Trying to stand up didn't work as he was yanked back down, this time onto his boyfriend's lap, something hard digging into his behind.

"Shh, watch the movie, baby." George insisted, squeezing the other's chin until it bordered on painful and wrenching his head back towards the film.

The dog was still suffering, the man who shot it by accident now being gnawed on by the still silhouetted monster, his last words being an apology before his mouth filled with warm blood. "Wah--what e-e-even is this m-movie...?" Darryl sobbed, hiccupping a little, eyes clenching shut until the scene was over with pretty teardrops cascading down his ruddy face. "Makes no s-s-se-sense!"

George wiped his hand over the other's visage, smearing around all the fluids before sticking his filthy fingers into Darryl's mouth. Darryl whined as it was held open, drool seeping out of the corners of his mouth and down his chin. His tongue was pressed down, all his cries distorted as another tragic segment played.

George pulled his sullied digits out just as a jump scare happened that made the other brunet shout and jerk backwards, the back of his skull nearly hitting the Brit in the nose. He humped against his boyfriend's ass while his hand shoved down the front of his sweats, savoring the startled moan that left Darryl's wet lips.

"G-georgie!" he wailed, thrusting up into it, screwing his eyes shut yet again when another gruesome murder happened, the repulsive crunching enough to keep his imagination active, enough to make him shed more beautiful tears.

George also paid no mind to the movie, turning Darryl's head at an uncomfortable angle to lap at his face, wetting it in more fluids. "Doing great, love. Keep at it." he crooned, stroking faster at his boyfriend's erection and grinding him back onto himself.

Darryl couldn't help but rut into the Brit's hand, crying uncontrollably and unable to get out actual words. The movie kept going, all sorts of grotesque sounds reaching his ears over the sound of his

own bawling, granting George an endless supply of fresh tears to lick up.

He wriggled in George's lap restlessly, his face all scrunched up and beet red and damp from all his sobbing, and George couldn't stop the guttural groan that tore itself from his throat, his boyfriend looking so fucking divine. Literally at his best when he was crying.

His thrusts became erratic, the hand around Darryl faltering. "God, you're so gorgeous, so fucking perfect for me, I love."

George grinded him down a final time, moaning out his name as he came in his pants. He sped up his movements, hand rapidly moving up and down his boyfriend's cock while Darryl was still crying from whatever the TV was playing.

"Come on, pretty thing, come for me." George whispered in his ear.

Darryl came immediately, hiccupping out something akin to a plea. The Brit's free hand grabbed at the remote, pausing the movie on a normal looking part so that it wouldn't upset Darryl further.

Rubbing at the other brunet's stomach, he waited for him to calm down, feathering kisses over the back of his neck. When the cries diminished to sniveling, he gently situated Darryl back on the cushion he sat on originally.

He put on a cartoon and got up from the couch, placing a little kiss over his boyfriend's pouting face before leaving for a moment. "I'm sorry," he said, sounding sincere, after he returned to the living room, "but you know how pretty you look when you cry."

Darryl whined, grimacing at the damp washcloth that scrubbed over his features. "I look gross..."

"You look beautiful." George corrected promptly, rubbing the snot away from under his nose. "Do you want me to get you a new pair of briefs and sweats?"

The other brunet sniffled. "Mhm..."

He left again and came back a minute later, a sleepy Rat curled up in one arm and the change of clothes in the other.

"Lucy-loo!" Darryl called happily, gratefully taking the small, white dog in his arms and letting George maneuver him so that he could take off his bottoms and replace them with clean ones.

George fell into the seat beside him, tuning out the random show to listen to Darryl quietly coo and baby talk to his dog.

Chapter End Notes

So... do y'all like Awesamponk...? Do y'all like monsterfucking...? Well buddy I got great news for you in the form of the next chapter.

Edit: y'all don't have to comment if you don't want to, I was just wondering because the Dreamnap stuff specifically had none, so like I was kind of confused. And also I really, really like comments, like every time I see a new one my brain makes the happy chemicals, even if I don't respond I still like reading them. But again, if you usually don't comment on stuff, that's fine! My brain just really likes seeing them.

Awesamponk

Chapter Summary

Ponk finds out where all the missing orphans went, and no, it's not Technoblade.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I have never written monster fucking before, so it might not be the best. The amount of lizard and snake dicks I had to look at hurt me a little, but I had to at least attempt to make the dragon a little accurate.

So, Ponk is a normal guy and Sam is a dragon who hoards kids. I read that in a fanfic long, long ago, and thought the concept was so nice, like a dragon who takes care of a bunch of kids?? Nice. I thought the idea was So Powerful that I had to include it somewhere.

And I've barely watched any of their content or streams, but like, they are both very cute and adorable and Ponk's voice is just literally the best thing ever, I'm rambling but you guys get the point, they're both pretty. Like they really make a bitch's heart flutter.

This contains teratophilia (pretty sure that's the right word), frottage, hemipenis, an excessive amount of come, extreme size difference, and that's probably it? It's set in a like, fantasy world I guess? Like no modern technology but dragons and things like that exist. You all get it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Animalistic growls and moans rang out from above, the source of them just out of sight due to the largeness of the creature. Wings sporadically flapped in pleasure, also out of view, but he could hear it clearly. Four powerful legs framed either side of the man, each tipped in claws bigger than his own fingers and much more deadly than his own bare hands could ever hope to be. A soft, yellow underbelly squished onto him every grind, and he had turned his head to its side to avoid getting his nose crunched. He even had to dig his fingers into the ground to stop himself from being pushed forward from all the force exerted, bits of dirt annoyingly getting under his nails.

Hips continuously rutted down onto him, two literal monster cocks slipping against his much smaller one (average for his species, he'd insist, because it's not like everyday someone gets to compare dick sizes with a fucking overgrown reptile), and it had little bumps spaced around the shaft and longer, almost forked bits around the end that, due to the size, actually made it to his chest and weirdly tickled.

It's strange when he thought about it, that every single little decision Ponk had ever made in his entire life had technically lead to him getting fucked (sort of, there's no way in hell even ones of those fucking magnum dongs will fit in his ass; yeah, he's a coward, but he'd be obliterated by the sheer size) by a dragon. If just one thing changed, if he deviated from the line in the slightest, he might have never even met the dragon.

It all began when kids from the village he resides in started to go missing. That wasn't completely shocking news, as someone goes missing every once in a long while, but Ponk saw it as a real issue when an orphan would disappear every few days. He wasn't sure if they were being taken by bold kidnappers or if they all just decided to wander off one by one, but he felt like he had to do something, anything. He really cared for those kids, always gave them food and trinkets despite him not having much to offer to begin with. And they loved him, Tommy rushing to tell him his whole day or Tubbo and Lani informing him on the state of the bees nearby or Ranboo giving him cool looking rocks. It felt overwhelmingly wrong not to see any of them running around, laughing and playing, stopping by his little, wooden house for lemonade (thank god no one's vandalized his lemon tree in a while).

So on his next free day, he went out, searching the forest surrounding the village. A worn out shoe was hanging in a tree on the outskirts, similar to the ones he gave to a few of the kids when he saw some of them had nothing to protect their feet. Another was in the tree ahead, so he followed the trail farther into the woods, and that led to a small, misshapen doll made of up thick string woven together, one he recognized as belonging to a little girl in a dingy mask. He hadn't seen her in about a week, but she tended to evade anyone significantly older, so she could've been missing longer.

One thing led to another and he was just walking straight into a cave that had strange lights strewn about the ceiling, held up by something he couldn't see. Red powder was sprinkled on some parts of the floor much deeper within, and he stepped over them to avoid dirtying up his shoes even more than they already were. Torches, dim and scarlet, were affixed to the stone walls.

Intrigued, he kept going, eventually walking into a huge, hollow part of the cavern. A literal dragon sitting on top of a large collection of fabrics was in the middle, and the missing kids all slept around or on it.

He was so surprised by the whole thing, as there hasn't been a dragon sighting since before he was born, that he just gawked at it until one of the kids stirred.

Tubbo lifted his head, gasped upon seeing him, screamed his name, and ran over to hug him. The rest of them woke up, a few others running over to greet him, and then the dragon's eyes locked onto Ponk.

Smoke billowed from it's jaws, and the only reason he was sure it didn't just straight up murder him where he stood was because of the children surrounding him. It was obviously protecting them, the kids showing no fear near the giant reptile they were just sleeping against.

Ponk had never heard of a dragon hoarding kids. Maybe gold and jewels, but kids? The dragon, who he learned was named Sam (very unimaginative for a nonhuman, what were his parents thinking?), said the children were under his protection, and threatened him with a gruesome death if he so much as hurt a hair on any of their heads.

His opinion of Ponk very, very quickly changed during the course of the day though, the man feeling Sam's ceaseless gaze on his back, the intensity practically searing through his shirt and burning a hole through his skin. Ponk, who found it hard to read the dragon's facial expressions, thought that meant he was just tolerated, as it was crystal clear the children trusted him completely. The dragon probably didn't want to kick him out and upset the kids.

It wasn't until it was nearing night that Ponk felt like he should rush back home. The kids were sad, but understanding, crowding around him for a last hug and making him promise to visit soon. Sam generously offered to walk him back to the village, saying that once it was in view that he'd leave before he could be seen.

Nervous to be in close proximity with the dragon but grateful for the company, he accepted, not really wanting to be alone outside at night anyway. Sam put the oldest one in charge until he returned, a teenager named George who Ponk had spoken with a few times before all of this, and then they left.

Once they were far enough that the kids wouldn't be able to hear them, Sam knocked him over, placing his front foot over his stomach and leaning down so that his snout was inches away from Ponk's own nose. The man had thought he was going to die, clenching his eyes shut and drawing his shoulders up in an effort to protect his vulnerable neck, when Sam had simply sniffed at him.

He nosed along Ponk's face, wiggling his snout into the crook of his neck and breathing in deeply. Ponk, who was amazed he wasn't eviscerated yet, let him continue with his examination, the dragon sniffing down his body, under his armpits and around where his foot was gently holding him down. Even straining his neck to shove his snout into his crotch.

Ponk very quickly learned that the dragon hadn't seen a member of his own species in quite a while, and, after seeing how well he interacted with the kids, thought that the human seemed like a suitable mate. It also helped that Ponk now smelled like him, Sam's scent being rubbed off onto his clothes after the kids embraced him.

"Mate?" Sam had asked, voice incredibly small for his size, "Please? Mate?"

And it was at that moment that Ponk had internally asked himself three questions: *am I really considering sex with a dragon? Is this really what my life has come to? Dragon fucking?*

The answer was yes.

"Ponkie!" the dragon cried out from between all his bestial snarls, legs buckling, threatening to give out. "Ponkie, mate, please!"

Ponk's cheek was smushed more into the grass by Sam's expansive stomach, his voice coming out a bit muffled. "H-hey, fragile human under here!" he called out, not wanting to be crushed under thousands of pounds of lizard weight.

Sam groaned loudly, feet stamping into the ground a few times hard enough to displace the air around. "'M not, 'm not!" he whined, already knowing what Ponk was thinking, desperately grinding his cocks onto him.

Ponk supposed that this would be way easier if he was also a dragon. Their mating process was rather different compared to a human's, the male only being able to mount the female from behind instead of them both facing each other (well, he's much too short to actually see the dragon's face contorted in pleasure, baring his carnivorous teeth, emerald eyes all squinty, skinny plumes of smoke seeping from his nostrils... but, he digresses).

The dragon started to hiss, one of his front feet stomping and scratching at the ground while his large tail whipped around wildly. "Uuuhnnnn, maaaaate! *Matematematemate--!*" his words devolved back into growls, Sam groaning and panting heavily.

He was squished even more, the weight firmly compressing him into the ground. He shouted another shaky complaint, as he did not want to get smashed literally because that would be tremendously unsexy and also he'd probably die from the numerous broken bones, but the dragon's sounds were so loud it went completely unheard.

Sam practically roared, making goosebumps prick up Ponk's arms from how scary and hot it

sounded (Ponk's really not going to be able to come back from this, is he? He's ashamed to admit that probably the only thing that's going to get him hard at this point is dragon dick). A sweltering fountain of semen showered over him, a layer coating his front from his collar bones to his thighs, and he couldn't even see it because of the stomach blocking his view. The cocks pressing over him throbbed, each thrust pouring more out onto him, Sam letting out a constant string of feral snarls that went straight to his own length.

Ponk gasped, fingers curling more into the dirt as he came hard, his body trembling as the dragon was still humping him. He held on, face screwed up from the oversensitivity; eventually, Sam finally went still, the growls tapering off to breathless panting as he settled right on top of him, his mass just shy of being unbearable.

"Please get off," he squeaked out, still aware of the possibility of being crushed.

Sam huffed, shuffling backwards until they could finally see each other and mess all over Ponk. "P-Ponkie..." he whined, leaning down to nuzzle at his neck, his forked tongue poking out to lick up any sweat.

Ponk stood up on wobbly legs, infinitely glad that despite how weird the grass felt on his bare ass, he had taken off all of his clothes. "God, I'm drenched..." he spoke, in awe of the amount thickly coating his front and slowly dripping down. "Why didn't you tell me it would be enough to drown a guy?"

Sam looked away sheepishly, and if he could, he'd be blushing in embarrassment. "I... it's never... I've never..." The sentence was never finished, but Ponk received the message clearly.

"Alright big guy, let's get me cleaned up, and then we can go back to your cave, yeah?" he said, patting Sam on his scaly side.

The water was beyond freezing, and being away from the warmth of the underside of the dragon definitely didn't help, but he needed that quick dip in the nearby river to wash away the come. Sam blew hot air on him to speed up the drying process significantly, Ponk slipping his clothes back on with ease after a minute.

He was carried back on Sam's back, sitting between small wings on the rough, green scales. The kids were surprised with Ponk's return, but they welcomed it wholeheartedly, situating themselves back around the dragon like when the man had first entered.

Ponk lied prone on the bedding, a large and weighty head placed over his back, and he was pretty sure one of the kids was hugging his leg. He could go back to the village early tomorrow and visit his apparent new boyfriend and their new kids the very next day he could. Or maybe he could just move over here... it wouldn't take much to pack up everything at his house. All he would need to do is convince any orphans still remaining in the village to come with him and grow a new lemon tree near the cave, and he'd have everything he needed.

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me how well I did the monster fucking. Was it at least okay, like not the worst thing written? And the ending's kind of short but eh.

And also again, you guys don't have to comment, I was just saying it was weird how the Dreamnap stuff had none compare to the other stuff,, But, just know I really,

really, Really like getting comments. Like even if I don't respond, I'll be thinking about it for a while like,, loven comments,,,. Like, I get so excited that I do that thing where I flap my hands or rub my palms together or pat my lap really quick and it gets me more happy, like does any one else do that?? I don't know, just really like comments, even if I don't know how to respond because I'm awkward.

Dream

Chapter Summary

Dream finds out his little blob fleshlight was stolen.

Chapter Notes

So uhhhhh, I noticed that Ao3 user Shhbequiet kudosd my fic thing, so I decided to write a voodoo blob Dream thing for them, but like not in a weird way or anything. I was already planning to write something blob related eventually, like Dream can like turn into one, but I was like, I need to write this immediately instead. So like, if they ever come back to this fic, well, now they got blob Dream.

Big Warning Though, technically it's dubious consent/extremely dubious consent because the blob was taken and used without Dream's permission. At one point he's just like welp, might as well let this happen, but it's still like, iffy I guess.

And also, I left it purposely ambiguous as to whoever was using the blob, so like you could imagine anyone.

This has voodoo fleshlight blob Dream, dubious consent/extremely dubious consent, anal fingering and sex (technically), coming multiple times, and overstimulation. It's set in some type of Minecraft thing I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream finished cleaning his axe of all the old, dried blood from the past week, the purply glow that rippled through the blade and handle not the only thing letting it shine brilliantly. He could see his face--the iconic smiley face mask was set on the countertop near the large collection of blast furnaces, as it wasn't needed when he was alone in the comfort and safety of his own home--being reflected by it to him flawlessly, and he flashed it beaming smile. One of his absolute favorite things was having spotless weapons, all the gore from various monsters and farm animals washed away to showcase his maxed out axe or sword in its full glory.

He felt a little itch right at his hole, and he had no shame simply digging his fingers into the seam of his trousers to scratch it because no one was around. It persisted, and he distractedly placed the polished axe on the next available surface, preoccupied with the unflagging itch. It was right at his rim, weirdly ticklish, but through the two layers covering his ass, he felt virtually nothing there.

Just as it had gotten a bit irritating, something had actually *pushed* into his hole, making him perk up, hyper aware of the sensation nudging on through. White hot dread poured straight into his gut, and his heart practically skipped a beat from the horror that suddenly struck through him. The thing in his ass wiggled as he rushed to his bedroom, and he threw the top drawer of his bedside table open as the intangible intrusion slid deeper and began to rub at his walls.

Dream tossed out his underwear and socks without care, frantic in his examination. When it was empty of everything, he immediately launched into another search; he went through everything else in the room, hoping that maybe he had left it somewhere else. When that had ultimately yielded no

results as well, the panic skyrocketed to levels he hadn't felt since that duel he had a while back.

When something (a *finger*, it was a *finger*, *dear god*--) curled into his prostate, he finally accepted that someone had stolen his own special fleshlight, the firm rubbing forcing out a stuttered groan, his legs wobbling dangerously where he stood.

Someone was fingering his little blob, the curious digit now accompanied by another. They started stretching out his hole, pressing more into his walls, Dream quivering from the feel and the adrenaline still coursing through his veins. The finger jabbed back into his sweet spot, and he doubled over, unable to stop his cock from stirring from the attention.

He stumbled back down the stairs, still feeling like he had to find it, even if it meant leaving his home with a semi, when another slid right in and spread his rim wide. He gasped, just managing to stop his fall with a hand slapping onto the crafting table, fingers digging into the wood as his prostate was found once again. He eased himself onto the floor, suddenly unconfident in his walking abilities.

He was right to do that because when the invasive digits slipped out, something unbelievably cold squirted inside, a startled moan slipping from his chapped lips as his legs spasmed uncontrollably. It was akin to a sheet of ice coating his walls, and it took him a moment to recognize that the slick now dripping from his own hole and soaking into his underwear was lube.

Something blunt prodded at his hole, so familiar to when he'd use his blob, and he braced himself for the cock head that popped through his rim. Gasping, he unconsciously rolled over so that he was on his knees, ass up in the air as the thick length shoved through, the phantom feeling of warm hips against him as the unknown man bottomed out.

It twitched inside him, his walls automatically fluttering around the intrusion as it dragged back out. Dream whimpered and tugged at his own hair when the cock was unceremoniously driven back in, a fast pace already being set. It scrapped against his prostate every thrust, his own dick chubbing up and straining in his tight pants.

Finally deciding to just go with it, he yanked down his bottoms to his thighs to avoid staining his clothes too bad. It eventually hit his sweet spot head on each time, cock throbbing as globs of pre trickled down. All sorts of embarrassing sounds filled the room, his mouth open in the shape of an o as he was drilled into harshly, and he could almost feel the brutal grip of a large hand around his middle, holding him in place.

Sparks of intense arousal rocketed up his spine at every buck, tears brimming at the corners of his eyes. His walls clenched hard around the length as he came untouched, and he pressed his sweaty forehead into the wooden flooring as it continued to draw out every last bit of come out of him.

It didn't occur to him until it started to hurt, that him orgasming would not stop whoever was fucking into his fleshlight. Dream cried out from the oversensitivity, drool leaking out of his open mouth as he panted into the ground. He begged uselessly, babbling pleas to no one as his body shuddered violently at the treatment. The feeling was like nothing he had ever undergone before because he'd stop soon after he came, so the heightened sensitivity was just shy of being completely unbearable.

It kept going and going, Dream screaming as he came again, walls clenching around the girthy cock weakly this time. He wailed, fist rapidly beating into the floor as the mix of pain and pleasure shot through his frame, his cock pathetically trying to harden back up a third time. He honestly felt passing out, and probably would have if the rutting hadn't become erratic, the hope that the unidentified man was close to release reinvigorating him just enough that his eyelids blinked back

open.

At the rush of semen flooding his insides, Dream sobbed in relief, the man only fucking into him for a little while longer until pulling out. He felt the blend of come and lube begin to drip out of his sore hole, a finger entering him again to clean him out. Squirming, he slowly brought himself back up so that he was leaning heavily at the side of the crafting table as he shook, the fingertip only brushing across his prostate a few times while the mess was scooped out.

Definitely not in the state to be leaving the house to find the culprit, Dream tiredly made his way back up to his bedroom, grimacing at the way he had left it in his searching. He stripped himself of everything and slipped on a clean pair of boxers, falling face first onto the bed and not even bothering to cover himself with the blanket.

Tomorrow, he'll find whoever snatched his blob, and he'll make sure they experience his netherite axe first hand. Hopefully they won't use him again in the meantime, just the thought of it making his ass hurt and limbs shiver.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, completely unrelated to the chapter, but like if you've read or skimmed at least most of these chapters I got on here, you all probably realized that I like macro/micro a lot. So, like, do any of y'all have any ideas on like every possible way I can write a tiny person? Like so far I got borrower, coding someone tiny in Minecraft, and I was already thinking like maybe a witch throws a potion at someone and they shrink. I really want to write a lot of macro/micro, but I'm restraining myself from doing it too much so I can just write like a bunch of different kink stuff, so I'm trying to make each one I do for that at least a little different.

Feret

Chapter Summary

Eret has to finish their cake before they can get fucked.

Chapter Notes

I can't draw but I can WRITE, so Ao3 user EliNotFound I wrote Feret feederism for you!! Okay, well, it's short because I've been writing shorter stuff recently so I'm so sorry, but I think it's decent?? Sorry if this is still weird because like we've only spoken once, but I just had to write it. And sorry if it's actually trash, like I've never written either of them before and I am not confident in my abilities with writing feedy stuff yet so that's also why that part of it is short, sorry.

I used they/them pronouns for Eret and Fundy calls them a good girl a few times, so I hope that's okay! And Fundy has the fox ears and tail thing going on and some other fox characteristics like yipping and making horrible screeching sounds just because, BUT, he does not look like Nick Wilde. Mostly normal human face, maybe whiskers. And this is probably set in Minecraft or something because, you know, Fundy doesn't have fox stuff going on in real life

So, this contains feederism, praising, anal fingering and sex, hand job, hickies, overstimulation and uhh that's probably it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Eret moaned, mouth falling open as a finger bent to press into their prostate, a chunk of unchewed cake falling back onto the plate. They squirmed, their arms shaking a little from where they were holding themselves up on the bed.

The man behind him tsked, furry ears twitching as an additional sound was drawn out from the brunet from another light prod. "Eret, you have to keep eating." Fundy urged, his free hand moving from their hip to grasp at the little bit of pudge spilling over their thigh highs. "C'mon, you don't have that much left. Don't you wanna keep being so good for me, baby?"

Another digit slipped through their hole, the fingers pulling apart a little to lightly stretch them out. Eret shuddered, whimpering out a small "m good," and immediately tearing a little chunk of the cake slice with their fingers and placing it into their mouth. Fundy kept on with his movements, Eret finding it hard to chew and swallow from the sparks of pleasure.

"Good girl," Fundy praised, leaning down to press tingly kisses down the length of the brunet's spine, making Eret shiver again, "so pretty and pliant. Finish that plate and I'll finally give you something even more filling, alright, baby?"

"Please," Eret mumbled, voice even deeper than usual, already sounding wrecked from only two fingers, "F-fundy..."

The fox hybrid yipped in excitement, another lube covered finger nudging through to spread their

rim. “Keep stuffing yourself for me, Eret.” he said, this time squishing at their abdomen, the feel more unyielding than usual from all they were coaxed into eating earlier.

Eret ate more at the command, fingers digging into the sponginess despite how much their stomach protested. The sweet taste invaded their taste buds as Fundy probed deeper, rubbing at their sensitive walls.

“You’re almost done, just a little bit more!” Fundy encouraged, draping himself over Eret’s back and placing his palm over their neck to gently massage at the working muscles. “Being such a good girl, doing as you’re told without complaint...”

The hybrid pulled his fingers out when Eret gulped down the last bit of cake, the brunet whining at the emptiness, rim fluttering around nothing. Fundy cooed at them, smearing the bit of frosting at the corner of their mouth around their lips before turning their head to kiss them.

Eret groaned as Fundy licked into their mouth, letting him take control of the kiss, the other humming at the flavor coating the inside. “So perfect,” Fundy murmured, nipping at their plump bottom lip before pulling away, aware it wasn’t a very comfortable angle for them.

Before Fundy could do anything else, he quickly hopped off the bed, putting the plate on the bedside table and grabbing the juice box he placed there beforehand. “Drink,” he told them, knowing how dry their mouth would be after eating so much without any liquids.

Eret sipped without protest, knowing that after they managed to cram that little bit more into their bloated stomach, they’ll finally be fucked.

The fox pinched their cheek and planted a big kiss onto the reddened area when they were done, resuming his original position afterwards. “Ready, baby?”

Eret let out this strangled sound when Fundy gripped a handful of their cheek and just barely pressed his sleek cock head over their hole, teasingly sliding the tip up and down. They had to stop themselves from bucking back into it, body trembling in anticipation.

“Please, I’ve been good.” they begged unabashedly, lowering themselves farther so that their weight was supported on their forearms, ass sticking out more, “Pl-please fuck me, sir, I need your cock so bad...”

“Good girl, Eret.” the fox slowly pushed inside, squeezing at thick love handles while his tail began to wag in elation.

Eret moaned lowly, occasionally clutching and letting go of the bed sheets as Fundy gave a few slow thrusts to get them used to it, his length dragging languidly against their silky walls. He quickly picked up the pace when the brunet shoved back on him, letting out high pitched squeaks and panting like an animal while Eret let out a ceaseless string of whimpers.

Fundy growled and bit at their neck, unable to help himself. “Fuck, you’re so great. Such a good girl for me, stuffing yourself full even when you can hardly fit anymore.” he adjusted his grip, palms pressing into their side while his fingertips dug into their stomach again. “So much of you to love and squeeze... y-you’re so gorgeous, love you so much.”

Fundy changed the angle to hit their sweet spot each time, Eret moaning loudly at that and the constant praise. Their legs wobbled as they grew closer to their climax, the fox being the only thing holding their backside up as they pleaded to come.

“You wanna come?” Fundy asked against their neck after sucking a harsh bruise into the flesh, one

hand letting go of their pudgy to stroke earnestly at their leaky cock. “Been so good for me, so I’ll allow it.”

Thumb swiping over the sensitive slit, smearing around the pre, and Eret shuddered heavily as they spilled into Fundy’s still moving hand, practically sobbing in relief. They tightened around the fox, clenching so firmly that Fundy yipped again, slamming into them harder and harder.

Tears rolled down their face as Fundy continuously snapped his hips against theirs, the fingers still curled around their length sending little jolts of pain from the oversensitivity. But it was all worth it if they’re making Fundy feel good, the hybrid’s bucks wavering and praises more stuttered.

“F-fuck, Eret... I’m--!” The noise he made was bordering on a howl, and Eret was completely used to the hoarse, shrill shriek by now despite how much it sounded like Fundy was literally being stabbed to death instead of coming.

The rush of come made them moan brokenly, heating their insides up while Fundy made sure to fuck his release deep into them. Eret slumped over when Fundy finally slowed down to a stop, the fox leaning back over them and nuzzling at the crook of their neck, tail still swishing a little.

“You’re so good to me...” he mumbled, gently squishing at the little bit of fat on Eret’s pecs. “I love you so much...”

The brunet laughed breathily, staying still when Fundy inevitably peeled himself away and pulled out. “I love you too, Fundy.”

They let Fundy gently flip them over and lovingly lap at the mess on their stomach, tail wagging picking up speed for a moment. The hybrid nipped at the chub, sucking a few new hickeys into tender flesh while Eret scratched behind his fluffy ears, their digits faltering when Fundy dipped down to kitten lick away the come on their spent cock.

Fundy surged forward to press a soft kiss to their lips. “Bath now or later?” The brunet immediately rolled over to lay on their side, Fundy getting the message and curling up behind them.

“I think I’m a bit too full to want to move now.” Eret said, groaning a little when hands began to knead into their packed tummy to soothe the slight ache.

Fundy hummed, snuggling farther into their back as he continued his rubbing, loving the way the other melted against him. “Of course, baby.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for any spelling and grammar mistakes or if this sounds cringe, I've noticed I weirdly struggle with writing actual sex? Like okay, hand jobs and blow jobs fine, but the actual fuckening? Literally terrible.

And also sorry everything I write has a horrible ending, like I do not know how to end anything.

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

Men usually want to last for hours and hours in bed. Clay is different. George just wants to have sex properly for once in his goddamn life.

Chapter Notes

This is just a hefty reminder that I write Fucking literal garbage! Enjoy.
No warnings besides just sex.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay, I’ll start the timer on three, and then we have to go immediately!” Clay said excitedly, finger hovering just over his phone. “One, two--!”

“Please can we just fuck normally?” George pleaded from where he was sitting cross legged on the bed. When his boyfriend shook his head vehemently, George groaned and flopped onto his back, almost upset his head didn’t bash against the bedframe and knock him out cold. “Not everything has to be a speedrun--”

“Three!” was suddenly shouted, a pair of chapped lips smashing onto his. Large hands yanked his shorts and briefs down his legs in two seconds, tossing them somewhere else.

There was already a tongue shoving into his mouth, overeager in its movements while one hand was already trying to coax his flaccid cock to harden up. His other was pulling down his sweats, somehow shrugging them off completely without breaking the feverish kiss.

George braced himself, already knowing how fast the other could pop open the lube and coat his fingers without looking, when Clay let out a pained groan into his mouth. Lewd squelching reached his ears, the brunet a little surprised that Clay wanted to bottom for this, but he definitely didn’t voice it. Why complain when he wasn’t going to be the one with the sore ass this time from under prepping?

Clay pulled away from the kiss, George catching a glimpse of him stretching himself with three fingers before taking them out and smearing the excess lube on the brunet’s cock. Lining himself up, he let himself drop down onto George’s length, a hand clapping hard over his mouth to muffle his scream at the outstandingly harsh entry.

“J-jesus fuck, Dream!” George groaned, the blond’s walls clamping down on him like a vice. “You need to prep more!”

Clay ignored him, clenching his teary eyes shut and placing his hands on George’s chest to steady himself. He lifted up and plunged back down, bouncing on the brunet’s cock at a fast pace, crying at the stretch.

It was baffling to George that his boyfriend would be willing to go through all that pain just so that he can get a better speedrun time for sex of all things. Although, he supposed that it was much quicker when Clay decided to stretch himself out instead of George, as he didn't have to worry about actually hurting the brunet. He couldn't see the phone screen from where he was, so he hoped it was good enough so that they could have proper sex later.

His walls compressed hard around George's length when he came, a shuddering sob leaving his lips as he rode him through his orgasm. The brunet followed very soon afterwards, and the flood of come snapped Clay out of any blissed out state he could've been in.

Lunging for his phone, he stopped the timer. "LET'S GO!!" he yelled hoarsely, collapsing bonelessly onto the bed from all the effort, ass up and leaking.

George sat up and glanced at the phone. The sex lasted under five minutes. He prayed for his incredibly stupid boyfriend as he retrieved some baby wipes to help clean him up, knowing that the professional Sex Speedrunner™ was definitely not getting up any time soon.

"Worth it..." Clay wheezed into the blanket, earning an amused scoff from George.

Chapter End Notes

Someone else has got to have had this idea at some point, right?? Anyways, there will probably be like another really short chapter or two before the normal ones start back up.

Dreamnotnap

Chapter Summary

After dropping Tubbo off at Phil's house for a playdate, Dream can finally be fucked in peace.

Chapter Notes

Woooo okay, feels like its been a while, but here y'all go. I ended up not doing another short thing and just decided on this.

Anyways, this is a part two to Chapter 11's Dreamnotnap, so like it'll probably make more sense if you read that first but you don't have to, But it is really short. Well, this one isn't short, but the first part is.

So, Dream, George, and Sapnap are married and Tubbo is their five-year-old son. I wanted to do the part two to that because, again, that is very cute and wholesome, so you guys get some fluff before the fuckening like last time. And like, the dynamics for them in this chapter are like, this: Domtop George, Subtop Sapnap, and basically switch Dream, he is like directly in the middle of everything, like uh true neutral typa guy. And did I use those terms right??

The warnings for this one are like normal kissing and hickey stuff, hair pulling, anal fingering and sex, blow jobs, come sharing (maybe? is that what it's called when like, a guy comes in another guys mouth and then they make out?), general roughness, overstimulation, coming multiple times (for one of them at least), a teeny tiny little bit of degradation and praising, and I don't know, that's probably it.

And also, the writing might be different, like the style? So sorry if it's trash. And can you tell I hate writing dialogue, like oh my god I'm so, so bad at it. Really fucks me up inside that there's people out there where dialogue is their strong suit, like how do they do it??

This is set in real life too, so real names are used. Sorry if that's cringe.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An alarm snatched Clay from his sleep, the thought he had at the forefront of his mind immediately overpowering the innate tiredness. Untangling and peeling himself from the mess of limbs proved to be a struggle, as Nick snored away and George, who was awake, lied there in misery. He squished one of his husbands into the bed while leaning over him to turn off the phone, George groaning and weakly patting at him to get him to get off.

“Sorry, but we gotta get up,” he said, vaguely gesturing at his lower half. “Covered in come, need bath.”

The brunet mumbled something unintelligible, rolling out of bed without another complaint and heading to the adjacent bathroom. That left Clay to wake up Nick, who decided it would just be easier to lift him up and carry him, holding the half awake man bridal style until the water in the shower was warm enough.

They took turns under the spray, cleaning each other off, chaste kisses pressed to rosy, wet skin while hair was scrubbed lovingly by nimble fingers. It didn't matter how cramped it was, constantly bumping awkwardly against the other, as Clay definitely preferred showering with his husbands.

Grabbing their towels off the rack, they all quickly dried off, migrating back to the bedroom and slipping on some clothes.

"Sap, your turn," George yawned.

He nodded, still a little out of it, but understanding what the Brit meant. Leaving the room, Clay and George headed downstairs to make breakfast and feed the pets while Nick went into their son's room to wake him up.

While down there, Clay called Phil while making pancakes, knowing him and his wife were at least up in the morning. He pressed the phone in between his ear and shoulder after making sure he left it on speaker, mixing the batter while waiting to Phil to pick up.

The voice on the other side was decidedly not the guy that wears the dumb, stripped hat his kids made him years ago with pride. As he made pancakes, he was insulted by his son's best friend, various insults such as "green bastard" and "fuckwit trumpet" leaving his mouth at rapid pace before the phone was taken away by his father. Faint, high pitch obscenities were screamed in the background while they spoke, Phil just electing to ignore his child's tantrum and speaking to Clay as if nothing was amiss.

After a quick, little chat, Phil agreed to take Tubbo off their hands for a while, only if Clay and his husbands' took his three kids at six the same day for a little sleepover at their house and returned them in the morning. It appeared as though Phil had gotten the message, seemingly knowing exactly why he sounded so desperate to have no kids in the house for a bit, succeeding in making the blond embarrassed. Was he really that transparent that just the tone of his voice betrayed how much he wanted to get railed? Either way, Phil said Kristen and himself could benefit from some alone time as well, so the arrangement worked out.

Shortly after he hung up and finished the pancakes, Nick finally emerged with Tubbo in tow, both dragging themselves to the kitchen table and sitting down. Tubbo's chin hit the table with a dull thud, the boy closing his bleary eyes. Poor kid did have a hard time waking up in the morning, much like Nick.

"Hey, bee," Clay greeted, bending down to kiss his son's forehead while George ruffled his already mussed up brown hair, "I got great news."

Tubbo perked up, lifting his head from the table as the blond placed his pancakes in front of him, already coated in copious amounts of syrup and cut up in little squares, just the way he liked it. "Wha?"

"After you finish your breakfast and get dressed, you can go over to Tommy's house."

It was like the drowsy little boy was replaced with an energetic gremlin, Tubbo's blue eyes abruptly flying open. Immediately, he grabbed at the fork and tried to shovel as much as he possibly could into his mouth, but George halted it with a gentle hand on his forearm.

The Brit lightly scolded him. "Slow down, you'll be over there eventually."

Tubbo pouted but conceded, eating at a much slower pace while his legs betrayed how excited he

still was, kicking away from under the table.

Nick slung his arm over the boy's shoulders, pulling him closer from his seat. "Awwww, Papa's just a big ol' meanie, right, Tubs?" he whispered, pointedly ignoring the side eye he received from George from over Tubbo's head.

Tubbo giggled and mumbled out an agreement, quickly swallowing his food when George let out a comically dramatic gasp to avoid spitting it all back onto his plate.

They ate with mild chatter, Tubbo finishing his pancakes and promptly asking to be excused to get dressed. When he was given the go ahead, the kid rushed out of the room and up the stairs, and he yelled "I'm fine!" when there was a loud thump, signaling he tripped on his own feet in his haste.

Nick was just about finished rinsing off their plates and situating them in the half full dishwasher when Tubbo was back in the room. Instead of the bee onesie he slept in every night, he wore a green button up shirt, blue jeans, and sneakers, almost ready to go.

Wordlessly, Clay knelt down and fixed the buttons, knowing the boy had immense trouble with actually putting them in the right holes. "Ready to go?" he asked afterwards, already knowing the answer.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" he cheered, squealing with laughter when Clay scooped him up suddenly, letting him dangle in the air by his ankles for a moment before fixing him so that he was being given a piggyback ride instead.

Tubbo was given his goodbye kisses by his two other parents, Clay slipping on some shoes at the door before leaving the house. He walked the short distance to the neighbor's, ringing the doorbell and waiting patiently. His son slipped down his back smushed his face into the front door, little hands pressed into the steel while he listened in.

It was answered by a tall teenager in a dark beanie and gaudy, yellow sweater, and Clay just narrowly caught Tubbo from face planting by the back of his shirt.

"Wilby, out the fuckin' way!" his son's best friend screeched, and the teen was shoved just enough so that Tommy could fit through and hug the other five-year-old. "Tubbo!"

"Tommy!"

In a flash, the two kids were inside and out of the living room, supposedly disappearing into Tommy's room. It was probably a little rude, considering he never even got to greet Wilbur, or at least say a word to any of their parents, but the teen just shrugged and offered a little wave. Clay copied it before saying he had to get back, and Wilbur shut the door.

The blond felt a sudden wave of giddiness as he walked back to his house, knowing what was going to happen. Taking a deep breath, he entered the house, anticipating at least one of his husbands to be nearby, waiting for him. Once the door was shut and locked, as expected, hands gripped hard at his arms, spinning him around and slamming him against the door.

George laced his nimble fingers through Clay's hair, tugging him down and tilting his head so that their lips met in the most passionate kiss they've had in a while. The blond moaned instantly, legs buckling when his crotch was harshly grinded into by the heel of George's palm, the tongue that curled to swipe under his teeth hot.

"Me now," Nick whined, pawing at their shirts before he added a tiny, pitiful "*please?*", hoping it helped his chances.

George kept Clay in his embrace a few moments longer, ignoring their other husband while he was forced to listen to the wet suction of their lips and watch teeth snag into soft, pink skin. "Aw, Sappy, you want a turn?" he cooed mockingly after finally pulling away, heated gaze making Nick shiver.

He eyed the thin, clear string on the blond's chin, pupils dilating. He choked out another plea, eyes already watering at the prospect of being denied anything for a second longer. "*Please*, George."

Clay leaned in and gave him a peck on the cheek, chuckling a little when Nick tried to chase his lips with his own, accompanied by a frustrated whine when he was nudged back a little. Clay cupped his cheek, thumbing over the corner of his mouth, and Clay pressed another kiss to him. He whimpered when it just missed his lips and didn't even bother attempting to follow.

"Alright, have at it," George relented after watching the teasing, using the hand that was still anchored in Clay's hair to yank his head more to the side, the blond letting out a choked noise at the abrupt pull, scalping tingling. The movement revealed a mostly unmarked neck, a few tiny blotches all around from the night before. "But don't bruise him up too bad. No biting," he added, the tone warning.

The go ahead led to open-mouthed kisses being dotted on every inch of available skin, sending flickers of heat down low after each eager press. Lips dragging up the pale column of his neck, trailing upwards to nibble on his earlobe and gently pull the bit of excess skin, feverish breath warming the spit damp skin more. His other husband kept groping him hard through his pants, kneading his hardening dick while his tongue circled tantalizingly around his own, sometimes pulling back to bite meanly at his lips.

The way they pushed against him, caging his larger frame in, set his stomach alight. He was squished against the door, directly in the middle like always while they both did whatever they wanted. Nick let out needy little sounds into his ear, grinding on his leg at an awkward angle and clutching desperately at his shirt. George twisting his head around however he saw fit, pulling and tugging at his curls to shoot bits of pain through his scalp, his groans happily swallowed up. Clay squeezed both of their hips harshly with shaky hands, bringing them in impossibly closer, encouraging all of it.

An indeterminate amount of time passed, his lovers at one point switching so that Nick was the one panting and licking into his mouth while George paid special attention to the neglected side of his neck. Eventually, George maneuvered the collar of his tee until it revealed untouched freckles, usually unseen due to the article of clothing. Teeth sunk in roughly, the unpredictableness making Clay choke out a moan and his head fall back so that his skull bumped against the door. Nick whined, standing up on his toes for the extra height to continue their make out session while the Brit soothed over the divots apologetically with his tongue.

He yanked Nick back after by his hair, the other man mewling. "Bed," he ordered simply, giving another cruel pull that made the brunet's eyes brim with unshed tears again.

Clay and Nick followed after him near silently, the only thing breaking it is the sound of their footfalls and Nick's audible breathing. When they made it to the master bedroom, George shut the door behind them.

"Strip. Now."

They didn't wait another second, the impatient tone seeping through making them hurry. Shoving Clay onto the mattress, which the blond had noticed had a few towels laid out to circumvent washing the sheets, George manhandled him until he was on his forearms and knees, legs knocked

away so that he was spread open for easy access.

George beckoned Nick over. "At his front," he demanded, pointing at the empty area in front of Clay's head. "Use his mouth."

Nick moaned just thinking about it, wasting no time in settling down at Clay's anterior and grabbing at his face. "Dreamy," he mumbled, letting his thumb press at his swollen lips. His breathing hitched when the blond sucked the digit in, lapping at the pad before swirling his tongue around the bit encased in moist heat, "fuck, y-you're so hot... gonna feel so good around me."

He shivered a bit when a finger rubbed at his hole, smearing around lukewarm lube for a minute before actually breaching him, George aware it has been a while since they've had actual sex. While Clay was being prepped, Nick tapped the head of his cock on the blond's lips, beads of pre landing onto the malleable skin. He wiped it around, the clear gloss that coated the reddened lips giving it an alluring shine that made his mouth water. Clay opened up and let just the end into his mouth and curled his tongue around it much like what he did to Nick's thumb prior, the brunet's fingers unintentionally digging into his jaw as he whimpered.

"Fuck him already," George snapped, the hand currently not preoccupied reaching over the blond's back to force him down by his skull.

Clay gagged horribly, fingertips squeezing into Nick's thighs as his throat spasmed around the sudden intrusion. Simultaneously, the brunet groaned loudly, unable to keep his pleasure filled noises in check while George heedlessly fucked Clay on his length, wrenching him back by his hair and pressing him down until his nose was compressed against pubic hair a few times.

George gathered Nick's hands and put them where his own was before. "You know what to do."

Nick nodded, slowly thrusting back up into the pleasant warmth. "Y-yes, sir."

The blond appreciated the pace as it gave him more time to get used to it. Each needy moan from above, accompanied by the thick cock weighing nicely on his tongue and the deft fingers stretching out his rim, made his eyelids flutter shut. It was so satisfying to finally be back between his two gorgeous husbands like this, Nick using his mouth while George was getting him ready to fuck him hard. A hand gripping into flesh, squeezing firmly, and nails burrowing in to leave crescent shaped dents. Twitchy digits nestled into his curls, clutching urgently while Nick shallowly bucked into his mouth.

Nick began to babble, warmth blooming deep in Clay's chest and branching out when nearly all of it were soppy praises barely about the blow job. Moaning, he willingly nudged more down, letting the head slide down the back of his throat, and he batted his eyelashes enticingly to encourage Nick to go rougher.

Just as the brunet started to use him like he was supposed to, George pulled his fingers out, the blond's whine muffled around the dick occupying his throat. "Yeah? You want me to fuck you?" he asked rhetorically, knowing that his husband was a bit busy at the moment.

Clay pushed his hips back and whined again, leading to Nick tugging his hair harder, keening at the vibrations. George lubed up his neglected length at the obvious plea, wiping his wet hand on the towel he prepared earlier and letting the end sit on Clay's hole. Teasing him, he let it rub up and down the crease just like the night before, smearing lube and precome, before he at long last popped the head through.

Sighing in relief, Clay let himself go a little slack, savoring the feel of George's cock stretching

him out. The movements were almost agonizingly unhurried, the Brit giving a couple of slow thrusts before stalling with his pelvis firmly against his own.

George leaned over and snapped his fingers, making Nick blink out of his haze. "Hmm?"

He was seized by the back of his neck, George briefly kissing him before giving his command. "When you come, don't let him swallow it immediately."

Nick bobbed his head a little, only offering something mumbled in agreement before messily pressing his lips back against his. George let him whimper into his mouth for a moment, tongue sloppy in its movements while it dragged over his teeth, before he nudged Nick away.

He wiped the trail of drool from the corner of his mouth. "Focus on him, slut. I'm sure he'd like to breathe."

Nick barely noticed he stopped thrusting from George's attention on him, his cock staying lodged in Clay's throat during the whole exchange. He pulled it out completely, Clay coughing in between his deep breaths.

"S-sorry. Okay?" the brunet managed to get out, worried he might have actually hurt him.

Clay nodded, a few tears slipping down his face. "I'm fine, keep going." he rasped quickly, voice a little gritty. "Please, I wanna choke on you." Opening his mouth, he stuck his tongue out, a large puddle of bubbly spit dripping from the muscle and landing perfectly on the tip of his cock, the string sliding down over the slit.

Nick didn't wait another second, and neither did George. They both fucked harshly into their respective hole, George squeezing his hips hard enough to bruise while Nick couldn't stop himself from tugging his hair so hard it sent bits of pain to his scalp.

"You feel so good, Dreamy." George huffed out, readjusting his grip to dig his nails farther into his skin. "Made to take our cocks so nicely."

Clay keened on one of the downstrokes, the feel of the dampened sound enough to make Nick climax. He pulled out just so that the bellend rested on Clay's tongue, one hand moving to stroke furiously at his spit slick length as he pumped his husband's mouth full of come. They both knew what George wanted from what he had ordered prior, so after he pulled his sensitive cock out, he bent down and slid his lips over the blond's slack ones. They made out, swapping the come back and forth, spreading the salty taste around as their tongues glided languidly over the other's. They both swallowed after a minute, Nick panting.

He looked to George for further instruction, the brunet watching with interest. "Keep fucking his mouth."

Nick straightened back up, taking his softening length in his hand and pushing it back through Clay's pliant lips. He let out a strangled noise from the oversensitivity, beginning to cry a little from it but still choosing to piston back into the delightful, constricting heat.

The crying turned to sobbing, thighs trembling heavily as Clay choked around him. He eventually stopped moving altogether, leaving the force of George's thrusts to spear his hardening cock down Clay's throat, globs of drool leaking out of the corners of the blond's mouth to soak his chin.

Clay whined high, trying his best to suck and hollow out his cheeks while George hammered directly into his sweet spot. Blazing heat swelled up in his gut, eyes rolling back as his jaw slackened, mind numbing bliss shooting through his entire body. His limbs wobbled, his backend

held up solely by George's hands as he fucked even harder into him, his untouched cock throbbing from each tiny brush from the towel below. His walls clamped around the intrusion tightly, but just before he came, Nick wailed and filled up his mouth once more.

He inhaled the brunet's load accidentally, just managing to suppress his coughs from getting too loud when Nick pulled out so that George wouldn't slow down. Clay shoved his wet face into Nick's quivering thighs as he patiently waited for the other to finish, wanting George to fill him up after so long of no sex.

George grunted after a long moment, his teeth clicking audibly together just loud enough to be heard over the skin on skin slapping. Cursing, he painted the blond's innards white, and he continued the brutally quick driving of his cock into Clay's prostate until it became a bit too much, slowing back down. He pulled his softening length out, unable to stop himself from pressing his thumb to the winking hole, lightly smearing his own come around until Clay whined.

Clay rolled over onto his back, one of his long legs bent at the knee off the mattress. "Oh... my... fuck..." he got out in between his pants.

Nick let out an affirmative noise at that, also choosing to flop down onto the towel covered bed after scrubbing away the tears that covered his cheeks.

"Are you guys serious? We've been waiting to properly fuck and you've tapped out after one round?" he asked, reaching over to the bedside table and checking his phone. "We still have seven and a half hours until we pick the kids up, and I plan on making the most of it by fucking like bunnies."

Clay groaned at that, already feeling his spent cock twitch in interest while Nick extended out his exhausted whine.

So, after about six hours of sex only broken up by little breaks in between for water and food, they all piled into the shower like always, tiredly washing themselves so that they were finally clean of the sweat and come that had accumulated on their bodies. They stayed in there until the water ran cold, Clay stepping out first on shaky legs and drying himself off while his husbands grabbed at the other two on the rack. They then brushed their teeth, at least two of them wanting to get rid of the bitter taste in their mouth.

They migrated to the living room to wait until six, George ordering pizza so that none of them would have to bother cooking dinner for seven people. He was also the one who paid the delivery guy because he was the only one walking completely normal.

When it was just a few minutes before they had to pick up their own little bee and Phil's kids, their doorbell rang. George stood up and answered it, all three of them knowing how likely it was that Phil and Kristen had just sent them all over, as two of their kids were old enough to leave the house without supervision.

"Grog bitch!" Tommy greeted him, already wiggling through the gap to steal a pizza slice from the many boxes situated on the coffee table.

Tubbo's was more welcoming. "Papa!" he yelled in elation, already trying to climb up his skinny frame. The brunet could just barely hold him from all the excited squirming, hoisting the 40 something pound kid over his shoulders and behind his neck in a fireman's lift so that the weight wouldn't be too unbearable.

He moved so that Wilbur and Techno could come in, Wilbur saying something normal in greeting

while his pink haired twin said “bruuuh.”

“Daddy! Pop!” their son squealed, and George just barely made it to the couch before dropping the energetic kid in an empty space.

Nick grabbed up the kid, dragging him over by his ankle so that he was lying across their laps. He immediately snuggled into Clay’s chest, and Nick took his shoes off for him and tossed them on the carpet nearby.

“We’re just eating pizza for dinner and watching Disney movies for today,” Nick announced, as Clay was avoiding speaking because of his sore throat, gesturing with his free hand. “So just pick a seat.”

They all settled down in the various furniture around, Techno taking a recliner and promptly playing on his phone while Wilbur clutched a disgruntled gremlin to his person, who quickly stopped his swearing once Moana started playing.

George sat back in his previous spot at Clay’s right, both him and Nick throwing an arm around him and their son. They went through a few movies, trying to evade any that were too sad so that Tubbo wouldn’t cry. Eventually, each person in the room started to fall asleep, Nick drooling on Clay’s shoulder while Tubbo did the same to his shirt. Wilbur and Tommy had fallen asleep on the loveseat, the brunet’s long legs dangling off the arm while cradling his younger brother to his chest. Techno was still awake, legs huddled to his chest while his eyes scanned his phone, but Clay was sure he’d soon retire to the guest bedroom before he passed out.

The blond let his eyes close, the movie becoming background noise as he squeezed the three most important people in his life closer. George mumbled something incoherently into his shoulder, already starting his sleep talking while the other two continued to soak his tee. His body already ached from the activities earlier, so the couch probably wasn’t the best option for sleeping, but at that very moment, the only things that mattered were his little bee and his husbands.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, question, what is it called when a guy is wearing what would generally be considered feminine clothes? Like a skirt and stuff? Like feminization probably, but is there a different word if the person wearing it is the dominant one? Sorry if this makes no sense.

Anyways, sorry for like disappearing for a while, but like I either post like a bunch at the time for am gone for a week, so eh. Like I write in big chunks, but for this I only had time to write in little bits, so it might also be terrible so oh well.

And another question, but like, if I follow someone on Twitter, but they're private, is it possible for the follow request to be canceled on its own after a long period of time or can only the person with the account do that? Because I followed someone who's private like a week ago and I'm scared they'll never accept it. Like, what if they cancel it? Or worse, what if they just decide to just, block me?? Like oh my god, they were one of the first people I saw art from when I figured out how to get into the smut Minecraft area (which was actually really hard to find?? Like on here, it's so easy to find and read smut, but I literally had to idea how to find it on Twitter. I found it by chance around the end of October when someone on here left a link to their Twitter, and you can guess how fucking shocked I was to see Dream getting fucking raided,

honestly never ever thought I could find the inappropriate fanart in my life). Their art was literally immaculate, and I was like so confused when they one day just privated and then eventually either deleted their account or changed the @ thing. And now I'm pretty sure I've found them again, and I was very hesitant to like, click the follow thing, but then I did like a week ago and it's still pending and I'm just, very scared they'll never accept.

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

Dumb, poetic stuff or something. I hate poems.

Chapter Notes

Pffttthh, I don't know. Went completely different than what I was originally writing, like really different. Really short.

No real warnings I guess.

Every time I write Dreamnotfound, I almost feel like I'm going back to my "roots" in a way. I date when I started all of these, and the first one I had written was on the 3rd of January 2020, but I never uploaded that one. I started writing about Minecraft YouTubers solely because there was barely anything on Dream and George at the time. I remembered there being like eight fics in the tag, and maybe one was kind of smut. And after checking multiple times a day for a while, I decided to just... write some. I wrote three about those two, the first alluded to smut at the end because I wasn't sure how to go about it. The second had a hand job. The third had actual sex, but I still didn't know how to write stuff like that yet because every single smut related thing I had ever written before had no actual sex-sex, so it was terrible. My writing upped in quality in the first smut thing I posted on here, so that's why I eventually uploaded that one and everything else I've written afterwards. I don't know, just a little fun fact.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Large hands gripped tight around his naked thighs, nails digging in supple flesh as he was pulled firmly into Dream's clothed hard on. He moaned, back arching, his own hands scrabbling for purchase on the other's hoodie. Black, beady eyes bore into his soul, an everlasting smile covering Dream's unknown features, and he felt the man dip the cold, smooth porcelain into the crook of his unmarred neck. Nudging gently into delicate skin, rolling his pelvis up onto him, fingers letting go to adjust their grip to leave faint, whitened marks that'll change purple soon.

His cock was leaking, soaking the fabric of his lover's trousers as he was pulled into him, the rough material adding a pleasant friction. Dream let out a constant string of rich, sonorous groans, grinding him down harder into his crotch, murmuring nearly incomprehensible declarations of his undying love and syrupy praises.

George shoved his face into Dream's neck, perfectly mirroring his lover's actions. "Feels so good, Dreamy..." he mumbled, letting his soft lips brush against the little bit of exposed flesh on the other's body.

Dream choked out a noise, and George peppered kisses over his neck, a hint of enamel scraping over his skin to make him shiver.

“Georgie...” The mask pressed more firmly into his shoulder, calloused hands squeezing his thighs tightly for a moment before releasing to slip farther down.

His lover groaned, breath hitching when George began sucking tiny marks into it regardless of how many remained there from last time, voice pitched higher as he clutched him closer. George rutted more into him, feeling the flickering flames rise up and up, the melodic sounds reaching his ears fueling it.

He gasped, breath just about scorching Dream’s sensitive, asterism riddled skin. “Close, love.” he whispered after a moment, thrusts faltering.

One trembling hand left his bruising thighs to curl around his length, pumping him to completion. Stars burst forth, vision whiting out for a few seconds as he doused his lover’s crotch and clothed stomach with white. Stuttered moans left his bitten lips as Dream stroked him through it, and he let go when George whimpered a little.

George wasted no more time, scooting back as the hand still on his thigh loosened its grip. He palmed Dream through his trousers, the man moaning out his name sweetly.

It didn’t take long, just a few hard squeezes and hushed praises to send Dream toppling over the edge as well, his lover crying out and bucking up into his hand through the aftershocks. Pulling his head back up, Dream gently bumped the middle of his mask against George’s nose, sliding the glossy material down to his jaw to nuzzle it against him.

George couldn’t help but gaze adoringly at Dream after he showed his affection in his own unique way. He cupped where Dream’s cheek would’ve been and pressed his lips tenderly to the black curve painted on the porcelain. It was the closest they could get to a kiss, but George still felt the electric sparks dance over his lips when he knew that the other was pushing back.

After imbuing the kiss with every single good thing he possibly could, sending out all his unfading and everlasting fondness, devotion, and burning love, he slid off the man’s lap and held out his hand.

“Clean up?”

Dream shyly took it, his other hand reaching up and disappearing behind his mask to wipe at his watery eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Dream's fully clothed because he's really shy



Schlattbur

Chapter Summary

Schlatt's just recently noticed that he's gained some weight.

Chapter Notes

So uh, Ao3 user EliNotFound, I wrote the Schlattbur feederism for you!!

But first uhhhhh, a few things: been gone for like a week because of reasons I'm just going to stick down in the notes after the chapter. And uh, like after writing like half of this, I went to your Twitter thing to look at your fic stuff and saw you had written Schlattbur before, and oh my god I'm so sorry that beginning is kind of similar to the one you already wrote! I swear it was just a coincidence, like I wrote myself a little two paragraph outline before starting mine and that's just what I came up with at the time, so uh great minds think alike. And also, I used cake in this one like the last because, I'm gonna be honest, it's the only baked good type thing I can make, and even then, I'm not good at it. I just usually think about sweet stuff for that because usually the goal is like, weight gain and stuff like cake is a good way to go about that. And sorry if it's not written good.

And like I'm sorry I always sound so awkward, I'm actually really happy to like, talk to people, but I just get really nervous, so like just ignore anything I say that sounds weird in the Twitter stuff. I just get more nervous because I feel like I have less time to formulate a response and stuff, don't worry.

Anyways, the warnings for this one are feederism and thigh riding I guess? It feels like there's way less warnings than usual.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Schlatt stood in front of the full length mirror attached to the closet door. His shirt was hanging from one hand, the other gently pinching at his love handles, which he had suddenly become aware of.

While they didn't quite spill over the side of his shorts, the skin was still too firm for that, but it was still a startling thing to discover, as he remembered being rather lanky for most of his life. His stomach was also a bit more malleable than he was used to, and he let go of his shirt to squish the flesh together towards his naval, surprised that he had that much excess fat.

"Schlatt, what are you doing?"

Jumping a little, he let go of his gut and turned back around on his heel, looking at his confused boyfriend. Wilbur was already naked, twin towels bunched up and clutched to his chest while his head was tilted curiously to the side.

Schlatt glanced down at his body before settling on Wilbur's, eyes scanning all over the other man's figure and observing that he was still exactly the same as when they had started dating.

Their builds were always rather similar, with Wilbur having just a few extra inches and slightly broader shoulders, and they both weren't muscular or anything. Just a bit lean, bordering on skinny.

Now when he compared their bodies, there was a clear difference. How did he gain so much weight when they've been living in the same space together for half a year? Why wasn't the other brunet any larger?

He kept the thoughts to himself. "Nothing. C'mon, we have to shower. You reek." he said instead before shucking off his shorts and briefs. He noted that they did feel a bit tighter, coming off with more effort around his thighs, and he again wondered how he was so oblivious to it.

Wilbur giggled, leaning down to kiss his forehead. "Of course my pretty, little princess."

"Try again." Schlatt breezed past him into the adjacent bathroom, his boyfriend following just behind him.

"Of course my strong, devout Catholic." he amended earnestly, placing the towels on the rack and starting up the shower.

Schlatt slapped him hard on the ass before stepping into the shower right under the warm spray. "That's fucking right, whore." he spat, no real hostility in the tone despite the harsh words.

Wilbur just smiled contently, entering the shower and promptly lathering up his hands with shampoo and bringing Schlatt just out of the water. Wilbur raked his long fingers through his hair, soaping it up good before letting Schlatt rinse it off.

And Schlatt had never given much thought about that either. Showering together was something they did often, and his boyfriend would always choose to help him get clean, washing his hair and body for him. Wilbur was incredibly soft, doting. It was just something he did without fail, just like how he did much of the cleaning around their home, even gently taking the dust mop from Schlatt's own hands and sweeping the floor for him. Or how he'd insist on doing all of the cooking, making Schlatt whatever he wanted and encouraging him to finish his plate.

He zoned back in on the last thought while Wilbur was lovingly scrubbing his body with a loofah, the fruity body wash invading his senses. He noted that Wilbur spent extra attention to the softer parts of his body, the hand that wasn't cleaning him coming up to very gently squeeze the fat of his thighs or gut or hips. Which only made him wonder how in the hell had he just never... noticed any of it.

In a weird way, after giving it the tiniest bit of thought, he found that he didn't mind at all. Yeah, he was getting a bit chubbier, but it's not like Wilbur minded in the slightest based on how enamored he seemed with doing something as mundane as assisting Schlatt with his hygiene. The way he knelt in front of him, eyes ogling all of his curves, gaze trailing up to lock on his face with a sheepish smile, plump lips pressing a tender kiss to his stomach before standing back up.

Okay, now that he had this revelation about his boyfriend, he definitely didn't mind at all. Schlatt just wished he wasn't so stupid before.

After Wilbur cleaned himself off, they left the shower. Wilbur insisted on drying him off, and Schlatt let him, now really thinking. While his boyfriend rid himself of the excess water, Schlatt slipped the new pair of briefs and shirt that were on top of the folded pile of clothes on the sink, electing to forgo the pants.

“They’re just a bit tight, y’know?” he said when Wilbur asked about it, suppressing the grin that threatened to pop up when his boyfriend blushed.

They left the bathroom, Schlatt immediately plopping down onto the couch and unironically watching the History channel, letting his shirt ride up to expose his tummy.

“Cake?” Wilbur questioned, referring to the one he made just before their shower. “It’s not hot now, so I can frost it up... and maybe feed you?” His gaze lingered on the bit of bare skin, and he nibbled on his bottom lip for a second before he caught himself, features heating up.

Now, Schlatt wasn’t always one for sweets, and he had only agreed to let Wilbur feed him a few times. Every once in a while was fine, but every day was a bit too much for him. Usually. Now, he felt motivated to fluster the fuck out of Wilbur. Man was really out here making him delicious food, wanting him to gain some weight, and he couldn’t even say anything. Schlatt wasn’t upset, but after making his boyfriend a blushing mess, he was going to make him admit what he’s been doing the past months they’ve been living together.

“Yeah, and can you get me a big piece?” he requested. “Please?”

Wilbur perked up, a giddy smile plastering itself on his features. “Of course!”

He ran off to the kitchen and reemerged a few minutes later with what looked like almost half of the entire cake on a plate and a can of soda. He settled in beside Schlatt and stabbed the fork through the layer of chocolate frosting and vanilla innards.

“Here you go, Schlatt,” he cooed, sounding way too excited to be feeding someone, and for the hundredth time, Schlatt wondered how it took him so long to notice.

He opened up and accepted the cake chunk, chewing thoroughly before swallowing it down, Wilbur watching the subtle bob of his throat. Completely mesmerized with something so simple, and apparently well coordinated enough to rip another bit from the cake without looking and feed that to him as well.

Schlatt let himself slouch more into the cushions, his shirt going up further over his stomach. “You know, you’re a really good baker,” he mentioned while still chewing. “I don’t think I say it a lot, but you’re really, *really* good.” The next piece he was fed was accompanied by a positively orgasmic moan, easily passing it off for how good the food was. “It’s really good.”

Wilbur’s hand was shaking, his pupils blown out wide as skewered another chunk and presented it to him. “R-really?”

“Mhm,” he hummed, letting his tongue curl around it seductively, pulling the chunk into his mouth. “Goodfhm.”

Wilbur fidgeted in his seat, the plate covering his lap likely hiding something. “Th-thank you, Schlatt,” he said so sincerely, hand sliding up to rest on his thigh to knead at the meat, fingertips pressing into the supple, inner part.

Schlatt welcomed more and more despite his stomach’s protests, constantly praising his boyfriend’s baking skills and making the most sus noises he realistically could while eating food. The large hand on this thigh migrated to his abdomen to rub away, the feel gradually getting less pliable due to the amount filling him up. Schlatt couldn’t deny how nice this all felt despite the slight ache, which was easily soothed by his caring boyfriend.

When the plate was finished, Wilbur was vibrating in his seat, the flush on his face bleeding down

the collar of his shirt and reaching the tips of his ears. His fingers dug into the softness of Schlatt's tummy, eyes flitting about anywhere but Schlatt's eyes.

"Move the plate, Wil." he finally said. "I know what's going on."

Schlatt loved the expression, the way he managed he looked more flustered, knowing he was caught. He slowly revealed himself, the dish being set aside on the coffee table. "I'm sor--"

It was a struggle to sit up a bit and pull Wilbur onto his lap, as he just felt so full. "Don't be," he cooed, the whimper ripped from Wilbur's throat making him tighten his grasp around his hips. He grinded his thigh upwards where the other was straddling it, another noise that succeeded in being more appetizing than the cake filling up the room and making his dick twitch in his briefs. "You just wanted to fatten me up, huh?"

He removed the hand Wilbur pressed into his own mouth, placing it where the other was still pushing into his swollen belly. "Keep going," he encouraged and both hands immediately started up their heavenly movements, "and tell me all about *this*, alright?"

Wilbur glanced away for a moment, biting his lip as he tried to gather his jumbled thoughts. "I--I just, I love you s-so *much*," he squeaked when Schlatt grinded him back down, dragging his painfully hard cock onto his thick thigh. "An' I love doing th-things for you, and cooking for you... I just *really* like seeing you all... uhm, big? Full of whatever I give you."

"Why did you say anything earlier?" he asked, genuinely curious. "I would've eaten more if this is your thing."

The brunet gave a lopsided shrug. "I dunno... I'm just a bit... embarrassed, I guess. And--and I thought you'd be upset..."

Pulling him down, Schlatt pushed everything little good thing he could into the kiss. "Love you so much, Wil. Literally nothing could change that." he murmured against his lips, peppering him with a few more kisses. "Now, enough with the mushy stuff," he said louder, nudging Wilbur away so that his back wasn't arched awkwardly, "get off on my fat thigh. C'mon, baby, you're so close already, aren't you?"

Wilbur clenched his eyes shut and nodded, thrusts already erratic. "Please..."

Schlatt continued, digging his fingernails into pale skin to help Wilbur roll his pelvis downwards. "Yeah you are. All it took was stuffing me until my gut was all round and full, huh?" Wilbur moaned at that, gasping out pleas and roughly grinding down. "I'm gonna get all plump from all your fucking good cooking, give you more to love, too... to squeeze and rub..."

Suddenly, Wilbur's hips stuttered, teeth sinking into his bottom lip to dampen what was likely going to be something loud, and the front of his sweats darkened. Whimpering, Wilbur ground himself into Schlatt's thigh a few more times before he slowed to a stop, his whole frame shuddering. Schlatt whispered a few praises, hands slipping up under his shirt to ghost over his sides.

They didn't even have actual sex today, but Wilbur already looked so wrecked, completely ruined from just feeding Schlatt and grinding on his thigh. His face was still all red, and unshed tears gathered at the corners of his eyes. His teeth left dents in his lip when he finally let go of it, blood beading where the thin skin broke and absentmindedly licked away so it wouldn't trickle down his chin.

“C’mere,” Schlatt yanked him down, Wilbur sliding so that his knees were just barely on the couch and his body was draped over his. “You’re so cute.”

His boyfriend adjusted so that he was cuddling more into his side, his arm wrapped around Schlatt’s middle. “Wait, what about you?” he questioned, vaguely gesturing to Schlatt’s crotch.

Schlatt shrugged, groaning a little when Wilbur squeezed him close, his elbow nudging into his stomach. “Eh, too much effort. Need to digest. Suck me off after our nap.”

Lips pressed into his neck, the tiny, tingly kiss making him shiver uncontrollably. “Mhm.”

Schlatt wrapped an arm around the back of Wilbur’s neck, wondering if he’d ever get to the point where that simple action would be hindered by an abundance of arm fat. After thinking about it, he found he didn’t mind it too much, as long as his boyfriend was there to keep feeding him and alleviate any little ache in his tummy.

Chapter End Notes

SO, sometimes I would upload like one chapter a day for three days and sometimes I would fuck off for almost a week. Well, the reason this time for not doing stuff is because my dad thought I should be watching more TV. Yes, you read that right, it's literally the complete opposite of the whole ohh you should get off the internet and go outside or read a book!! And he likes to start arguments about it a lot, so I decided to just watch more TV I guess, like binge watch some shows I've been meaning to get to. At least enough so that I can say I've barely watched any YouTube. So, depending on what is going on, I'll either go back to more consistent updates or it'll be another week, who knows.

Anyways, now that that's out of the way, let's talk about smut! The next chapter, whenever that's coming out, is basically my brand. You can probably guess what it's about.

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

Sapnap visits the forest very frequently, but not just for the scenery.

Chapter Notes

WOOO YEAhhH, back to the macro/micro stuff, even though this is rather short and not very detailed. I read a fic, or like read parts and skimmed others, a while back where a little fairy thing really liked the taste of come, and it was so easy to have access to because she lived with a normal human guy that definitely would not refuse the opportunity to get off. Apparently, in the way the author wrote it, fairies and pixies had a very specific diet that was really expensive, but you know, they found a way to get around that.

I gave George blue skin and stuff because, I don't know, he's a pixie. Trying to think about different looks because I thought it would be really lazy to make him look exactly the same as his Minecraft skin with a pair of butterfly wings slapped on.

Anyways, this has macro/micro, whatever constitutes as a hand/blow job when the giver is tiny, come eating, and like a tiny bit of degradation.

It's set in like a Minecraft or fantasy type of thing I guess, so I used Sapnap's skin for his look instead of his real life one, like he has black hair instead of brown here.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Once Sapnap made it to the clearing in the middle of the forest, something flew right in front of his face. He startled slightly, eyes widening for a fraction of a second before relaxing, very much used to it by now.

“You’re. Late.” a tiny being hissed, the two words punctuated by an almost needle thin finger jabbing into the tip of his nose.

The person was hovering at about eye level, two pairs of shimmery wings reminiscent of a dragonfly’s beating rapidly where they were affixed to his back. He had pale blue skin and dark brown hair, and a small piece of thin, green fabric was wrapped around his hips to provide a bit of modesty.

The main thing about the pixie (*not* a fairy, Sapnap was informed angrily the first time it left his lips, and he made sure to never make that mistake again) that caught Sapnap’s attention the first time was his features. His eyes were abnormally large for a head so little, no sclera present, making them both deep, brown pools. The rest of his visage was comparably smaller, nose upturned slightly and lips thin.

George crossed his arms over his chest, big eyes narrowed to show his displeasure, but Sapnap found it rather adorable. To the noiret, the pixie had been one of the cutest things he had ever laid his gaze on, so tiny and delicate, able to fit comfortably in the palm of his hand, if only George

would let him.

“Sorry, I gotta come up with a good excuse.” he explained, the pixie unwavering. “It can’t be the same thing every time or my friend’s going to get suspicious--”

“Don’t care.” in a flash, the tiny being was gone from his line of sight, swooping downwards. Fragile hands shoved into the waistband of his trousers, vehemently trying to yank them down. “Off!”

The noiret stepped back, already feeling his cock harden from the familiar actions. “Whoa, calm down, Georgie. Gimme a moment.”

He placed a towel on the grass and settled down at the base of a tree, using his rucksack to cushion his back from the rough bark. George flitted about excitedly, nearly a blur, and his single clothing item was tossed away at some point during.

The pixie was immediately on him when his pants and underwear were gone, hands cupping the head and kissing around the velvety skin. Sapnap let out a little sigh, leaning back a bit more as tiny fingers dipped inside his foreskin and a tongue paid special attention just under the bellend.

“Oh, fuuuuck...” Sapnap breathed out when the pixie started to suck bug bite sized hickeys into the sensitive flesh, his cock throbbing from the little touches, “s-such a good, little cockslut.”

George ignored the comments, focused on one thing. Sapnap was glad he could just say whatever, the brunet uncaring as long as it helped him get off quicker.

The first pearly glob of precome was greedily slurped up, George moaning like it was a drop of the sweetest honey, and Sapnap struggled with keeping himself completely still so that he wouldn’t buck the pixie off. A tongue plunged right into the slit, the noiret jolting at the muscle lapping up his pre before it could even make it out.

There was eventually too much for him to keep going like that, George accidentally inhaling some and having to pull back to cough it up. He hopped away, his wings carrying him a bit farther so that he landed on Sapnap’s bent knee. “Slick it up. Now.” he demanded.

The noiret nodded, sloppily licking his hand before stroking his cock a few times. He would’ve used lube, but George didn’t like the taste the last time he brought it.

The pixie latched right on when his hand was gone, circling his arms and legs around it, squeezing tightly. He flew up and let gravity take him back down, soon developing a fast pace, nuzzling the head on every upstroke.

Sapnap couldn’t stop his moans, and he struggled to keep his hands at his sides, nearly wanting to grab the tiny thing around the middle and roughly rub him up and down. But he knew George would flip out, and he really didn’t want to break the trust they had already.

“Fuck, so good. Using your whole body to stroke my fat cock.” he groaned, hands fisting the towel he put down earlier to keep them busy so that he wouldn’t be tempted. “S-so fucking tiny and slutty.”

The brunet continued his movements, clutching even harder around him as his wings flapped incredibly fast. Sapnap panted as he was pulled closer to his climax, thighs straining from the effort of not moving, arms wobbling.

When Sapnap came, George kept going until he was positive he wrung out every last bit. Sapnap

whimpered from the prolonged stimulation, muscles twitching even after George had detached his body from him because the pixie was then licking him clean.

Despite the strange mix of pain and pleasure, he enjoyed the little tongue bath George gave him each time. He wasted not a single drop anywhere, dipping his tongue back into the slit, swirling it around, and lapping at his softening shaft before moving on to the mess on his stomach.

To Sapnap, it was exceedingly weird how human come tastes so good to pixies, George telling him of that fact with little shame after only meeting once. The brunet propositioned him later that day, and it took little convincing for Sapnap to accept, especially since he was already half hard thinking about how hot it would be to have a tiny person needing to put forth a tremendous amount of effort to please him. He would've been a fool to refuse.

George scooped up the thin layer on his own body after he was finished with Sapnap, trying to get the last bits he could out of the encounter. Sapnap sat up a little, George hovering a few inches over him to avoid the displacement.

“Another round?” the pixie asked, big eyes glimmering with hope, and Sapnap really couldn't deny him that when he made that face. He was pretty sure George knew that as well.

Chapter End Notes

Sometimes I think, what if Dream or George or Sapnap read this and commented? I would literally never know it was one of them on their secret account. If that is the case and like Dream is reading this right now, heeeyy. I've written about you getting fucked in the ass at least three times. How'd I do?

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Dream's a pissbaby.

Chapter Notes

I'm dedicating this chapter to the entirety of the nsfwmcyyttwt community because at least half of them have a piss kink. And before figuring out how to get there, I didn't think that it was very common, like I barely see it anywhere else. I don't have a piss kink, but I think I did okay with writing it other than it is extremely short. And also very wholesome??? How do I manage to keep making most of these so wholesome?? Anyways, this chapter contains uh piss kink (or more specifically drinking it), a tiny bit of praising, and dry humping. It's set in real life, so I used real names. Sorry if that's cringe.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Nick yawned, fingers leaving his keyboard and mouse for a moment while he stretched his arms over his head. His back arched, emitting a satisfying pop that the mic probably wouldn't pick up. "Alright guys, I'll be back in... I don't know, a few minutes maybe? Gotta piss and get snacks." Nick told his chat before muting and setting his headset on the desk.

He left his game on the select world menu screen to torture his stream with all of the undeleted *New World's* filling up the space. Leaving his room, he was halfway down the hall when he was stopped near the bathroom door by his best friend and roommate.

Clay didn't say anything, just gently pushing him against the wall and kneeling in front of him. He looked up at him with big, watery eyes, a hand coming up to grip at his pants leg.

The brunet automatically laced his fingers through blond hair, scratching at his scalp. "Were you watching my stream?" he asked softly. He received a nod, Clay pushing his face into his crotch. "Okay, go ahead. I know what you want."

After being given permission, Clay pulled down Nick's sweats just enough to expose him. He grabbed Nick's flaccid cock and wrapped his lips around the head, waiting.

Without further delay, Nick let go, completely comfortable with peeing in his friend's mouth. "So good, Dream." he sighed in relief, as he had needed to go for a while.

Clay's eyes fluttered shut, and he moaned at the first burst of liquid that sprayed across his tongue, salty and a tad bit sour. He suckled around the end, letting it fill up his mouth before gulping it down greedily, not letting a single drop drip from the corner of his mouth.

Nick petted at his head, teasing the curls around his fingers and feeling the blond relax more. As much as he was happy to do this for his friend, it didn't do nearly as much for him as it did for

Clay. The hand holding his cock up and the mouth warming his tip with spit was purely nonsexual for him; he felt no real difference in using Clay instead of a urinal.

The stream began to taper off, making Clay suck harder around him to drink up every little bit. When Nick was finished, the blond pulled his lips off with an audible pop and tucked him back into his sweats. His eyes were back on Nick's face, silently begging.

"C'mere," he murmured, tugging his friend so that his cheek was pillowed on his thigh. Clay latched onto one of his legs, rubbing his painfully hard cock just above his ankle, "that's it... you got it, baby."

Clay gasped and whined, rutting feverishly into his leg. Nick continued to whisper honeyed praises and encouragements, untangling every little knot in Clay's hair and grinding his shin into his crotch.

"There you go... come for me, *αγάπη*."

Crying out, the blond came in his shorts, whole body trembling as he worked himself through the aftershocks. He squeezed Nick's leg tighter, shoving his ruddy face into his groin and nuzzling him, hiccupping a little from how sensitive he was.

Nick gave him a few moments to calm down before placing his hands under Clay's jaw, tilting his head upwards so that he could see him. "Better now?" he tenderly thumbed under the blond's eye.

Clay just nodded, staying quiet. Nick helped him back up, his friend's limbs likely still a bit wobbly from his orgasm like usual. "Do you need help cleaning up?"

He shook his head before gesturing back to his own room, showing he could handle it. They went their separate ways, Nick returning to his stream.

Just as he had sat down, he remembered he forgot to grab some food. Inwardly groaning, he unmuted and put his headset back on. "Hey, I'm back," he greeted his chat, who immediately began to spam heart emojis and similar things at the sound of his voice.

He went through a few worlds in the span of five minutes, the spawns either lacking in the resources he needed or missing a lava pool. There was a soft knock at his door when he was looting a village, and he glanced back just as Clay opened it up.

The blond had a plate with three ham sandwiches stacked on top, his other hand holding a can of soda. He scurried over and placed both in front of the brunet before settling down on the floor beside him.

Clay leaned his head into him, resting it partly in his lap. When he inevitably died in his game, freeing up his hand for a brief moment, Nick gave him a few gentle caresses, and the blond squished his cheek more into his thigh, snuggling him.

He took a sip of his soda before speaking to his stream. "Sorry guys, I don't think Dream's gonna show up today..."

Chapter End Notes

Edit: I deleted the notes because like, that was a lot of words for a chapter that's

straight up just about Dream drinking piss. The previous notes were me just asking how to properly tag rape/non-con stuff so that the people who don't want to read about it wouldn't do that accidentally.

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Nick only felt a little bad about what he was going to do to her feverish son.

Chapter Notes

!BIG WARNING!, THIS IS LITERALLY JUST RAPE! Do NOT read if that will make you upset! Just turn back now! It's just rape/non-con!! I don't know how to warn you all of it anymore than this! Just don't read it if that will make you uncomfortable!! Anyways, with that out of the way, I wrote this I guess. This actually wasn't going to be written now, like I had something else planned that I've been writing since I published the last chapter, but I gave up on that and started this yesterday. This came to me a few days ago after seeing a Tumblr post about things Dream had said about himself, and like, I like this concept in a way? It makes me think of this old Marvel fanfic where Bruce was intentionally hurting the other Avengers just so that he could take care of them, like has anyone read that before?? It's not very similar, like in this Dream just gets normal sick, but you know.

Warnings for this chapter: Rape/non-con (last chance, you can literally turn back! Last warning for that!), descriptions of being sick (not throwing up or anything, but just general being sick stuff, a lot of sweat), anal fingering and sex, riding, stomach bulge (mentioned like once), and blow jobs.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay doesn't get sick that often, but when he does, it's pretty bad.

Nick had never witnessed it in real life until now, only snippets over the years on whatever messaging app was popular at the time. His friend would never FaceTime or call during that, only short, usually near unintelligible texts saying that he's fine, that he would be better enough to play some Minecraft in about a week.

The blond was practically bedridden, only leaving his bed to use the bathroom, stumbling around with unfocused eyes. Constant coughing, horrible hacking that was potent enough to make Nick's throat a little scratchy just by hearing the grating sound. Shivering and sweating, jumbled whines about aches in his arms and legs and a pulsing pain in his temples. Nose simultaneously stuffy and runny, face all around red and hot enough to fry an egg.

He was just lucid enough to text his mom when it first began, who promptly drove over to dote on her oldest son. She found time to visit at least once a week to help around the house despite Clay telling her he's capable, dismissing his complaints with a pinch to his cheek. She loved cooking, often making large breakfasts and dinners for them both with the expensive foods they would buy with the blond's rapidly accumulating money. The woman just loved to care for her children, no matter how old they were, Clay's three siblings attesting to that.

This time, however, Nick had a problem with it. As much as he was happy to let her cook and clean so that he wouldn't have to, he needed her out of the house in order to spend some "quality time" with his best friend. Clay was just so helpless and so trusting, allowing his mother to coddle him without protest like before, believing that she had his best interests at heart (which she did, why would he suspect otherwise?) But Nick wanted that all to himself.

The day Clay's mom came over, he managed to convince her that he had all of her precious son's needs handled in just under three hours. She does so much for them already, and she has a ton of things she needs to do at her own house. Her other two kids that still live at home were susceptible to getting sick just by her being here, and they need to be healthy to do their school work.

Nick kept finding more and more excuses to get her out of there without sounding too eager at the thought of her leaving. Eventually, he resorted to flattery, letting her know how nice she looked and complimenting her outfit. Calling her "Mrs. Dream," to soften her up, as she found it so cute coming from him. He even forced a few voice cracks no matter how embarrassing they were because he knew how fond of it she was, always reminding her of when Clay had them when he was younger.

The icing on the cake was him asking very comprehensive questions about her son, such as wanting to know how long him being ill generally lasted and what she thought was the best way to take care of him. Although his motives weren't purely altruistic, he still loved Clay, and that deep fondness shined through his words just enough that his friend's poor, unsuspecting mother felt comfortable enough with his caretaking abilities.

"You're such a nice boy, Nicholas, taking care of my little Clay!" she gushed before she left, giving him a hug and a kiss on the cheek that warmed him in a way that only a motherly figure could, and Nick only felt a little bad about what he was going to do to her feverish son.

The rest of the day was spent doing normal things for Clay just to be completely positive in his assumptions and what his mom informed him. The blond was out of it most of the time just like he was told. He mumbled and babbled, too drowsy to form anything substantial enough to be understood sometimes, and due to being half asleep most of the time, he constantly forgot whatever Nick said and did for him. Nick cooed and petted at his sweat dampened hair, rather happy with how truly incapable he was.

The next day went similarly for the first part. He called Clay's mom to update her on his condition at first glance, and he made sure to tell her just enough to quell her worries. He then took Clay's temperature with the thermometer his mother gave him, the man only whimpering at the tip being forced past his lips and under his tongue, not even bothering to open his eyes. When it beeped, he took it out, noting that the number was just a fraction higher than yesterday.

Up next was spoon feeding him chicken noodle soup. After the first few bites, Clay would open up before letting the spoon bump against his bottom lip, eyes squinty and blearily gazing somewhere in front of him. The brunet liked how pliant he was, trusting Nick completely with making sure he didn't go hungry while he wasn't in the condition to get himself food.

Nick called Clay's mom again after leaving the room, just to let her know that his temperature is fine and that he's eating. She praised him on how much of a good caretaker he was, infinitely delighted that her son had a friend as wonderful and caring as he was.

He let him rest for an hour, knowing that Clay would be in a deep sleep from all the warm soup filling his belly (and the extra Nyquil he made him take just in case). Nick spent that time in his room getting ready, stretching himself out to take Clay's cock. Not sure of how big he was, he ended up with four fingers in his hole, purposely avoiding his prostate and not touching himself

despite how much he wanted to.

He crept back in, a dull pain in his backside and length aching for more stimulation. Light snoring reached his ears, Clay's mouth open. A thin trail of drool seeped out from the left side where his head was slightly turned, the small wet spot dwarfed by the one haloing the back of his head. There was dried mucus on his upper lip coming from only one nostril. His hair was an absolute mess, the blond strands curling on his forehead because of all the sweating he's been doing.

Nick thought that, above all, Clay looked divine. No amount of sticky and gross bodily fluids would change that about him.

The blanket was pulled down without further delay, displacing the balled up snot tissues that littered the bed. When he tugged down the marginally damp boxers, Clay let out an involuntary shiver, waking up a little.

"Puuuhh... Pandas...?" he mumbled groggily, confused eyes just barely focused on his friend.

Nick shushed him, voice all dulcet and sweet. "Shhhhhh... I got you, Dreamy." he grabbed the blond's cock, giving him broad strokes, and Clay barely reacted, at least not mentally. "I'm gonna make you feel so good, don't you worry your pretty, little head."

Clay's eyelids drooped, letting the brunet know he was already falling back asleep just like he guessed would happen. "Yeah, just keep relaxing for me..." he murmured, and Clay's face twitched, the movement almost missed by Nick. "Doing so good for me, sweetheart. All docile and weak... dependent on me for all your needs."

Besides the random jerks of his pelvis and limbs, nothing else gave any indication he was privy to anything, which Nick was so greatly counting on. Clay probably wasn't even aware he was being touched so intimately by his best friend of eight years, mind likely too hazy to truly process the implication.

When he was stiff enough, Nick straddled the blond's hips. His eyes fluttered back open, looking even foggier than before from all the interruptions to his sleep.

"Sssssappa...?" he slurred, only to be hushed again.

Nick sunk down, moaning from the combination of pleasure and slight stinging. "God, you're so fucking big..." Even with all the preparing he did earlier, his friend was hiding something massive that filled him up so nicely. He bottomed out and clenched around Clay tightly, a breathless wheeze leaving the blond. "Rearranging my guts, fuck."

Grinding, he tried to get himself used to the feeling quicker, and he let his palms fall to the mattress on either side of Clay's chest to hold himself up. His stomach bulged out slightly from the girthy intrusion, and he groaned when he noticed it.

Nick finally managed to lift himself up, properly fucking himself onto Clay's cock, and after a few attempts, he managed to get it to hit his sweet spot. His delirious friend's mouth was parted, little noises seeping out, but at least half of the entire experience for him was spent unconscious; he was constantly falling back asleep and being roused from his slumber by Nick's moans and rhythmic clenching.

"Doing good, sweetheart, so, *sooo* good." the brunet panted, feeling so close to completion. "My compliant, little fucktoy. Can barely do a thing while I use you... don't even know what's going on, so fucking out of it you don't know I'm sitting on your cock."

Nick bounced faster, roughly rocking himself into it. His cock was practically weeping, yearning to finally come, and he forfeited some stability to rub himself until he let out a shuddering groan of satisfaction. He stroked himself through it, adding a few splashes of white to Clay's sweat soaked hoodie. He slowly pulled himself off, gasping at the empty, hollow feeling suddenly taking up residence in him.

Clay was still hard, a bead of precome at the tip, and Nick didn't think twice about licking it up. It twitched in his mouth when he swallowed down half in one go, and he ignored the itchiness in the back of his throat and the not very good mix of lube and ass currently scrubbing itself onto his taste buds. Even though Nick was certain the blond wouldn't remember being denied his release, he *did* promise the man's mother that he would take the utmost care of him. Nick just didn't go into detail about what his special brand of care would be.

There was no warning, his throat suddenly being filled with the salty, bitter taste of come. He pulled off to cough, the last bits splattered onto his cheek as Clay let out a stuttery gasp in his sleep. Nick watched as the blond went completely limp, features going slack and arms resting heavily at his sides.

Nick began cleaning up, stripping his friend of his clothes and slipping a fresh pair of underwear on him, forgoing the hoodie. He felt excited from doing something so boring because everything had gone according to plan. When the area was as normal as possible, he pressed a tender kiss to Clay's forehead, the febrile skin burning his lips.

The brunet had returned much later to check on Clay, feeding him and checking his temperature. He was just a bit more awake, and he didn't seem to suspect that his best friend had taken advantage of him in his weakened state, trusting Nick unconditionally. Just knowing that Clay depended on him wholeheartedly succeeded in making his dick twitch in his sweats, not that his friend was in the state to notice anything of the sort.

Multiple times the next few days, the brunet would come into Clay's room to spoon feed him something laced with Nyquil just to further ensure his absolute compliance and ride him. He got away with it the first time, so why not indulge some more? Each occurrence left him feeling overwhelmingly satisfied, his friend taking everything he gave him without complaint and proceeding to forget about any of it like a good boy.

It was almost saddening when Clay had ultimately gotten better. The man was healthy enough that he could get his own food and walk himself to the bathroom without needing someone to lean nearly all his weight on. Nick's fun ended, his friend able to do everything prior to his flu.

All the touching had resulted in Nick becoming ill as well, definitely not as severe as Clay's was, but he did still feel horrible. At one point he did pinch Clay's cheeks together with one hand and forcibly made out with him, so that was what probably did him in if everything else failed to infect him.

The good news is that he never had to lift a finger, the blond happy to take good care of him just like Nick had. He was so thankful and wanted to repay Nick for all of his trouble, saying that he was so glad to have a friend as kind as him. It made Nick feel all fuzzy inside that Clay was willing to help him out so much despite him still being in rather good shape to do things himself.

Not once did Clay take advantage of him during, and the brunet would've known, as he was still lucid enough to be aware of his surroundings (because why would Clay do anything of the sort? Unlike Nick, he's an actual, genuinely nice person who was likely not in favor of molesting a person with a high fever). It didn't stop him from feeling weirdly disappointed though.

He spent his minimal time in bed thinking of all the ways he could get Clay sick again. Or maybe drugging him would be the answer, like mixing something in his drink. Nick wished he was more prepared, but it's not like he could've guessed when his friend was going to be ill and that he would just be so helpless and pliant and incredibly hot.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, the next chapter will be nice and wholesome and happy to cleanse the feeling of this one. The only thing is that you will Not be able to guess the ship for it, guaranteed.

Honeyphos

Chapter Summary

Xephos and Honeydew spend some time together.

Chapter Notes

OKAy, this got long, feel free to skip and just read the warnings.

Any Yogscast people in the chat?!?! Any Yognaughts?!? Is that what the fans are called?? It's been so long I can't remember.

Anyways, the Yogscast. You all know who they are, right? Like most of you at least know of them, probably used to watch their Minecraft videos. I haven't really watched their channel in years besides a few of the Simon's Peculiar Portions things last year, but I'm still subscribed because like... why wouldn't I be?? They were one of the first Minecraft YouTubers I watched, like I think the first thing of theirs specifically was the Survival Island thing they did. Like Man, that was uploaded back in early 2011, so long ago.

My favorite videos of theirs besides like the Jaffa Factory series thing were the Gulliver and Little Blocks mod ones. I used to keep coming back to watch them when I was younger and I had no idea why. I now know why. If those videos were made like this year and I still regularly watched them, guarantee I would've written smut about it. Who knows, might write it at some point.

Anyways, I've based their designs in this on like canon stuff and stuff I'm pretty sure is fanon. Like Simon (Honeydew if you like don't know) is a dwarf. Lewis (Xephos) is a really tall alien thing with a bunch of blue, glowy freckles, which might be a fanon thing, I honestly can't remember if that was something mentioned in a video or something. I also gave him a tentacle dick because why not? In the few fanfics I had read a very long time ago, that seemed to be the popular thing to give him.

And isn't it a fucking tragedy that there are, at the time of writing this, only 113 fanfics with this ship here? God, I thought there'd be more? I don't know. Maybe if they were twenty-something and making Minecraft videos now that there'd be more ship stuff about them. I mean, I just get weirdly sad, y'know? Like, they're way older now and they don't make Minecraft videos anymore and I've stopped watching them and just like, I don't know. I'm just rambling at this point. If the notes are incredibly long on any chapter, just skip them and read the warnings to spare yourself from whatever nonsense I end up typing. Or just never read the notes, your choice. Most of them is just me rambling anyway.

Before the warnings though, I made Simon the perfect dick sucking height, like he doesn't need to get on his knees or anything. People tend to make him really short because his character in Minecraft is apparently a dwarf, and people also tend to make Lewis really tall because he's an alien I guess. So he stands straight up to give that blue tentacle the bestest Samsung spin cycle vacuum suction come guzzling dick destroying ender pearl trading sloppy toppy there ever was.

Warnings for this chapter: uh, just blow job I think (but it's a weird alien tentacle cock), a lot of come, and size difference.

They went deep down into the cavern located under their work shed, traversing familiar, underground terrain. Forever burning torches littered the stone walls and floor, and it was devoid of most of the precious ores and gems, as those were mined a while ago primarily for their armor and tools. Pits of lava were passed by without a care as their important, harder to find supplies were left back above ground, and their spawn points were set to their nearby beds.

Honeydew tittered, briefly squeezing Xephos' much slimmer and delicate hand in his bulky one. It just felt so delightfully scandalous to be sneaking away to fool around, his alien boyfriend sharing the sentiment as well. Tryst was the first thing that came to mind, like they were lovers forbidden to meet by factors outside of their control, resulting in them doing it in secret. In reality, they just didn't want to be walked in on by their friend Lalna or the owner of the neighboring company (Sip still yells, "way to go, silk shirt guy!" when he even catches a glimpse of Xephos, pantomiming a pat on the back and giving him a thumbs up from wherever he was, making the spaceman's face burn in shame).

The ambiance of the cave was perfect, and it was secluded from prying eyes and embarrassing interruptions. Xephos tenderly squeezed the stocky fingers back, a burst of love and affection making his heart pound quicker and the sapphire asterisms dotting his cheeks shimmer faintly.

The dwarf tugged him along a bit faster, making him bend forward slightly from the major height difference. "C'mon, we're almost there!"

"Oh, you're daft! You said that two minutes ago!" the tone was fond, lighthearted, and he laughed a little at the huff his lover let out.

Honeydew whined. "Shut up! It's just around this corner!"

True to his word, Honeydew had slowed to a stop around the next rocky curve, which led into a large room. It wasn't much different from the rest of the cave besides the fact that it was wide open with a blocked off abandoned mineshaft near the top. It was lit up entirely by redstone torches, and it had various flowers planted in the dirt patches.

"Aww, you did all of this for me?" Xephos asked, touched by the effort.

The dwarf nodded excitedly, exceedingly proud of the romantic atmosphere he had given the cave. "C'mere, Xeph!"

He yanked his boyfriend down by his shirt so that he could kiss him, much slower and more passionate than the ones they shared in the past few days. Honeydew cupped his cheeks, dimming the glow under his palms while the other's hands rubbed at his shoulders. It left them both feeling breathless and giggly, so happy to finally spend some alone time together.

Honeydew nudged the alien back until he was against a flat part of the wall, the stone cooling his back when his lover pulled away from the kiss and pushed him upright. Fingers were already undoing the buttons of his trousers, tugging them and his boxers down; the action made the freckles around his features shine brighter, the blue bleeding down to his chest and shoulders as his tentacle was freed.

The underside was licked from the wide base to the tapered, flushed navy tip. Xephos shuddered, and the dwarf gazed up at him through his eyelashes, a cheeky smile playing at his lips as he stroked the wiggly appendage. A diluted, bluish slime came off on his palm and fingers because it was self lubricating, and it made it easier to glide his hand around it and take some into his mouth.

“Oh, Notch...” Xephos breathed out, reaching out to pet at curly, red hair, “Honey...”

His hips bucked forward, a few more inches finding their way into slick heat, and Honeydew removed his palm in favor of sucking the rest down. The thing pulsed in his mouth, desperately wriggling to feel out the ridges at the top of his mouth and bump against his tonsils. He hummed, and Xephos’ knees buckled, a spurt of thick come going down the dwarf’s throat.

The alien couldn’t help but clutch tightly at Honeydew’s curls, pulling a little with one hand while the other’s thin fingers pressed hard against the wall. Moaning, he thrust slowly, the dwarf taking him down so smoothly it was probably a crime.

He tapped at Xephos’ hip twice, the signal telling his boyfriend to loosen up his grip. He did so, Honeydew coming up for some much needed air. He panted a little, the very tip of the oozing tentacle squirming at his reddened lips. “Awwwww, excited, aren’t we?” he asked with an amused lilt to his voice, tongue reflexively darting out to taste the oddly sweet pre.

Xephos’s face burned further, the blue points scattered across the majority of his body beaming out with a brightness reminding the dwarf of a billion, little stars. “C-come on, you know I can’t control it...” he mumbled, eyes hidden beneath his forearm as his legs trembled.

“Oh, I know, but isn’t it just cute?” He wrapped his lips just around the end and sucked hard, Xephos gasping loudly as his cock vehemently tried to whip around.

The whole thing was taken down in one swallow, throat muscles restricting around the bit intruding inside. The spaceman groaned, unable to stop from grinding into his lover’s face, both hands pushing at the back of his skull. Honeydew hollowed out his cheeks and let Xephos thrust into his mouth, using his tongue to lap at the tip when he could. Spit and come dripped down his chin, soaking his beard with fluids that he will definitely have to wash out later, but he didn’t care right now, too caught up in the moment.

The heaviness pressing down his tongue, the cloying taste of pre constantly scrubbed straight into his taste buds, the fullness making his jaw begin to ache pleasantly, the ticklishness in his throat from the evermoving tip, and the sweet sounding groans and grunts above made his heart swell. Just knowing he did this, made his darling boyfriend unravel in the bestest way possible, succeeded in making him moan in pleasure around the tentacle currently stuffing his mouth.

Xephos too moaned, his much less muffled and higher in pitch, and then he was coming down the dwarf’s throat. There was always so much, blue sludge threatening to make him choke, and he made sure to tap again so that the alien let go.

He had gulped down as much as he could, the rest spraying his features and beard in a viscous layer and wiggling around in such a way that was reminiscent of an unmanned hose. “You come too much.” Honeydew whined, wiping at the bit above his brow and sticking the bluish digit into his mouth.

“I can’t help it,” his lover said, voice a bit shaky from his orgasm and how hard he was trying not to laugh. “You look ridiculous.”

The dwarf’s lips had parted, about to respond, when a beep sounded out. There was another, and another, a series of annoying interruptions originating from the brunet’s pocket. He pulled his communicator out quickly because of the urgency of the messages. Many were from Lalna, a few were even from Sips and Sjin, about something that was going very wrong and that he needed to help immediately.

“Oh, noooo...” he groaned out, letting his head thud against the stone he was still leaning on, “Lalna needs help with something important.”

Honeydew scraped some more come off his face. “Ughhh, fine, you can go.” he sighed after a moment, flopping onto the hard ground with no problem.

Xephos tucked his tentacle back inside of his pants, now inert and much smaller. “What about you?” he pointed out, guilty that his boyfriend didn’t get to come.

Rolling around so that he was on his back, he looked up at Xephos’ face. “I’m fine, you can go,” he said, trying to ignore the constant flurry of messages in the background. “Besides, I came twice last time.”

The alien hefted Honeydew up by his underarms, the task a bit difficult due to the weight the dwarf possessed. They shared one last, sweet kiss, Xephos being able to taste his release on the other’s lips, before they reluctantly parted.

Their hands automatically clasped together as they rushed back up to the surface, the warmth comforting them both. They parted at the shed after they exchanged tender “I love you’s,” Xephos leaving the small building to fix whatever problem had arisen while Honeydew went the other way to scrub his facial features and beard clean in the sink.

Chapter End Notes

Up next will be another weird ship or feederism. Whatever I decide when I wake up.

Tedcicle

Chapter Summary

Charlie feeds Ted some of his slime I guess.

Chapter Notes

EliNotFound I wrote the Tedcicle feederism for you!

First, sorry it took so long but like, I don't know, I had a weirdly hard time writing it? Like it literally doesn't make any sense because like, despite barely watching any of their videos, I had like still watched Carson's for like two years and they were in a lot of them. So I should feel more confident about writing them but then I like don't. So me taking a while made like no sense to me, so sorry again. And like I noticed in all of them, I end up making whatever people are in it take a nap after, like I just end up writing it that way?? Like, my thinking is that you just ate like A Bunch of food, and usually people get tired after eating a lot. That makes sense, right?

So in this, Charlie is a slime hybrid thing, like straight up completely slime, but Ted is just a normal human guy. And I was like, how can I make this different from all the other feedy stuff I wrote? And then I remembered a tweet you did that said something like Charlie inflating Ted with slime, so I was like, I can write that. But I was thinking that slime probably doesn't taste good, so I thought, hey, the Slimecicle man can just heat his body up and put the jello powder stuff in it. And then I was like, there's probably no nutritional value, so some of the parts had like cut up fruit in it just because. Honestly, this is just, Way different.

And I don't even know if this counts?? Like, is it cannibalism?? Is it, is it vore? I didn't really think about that until after writing it.

Warnings for this chapter: feederism (possibly counts as vore?? Literally don't know), size difference, and riding. The tags for this seem weirdly small too, like am I tagging it right??

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Honestly, Ted thought that his boyfriend looked fucking ridiculous.

The slime hybrid was normally green all over, the same shade as the creatures he's based off of, but this time there were splotches of different colors. His head and neck were currently blue, jello powder mixed into it after he heated himself up in the Nether, and he had stuck blueberries into the malleable goo. The hand pressing into Ted's cheek was leaving a red residue, the color reaching up to the hybrid's elbow. A yellowy knee was just barely brushing up against his crotch, gradienting to a grape littered purple.

Fingers were dipping into his yielding lips, the smooth tips rubbing at his gums and teeth before pushing further. "C'mon baby, you know what to do." Charlie said, voice dropping an octave as his other weirdly hued hand groped at his pec.

Yeah, he looked ridiculous, but Ted couldn't help but whimper when a thumb grazed against his nipple and knee crowded closer to his covered dick. He licked at the three digits before slowly biting down. His teeth cut through easily, much like a heated knife through butter, and the taste of strawberries burst across his tongue.

"That's it..." he crooned, feeling no pain from the severed fingers. He pushed the rest of the digits and his knuckles into Ted's mouth before he was done chewing, watching in delight as the brunet struggled to take in the amount he was given, "c'mon, you got it. You look so cute with your cheeks filled up with me, Teddy."

Ted blushed at the implication, swallowing the hot slime down roughly. More was being shoved into his mouth, the wide part of Charlie's hand stretching out his lips a little before he bit the sizable chunk off. This piece had an actual little slice of the corresponding fruit in it, the real and artificial flavors mixing.

The non mutilated hand slid down to his pudgy stomach, already starting to rub in preparation for how achingly full he was going to feel with all the thick sludge weighing him down. When the brunet had gotten to the elbow, Charlie took a moment to shift his form, shrinking a little from the missing mass so that he could form a working arm again.

He moved a new flavor through his body to the newly made appendage, this one purple. "We're not gonna stop until only green is left," the hybrid informed him happily, and his reply was muffled too much to be understood because the whole squishy fist was being forced past his red stained lips. "No whining. Don't you wanna be good?"

Ted whimpered again, giving a nod and mincing the jello without complaint. Charlie offered up a few soothing kisses to his forehead, blue smears all tingly against his skin. He was already starting to feel it, his middle progressively filling out, the once light touches now kneading down harder over less pliable flesh. Charlie fed him more and more of himself, going through grape to orange, his body dwindling down enough that he needed to move so that he was at Ted's side instead so that he could actually reach his mouth. Ted whined at the loss of friction, but he was still aware enough to not grind his thick thighs together like he wanted.

He choked down the last of the orange flavor, that taste immediately being replaced with the blue raspberry one making up Charlie's head. He cupped Ted's cheek, his other hand already remade and much tinier against his face, and kissed him, letting his tongue slip through.

The brunet let him prod around for a moment before biting down on the muscle, slicing it in half. It reappeared a few seconds later just to be bitten off again. The cycle continued until his mouth was full, Charlie pulling away so that he could properly chew it up.

He swallowed thickly, groaning when the blue area was redirected back to the hybrid's hand. "Full..."

"Keep eating," Charlie shoved his whole fist into Ted's mouth again, the action much easier due to how considerably smaller he was, and Ted obediently did what he was told, "good boy, c'mon. There's not that much left... be good for me, baby."

He chewed through the goo and the blueberries that were suspended in it, the hybrid feeding him nearly his whole arm before the flavor was replaced with the bitter taste characteristic of normal slime. Charlie shifted his shape once again, the last hue neon yellow.

Ted was overwhelmingly stuffed, belly gurgling around the large amount of viscous sludge currently occupying it. He felt just a little sick, so he sent a little hand gesture to his boyfriend to

signal as such. The lemony fingers retreated from Ted's lips when Charlie saw the sign paired with the discomfort on the brunet's face.

Charlie's other petite hand started to massage at his bloated gut, them both working to alleviate the ache. "Tell me when you're better to keep going," he said softly, bending down slightly to feather gooey kisses around the taut flesh.

Ted sighed in relief, body becoming slack where he was leaning against the heavily cushioned headboard. Eyes fluttering shut as the hybrid gently rubbed his middle, cooing sweetly at him in between the kisses and nibbles.

When it subsided, he gave Charlie the go ahead, the man lifting the jello hand and pressing it into his mouth. The rest went down without much problem, his stomach still burbling a little from the mild pain. Charlie shifted his body one last time to make everything equal to what it was like before, just way smaller. He was about half of Ted's height, maybe less, the brunet dwarfing him significantly.

"Aw, look how big you are!" Charlie gushed, situating himself between Ted's legs and gripping at the love handles spilling over the side of his boxers. "So full of my slime that I'm surprised you haven't burst at the seams. So good for me, eating whatever I gave you." Hooking his tiny fingers into the hem of Ted's underwear, he yanked them down his thighs, having to pull hard from how tight they were around them. "You want your reward now, Teddy?"

Ted moaned, leaky cock springing up to slap wetly against the underside of his plump stomach. "Please, Charlie..." he pleaded, eyes a little watery, "I-I want it... I've been good."

The hybrid hushed him, wrapping his fingers around Ted's length. "You've been good." he reaffirmed, stroking his hand up and down a few times to spread the pre around. Ted shuddered, just barely able to stop himself from thrusting back up into it. "You've been so, so good for me."

Charlie held the base with one hand, the other coming up to brace himself on Ted's stomach. He slowly sunk down onto it, gasping a little at how big it was now; infinitely glad that he was a slime hybrid, Charlie adjusted in less than a second, able to fuck himself onto it with no trouble or pain.

Keening, Ted fisted the sheets, having to use all of his willpower to not buck into the warmth. "*Fuck*, please, Charlie."

Pressing his upper body into Ted's stomach, he used the leverage to lift himself off his cock and drop back down. The hard pushing led to a series of burps, Ted letting out all sorts of pleasure filled noises and breathless pants from the pressure on his gut.

Charlie bit into the pudge, the brunet emitting a loud moan from it and the subsequent sucking that was after. Blemishes were being formed all around, the hybrid not once slowing down on his bouncing, his reduced size giving him the perfect angle to do that.

"You're so fucking cute," Charlie grunted out, small legs a little wobbly. "Just keep being good for me."

He was doing much better than Ted, whose own legs were trembling heavily, and he wasn't even the one doing the work. Eyes rolled to the back of his head while his mouth was perpetually open and drooling, face flushed beautifully.

Knowing that the brunet was close, he congealed his slime tighter where Ted's cock was currently cutting through him and bounced even faster. Ted let out this broken moan, hips stuttering upwards

once before coming, filling up Charlie's middle.

Charlie moved a little bit more around him before slowly pulling off, not wanting the other to be overstimulated. His body closed off, the white streaks staying suspended his torso, a few drops reaching up to his neck. Concentrating, he absorbed it, adding the tiniest amount back to his height.

Crawling back to Ted's side, he went back to rubbing his stomach, Ted groaning softly. "Aww, baby's tired?" he cooed, watching as the brunet's eyes drooped slightly.

Ted made some weird mumble, grabbing at Charlie and pulling him so that he was draped back over his stomach. "Mhhhyeah..." he said eloquently after a moment.

"Understandable," Charlie agreed, shimmying around a little. The calm rise and fall of Ted's breathing coupled with the occasional, reflexive squirm of the still sort of sentient goo relaxed him. "you always get so sleepy after."

Ted wrapped his arms tightly around the hybrid, somehow managing to press him even closer, his slime turning a little melty. Charlie gave him a big smooch on his chest, as his face was a bit too far away, and he let the little snores from his boyfriend lull him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Hey like, should I like edit the first chapter thing and put what each chapter has there? Like, imagine clicking this because you saw a very specific tag but like, there's over twenty chapters, so you'd have to go through each one to see which one has it, right? But if I put the warnings for each chapter there too, then you'd just have to like scroll through so you could be like ah yes, chapter whatever number my beloved, and then just go there. Like what I'm typing makes sense right? I don't know, I'll probably do that.

Oh my god, sometimes I read over the notes I write and wonder why I say like so much. There's gotta be a point where it's being used too much.

Dreamnotnap

Chapter Summary

Dream covers his dick in peanut butter and catnip to tempt his hybrid boyfriends.

Chapter Notes

SO, I got this idea from a Twitter post thing and thought, why not? George is a catboy (like cat ears and tail only), Sapnap's a dogboy (dog ears and tail only), and Dream's a normal human guy. I wrote this in little baby chunks throughout the week, so it might flow weirdly, but like it's probably not that bad.

And also, any of you that have read like a few chapters on here might of noticed that like I don't use the word boy to describe like full adult guys unless someone's calling them "good boy" or something (like in dialogue, never really in any other parts). But I thought, fuck it, catboy and dogboy. I mean, that's how like everyone would immediately describe it anyways, right?

Warnings for this chapter: cat/dogboys, food sex (maybe? I'm very unsure of what that would like, be exactly), blowjobs, a lot of spit, and dry humping.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay left his recording room, quietly making his way down the carpeted hallway and stairs. Entering the kitchen, he grabbed a spoon and opened the pantry, searching for the peanut butter. He glanced around, knowing that at least one of his hybrid boyfriends was in the living room based on the sound of the TV.

Deeming it safe, he snatched the plastic container and ran out of the room as quickly and silently as possible. He let out a sigh of relief once he was back in his recording room, able to sit back in his gaming chair and palm himself through his sweats.

He was content to just squeeze and rub at his clothed cock for a while, eyelids shut in bliss and little hums escaping his lips. When he was nice and hard, he shrugged his sweats and briefs down to his thighs and grabbed the peanut butter.

Clay honestly felt a little embarrassed about what he was going to do, but it definitely wasn't enough to stop him, as he was already unscrewing the lid and dipping the spoon inside the half empty container. He slathered the smooth paste over the top of his cock, jolting a little at how surprisingly cool it felt despite it being kept outside of the fridge. Getting used to it, he spread it all over the shaft, having to use a few more scoops to coat it thickly. Exhaling softly, he smeared some over the head, rubbing the spoon into it a bit more just for the extra stimulation before putting some on his balls.

The peanut butter was closed up and placed onto the desk along with the spoon. After that, he pulled open the catnip baggy, sprinkling a liberal amount of the brownish green crumbs over his cock. Knowing that they would stick, he pressed large bits into the sides and underside with his

finger. He wiped the paste and catnip remnants onto a napkin and tossed it into the nearby waste bin when he was done.

His plan was officially complete, the finished product being the entirety of his cock covered in peanut butter and catnip. Before he could talk himself out of it, Clay texted his boyfriends, telling them to come to his recording room for a moment. Nick responded almost immediately, and the blond texted back for the dogboy to grab George if he was napping, saying it was important for them both to be present.

In less than a minute, both of his lovely boyfriends were standing at the doorway, Nick excited as always to see anyone after not interacting for over five minutes and George a bit sleepy, eyes squinty and frame hunched over a little.

“Oh my god, you can’t be serious.” the catboy said, the tone disbelieving at the sight before him.

On the other hand, the dogboy rushed over when faced with the opportunity to eat something delicious, tail wagging as he kneeled right in front of Clay. “Lemme!” he whined, pawing at the blond’s knees, and Clay pushed at his forehead so that he wouldn’t just engulf his whole dick.

His tongue just barely flicked against the tip, and it took all of Clay’s willpower to not remove his hand to let Nick go at it like the good boy he is. “C’m on, kitty,” he tried to beckon the catboy over with a finger, something that would’ve definitely worked on Nick if he wasn’t already over here. “Don’t you wanna be good like puppy?”

George’s nose wrinkled, very unconvinced at what was being proudly displayed. “That is literally so gross--”

“Hey, there’s like catnip on here.” Nick suddenly said, noticing the little grains embedded in the paste.

George was over immediately at the mention of catnip, elbowing Nick out of the way a bit to have some room between Clay’s spread legs. His pupils, which were mere slits before, were now blown wide, and the blond saw how much he had to strain himself from rubbing his cheek against the mess.

Carding his hands through their hair, he pulled both of the hybrids close, scratching behind their ears. “Good boys, c’m on... that’s it.” Nick was already lapping at his cock, cleaning up the peanut butter enthusiastically while the catboy gave kittenish licks and nibbles at the areas the catnip was most prominent at. “Doing so great for me, pets.”

The praise made the dogboy’s tail speed up significantly, and he yipped in excitement before trying to suck his whole cock down. Upset that his catnip eating was interrupted, George shoved the other off, dark ears flattening against his hair as he hissed. Nick whimpered, big, wet eyes settling on Clay’s face as his bottom lip wobbled.

“Hey! Play nice,” he lightly smacked the top of George’s head, the catboy shrinking back a bit at the reprimanding tone. “Share with the puppy.”

There was an aborted growl before George let out a sharp exhale through his nose, lifting his head up to butt his forehead up against Clay’s palm after a long moment. Turning his head, he then leaned towards Nick and nuzzled his cheek, scenting him. The dogboy returned the gesture to show he accepted his apology, licking a large, slobbery streak up George’s cheek before thrusting his tongue right between the catboy’s lips.

His tail wagging picked back up as he made out with the catboy, thick globs of drool running down both of their chins from how messy it was. Despite the attention being away from him, Clay's cock still twitched in interest at the wet sounds their kissing made, the dogboy's lips sloppily sliding against George's as an obscene suction filled the room.

George made a little disgruntled noise when the other finally detached his lips from his own, grabbing at the bottom Nick's shirt to wipe away the spittle practically coating the lower half of his features. Clay chuckled at the annoyed look on his face, eyeing the way his tail flicked around before taking the catnip back off his desk.

The catboy's head snapped back up at the familiar crinkle of the baggy, pupils dilating once again. Clay poured a generous amount down the length of his cock, George resuming his licking while purring in contentment. Nick took that as a sign to keep going, dipping closer to the base to nose at the blond's pubes and give his balls a tongue bath so that he wouldn't get in the catboy's way again.

Clay sunk farther into the seat, scooting off a bit and spreading his legs more to give them more access. "Such good pets, so fucking good and cute," he said breathily, tugging at the catboy's hair when he began to take cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the head to rid it of the excess catnip and peanut butter. "Pretty, little cocksluts, willing to drool all over my cock with just a little incentive, hm?"

The dogboy whined when George pushed all the way down, leaving him no room to do anything. While the catboy bobbed his head on Clay's length, the blond pulled Nick up a bit, letting his needy puppy clumsily tongue fuck his mouth and attempt to rut into his leg despite the awkward angle.

When he was close, Clay yanked at George's hair, the catboy letting out a moan that rumbled pleasantly around his cock. He couldn't give a warning, not when the dogboy was still lapping hungrily at his lips, so he simply held his kitty's head down and came right down his throat.

George took it in stride likely due to the large amounts of catnip he'd already ingested, swallowing it all down without any visual complaint. The blond let him pull away to breathe, the catboy gasping a little, and he also nudged the dogboy back down so that he was settled back on the floor.

"C'mon, pretty boys, get off on my legs," he commanded, lacing his fingers back through their hair and giving a light tug.

Nick didn't need to be told twice, latching onto his left and grinding his clothed hard on harshly against him, whining and whimpering. However, George still needed a bit more coaxing, his tail whipping around a little to show that he would rather have Clay touch him instead.

The catnip was once again picked back up, and it only took one upside down shake of the plastic baggy for George to comply. Burrowing his face into Clay's thigh, he nuzzled the pile of catnip and copied Nick's frenzied motions.

"Good boys," he praised warmly, very much glad he decided to go through with what he thought would be the dumbest thing ever.

If you go to the first chapter, I put the warnings for each chapter in it so that anyone just finding this could find whatever tag that made them click on this much easier. I also added some tags to the main tag things because I thought I should probably tag this better, like for example, I forgot to tag for vore, like how could I have forgotten?? It's like chapter 8 maybe, and I'm, probably gonna write it again, so like I'm wondering how I forgot.

And I'm literally so sorry I like described Dream putting peanut butter and catnip on his dick, but sometimes I make my ability to write everyone's problem, y'know?

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

George turns Dream into his underwear, and then he wears him for the night.

Chapter Notes

This is a part two thing to Chapter 7's Dreamnotfound, so like you don't have to read that one, but it would probably make more sense if you did.

So, didn't think I would write more transformation stuff, but like a week ago just before I went to bed, I suddenly had so many ideas. Like man, I even have ideas for like a part three to this or maybe like I'll write something for it for a different ship, so I don't know, I'll probably write more at some point.

This one probably isn't as good as the first part, but eh, it's something. I just have way less time to write stuff than usual recently, but I don't want to go more than a week without posting something, ya know?

Warnings for this chapter: underwear transformation, somnophilia (I mean, I guess? Technically? Don't worry, I'll have a proper somno chapter eventually because this one only counts as a kind of), hand job, and praise kink.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George tossed him his phone, and Clay, who definitely wasn't expecting the rectangular object, just narrowly caught it in his hands.

"You have, hm... maybe a minute to choose," he had said simply, and the bathroom door clicked shut behind him, leaving the momentarily confused blond in the bedroom alone.

His eyes widened in realization approximately three seconds later, and he frantically unlocked the phone, fingers already trembling in poorly contained excitement. Opening the app on the front screen with the *TF* logo, he went through the options he had saved previously for easier access, scanning over them quickly.

Settling on panties, he selected the cheeky one, immediately pressing on the lace option. He didn't have time to create any designs or patterns from scratch, but that didn't dampen his drastically improved mood. The majority of it would be a nice baby pink, he decided, with the frilly bits over the waistband being his favorite shade of green.

The toilet flushing brought him out of his concentration, and he accepted what was soon to be the form he would take when he heard the sink running. Standing in the middle of the room, he waited patiently for his boyfriend, the man in question walking back out shortly.

He plucked the phone out of Clay's hands without a word, inspecting his choice. He got to choose every time what he wants to be, and sometimes he gets this little nervous feeling right in his gut, worried that George will judge him based on what girly underwear he picks. It's completely irrational, especially because his boyfriend had barely batted an eye after the first time, wearing

him without a care, but Clay still had that nagging feeling.

His thumb pressed over the phone screen just as he finally looked at Clay, the blond suddenly replaced by the pair of panties he customized, lying flat on the carpeted floor. George bent down and lifted him up, throwing Clay's whole world off balance at the practically effortless action, and then he just tossed his cottony form on the bed. It was jarring, but his new body would adjust accordingly.

George stripped, taking off his t-shirt, pants, and briefs and throwing them into the hamper. His eyes settled back on his new pair of underwear, the small smile playing at his lips making Clay's nonexistent stomach lurch.

"Here's what's going to happen," he finally spoke, taking Clay's much smaller body back into his hands. The strange sensation of being opened up, a foot slipping through the hole at the top--"I'm going to wear you to bed."--and raising him halfway up the leg before the other joined it, Clay suddenly so utterly full. "I'll jerk off in the morning, and then change you back." His cock was still soft, and despite how tight the crotch of panties tended to be, it pressed gently into where his face was technically situated. "Move if you're okay with that."

Clay wiggled around him for a few seconds, and his boyfriend cupped him with a palm, squishing him against his package. George had always been awake the whole time when wearing him, usually out running errands or streaming, but this shouldn't be too different.

The brunet hummed, squeezing himself for a moment before flipping off the light and getting into bed with a soft, "goodnight, love you, baby," that made Clay positivity melt. He gave another twitch, imbuing it with as much tenderness as he could while he was unable to say how much he loved him back.

Eventually, George's breathing evened out to show he fell asleep. With no external stimuli like the usual muffled voices and movement to keep him awake, Clay slowly started to drift away. He had never truly fallen asleep while transformed before, only settling in this nice, floaty state, just conscious enough to know when George is speaking directly to him, so this was also rather new. He embraced it, knowing that it was going to be a long night of nothing to keep his mind preoccupied in the slightest.

Much later, when the pitch blackness was replaced with a tiny bit of light seeping through the blanket, he was abruptly pulled from his sleep. Disoriented, he wriggled a little, noticing the slight shifting of George's hips.

The once soft pressure at his face was replaced with something poking into him, the already small space crowded by a gradually hardening cock. The motions were uncoordinated and heavy, the thighs rubbing around him for friction irregular, indicating to Clay that his boyfriend still wasn't awake.

If his skin wasn't currently cotton, he would have blushed. Just the idea that George was getting hard in his sleep while wearing him, while he was just a pair of panties completely incapable of stopping him, made his form spasm uncontrollably. George gasped, hips stuttering up at the pleasant feeling, and the head of his cock was really stretching the front of him out now, practically begging for release from where it was enclosed.

Even his minimal actions served to turn George on more. There was no way he could ever get the brunet's attention, forced to just take whatever was given to him when George wasn't even aware of what he was doing. Clay massaged around him as vigorously as he possibly could with all these thoughts at the forefront of his mind, all the breathy noises motivating him greatly.

Groaning, his boyfriend rolled over from his side to his stomach. The new position allowed him to finally get the friction he desired, a content filled sigh leaving his lips as he grinded downwards. This led to Clay being nearly incapable of moving, pinned so firmly against the brunet's now fully hard cock and an unyielding mattress.

"Ahh, mmmmmhh... ple..." it was mumbled into a pillow as Clay felt the first beads of pre begin to soak into his face, the words intertwined with low moans, "Drea... Dreammmuuuh, nnn-- please..."

He was suddenly all tingly, form awash with all sorts of warm, tender feelings. George was dreaming about Clay, his imagination enough to succeed in making him rock needily into the bed, into *him*, while saying his name so sweetly. It shouldn't shock him that much, as they were in a loving relationship, but it still managed to get him feeling all happy, his excited fluttering definitely not going unnoticed.

His front was steadily becoming wetter and wetter as George humped clumsily into the solid surface, his moans becoming more pronounced as his climax approached. *Please, please come in me! Use me!* Clay sobbed inaudibly, no mouth to formulate the desperate words as he tried to help him along, *oh god, just fucking do it, please, ruin me, stain me!*

George actually whined, rutting down as sharply as he could while still unconscious a little while longer until Clay was drenched, cock throbbing as he was pumped so full of hot come. Rocking into him a few more times, George unintentionally slicked up the front further, spreading the mess around like Clay had wanted so badly. He finally slumped down into the mattress while still on his stomach, inert and satisfied, all sounds and movement ceasing.

Minutes passed, and his boyfriend showed no signs of waking up. He didn't know if it was wrong for him to want George to sleep another few hours just so that he could thoroughly soak in his come, let it seep into his form, discolor the pretty pink of his cottony face. He wanted to stay like this, keep being used at George's leisure, given the barest acknowledgement while cupped around his cock until the next time the brunet wanted to use him.

His jumbled thoughts kept him occupied for about another hour, George finally stirring. Clay was already being nudged by a half hard dick, and the brunet absentmindedly rubbed into the bed, groaning a little. Unhurried, he flipped around so that he was lying on his back, legs spreading.

"Doin' good, Dr'my?" he murmured, voice thick with sleep and arousal as he folded the blanket down enough to see his panties, Clay realizing it was now bright outside.

George's eyes were only half open, and he sat up on his elbows to see better after noticing the darkened patch in the front. His sleep addled brain took a moment to realize what had happened, finally noticing the drying sweat on his skin and the stickiness in his underwear.

He grinned lazily, dropping back down and closing his eyelids. "Oh, that's just too good," he breathed out, lightly groping himself as Clay wiggled. "I had a wet dream while wearing Dream. Wonder how long you had to deal with that."

He didn't say anything about Clay moving without permission, so he continued eagerly, amplifying the sensations. George grunted, rolling his palm harder into his clothed cock, hips canting upwards.

Slipping his hand under, he quickly stroked himself to completion, adding to the mess coating the crotch. "God, you're so fucking dirty now," George remarked, shivering a little when Clay wobbled around his sensitive length again, outwardly preening at the words.

Clay loved this so much that he was almost disappointed when he was peeled away, wanting to bask in the feeling for just a bit longer. He was placed back on the bed, George grabbing at his phone and tapping on the screen a few times. Bracing himself, he gasped when he was suddenly human again, skin so hot and face filthy and cock unbelievably hard.

After each time he was changed back, George would ask him how he wanted to come, taking care of all his needs and praising him for being so good. Now, he didn't even manage to get out a word, as Clay immediately started kissing him, pushing his own come into his mouth as he licked at his teeth.

"Please touch me, *please touch me--!*" the blond begged urgently against his lips, keening high in his throat when George wrapped his fingers around his length, pulling all the moves to make him come undone quick. "F-fuck, fuck, please!" He started to cry, tears mixing with all the other fluids on his face, and he bucked into the swiftly stroking hand a few times until he reached his climax.

He slumped over George, pressing his sweaty face into the crook of his neck while hands soothed over his back. He vaguely registered that his boyfriend was talking, but it was all fuzzy, like he was dunked underwater. The words started to make sense after an indeterminate amount of time, his heart turning all mushy at what George was whispering.

"--good for me, so good and so pretty. Been so patient with me, being my nice, little cocksleeve all night. My good boy... my lovely, adorable Dream, I love you so, so much... cherish you forever--"

He let himself collapse further into George, likely putting a significant amount of weight onto him, but the brunet kept up his praises, squeezing him tight to his person. Soon, they'll have to get up to bathe, so he relaxed in the meantime, letting the soft words calm him down.

God, he really hoped George decided to wear him every night.

Chapter End Notes

While writing the first part and this one, I had many Word Buildy Thoughts™. Like, I used the clothing transformation stuff I saw on DeviantArt (yes, unfortunately, I have a DeviantArt account. I've had it for six years. The reason I made it, you ask? The same reason I made my Ao3 and Twitter accounts. Fucking Minecraft YouTubers. I literally can't escape from them.) as a reference, and I liked the app idea the most. A bit more creative than just, oh, this person's a witch and can turn people into objects whenever. The phone app idea thing also allows it to be a more mainstream thing, like anyone could have downloaded and used it.

But then I was like, okay, what's the contingency plan thing? How would the app makers be able to make sure that anyone turned into something is actually changed back and that only willing participants are used? The answer is that I don't know, but you guys can speculate if you want. Just know there probably is one so that no one gets sued because someone got turned into a pair of underwear and they lost them. Maybe they track it somehow, like if someone actually went missing, a cop can like scan over the possessions of the suspect and be like, hey this object is the missing person! And then they can change them back. I don't know, just a thought.

I also thought about what else the hypothetical app would have, like besides underwear. Like other normal stuff you wear like shirts and pants. You can turn someone into a bra if you're a girl. Socks and shoes if like feet is your thing. And then

I was like, sex toys! Like dildos or fleshlights and things like that. Other than those, not sure what else it would actually have. Would someone actually want to be transformed into like, a pair of scissors? What if you lost the TV remote and then you turned your friend into one for a moment so that you wouldn't have to get up? Or you needed to reach something high up, so you turn your friend into a stepping stool. Or you lost your hair brush? The possibilities.

But you know, this is just smut story thing written by someone who has never kissed anyone before and has no desire to, so like, I'm thinking too much about this.

Chapter Summary

Questions I have about stuff. If you happened to have clicked on this chapter despite it not being titled with a ship name, please help me out? Also, after I post the next chapter, no one needs to respond to this one anymore because probably at least a few people would've answered by then, so anyone seeing this a week or two from now can pass right on by.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

What is the consensus on this stuff?:

1. Ageplay. So like, I don't like ageplay at all, and I definitely don't like it in a sexual way, but I write a lot about kinks I don't have, so that's why I'm asking about it. I haven't seen it anywhere here (like in the Blocky Men fandom), so like, is it just something people don't write about? Like, for example, I see a lot of nonconsensual stuff written about, so that's why when I asked about that in a previous chapter, I was just asking how to properly tag it so that like no one who didn't want to read it would do that accidentally. But I haven't seen sexual ageplay anywhere, so like, do we not write about it?
2. Necrophilia. I don't like this either, but eh, I can write that. I've seen one person draw something where like Fundy was dead and Schlatt was like, fucking him, but that's the only thing I've seen about that. Is it just another thing that's generally not okay to write about?
3. Vore, but no smut involved. Why do I now suddenly want to write about vore?? I don't know, but for some reason, I want to write like, nonsexual stuff about it. Like, I just think it would be platonically sexy for Dream to eat tiny people in a safe way (and Dream, if you're somehow reading this, do it you fucking coward). So, do you guys see vore as an only nsfw thing, or can it be platonic? Obviously if I write something with vore that doesn't have smut, I couldn't post it here, so maybe I'd make another story thing for anything that wouldn't go here.
4. Emetophilia (puke stuff). To me, puking would not seem very good because like, it hurts, but I want to write about it. I haven't seen it anywhere else in the MCYT area besides this one person who drew George puking like a day ago (he posted it on the Privatter thing, and you need to be on a list to see it, and Oh My God, I'm too scared to ask him). Anyways, I've only seen it once around here, so is it acceptable to write about?
5. Gore. There's barely any sexual gore here, like the only ones I can think of were from the Finger/Eye/Whatever Else Fic Guy, and I thought those were neat. So like, just like what I asked in the previous questions, is that something I can write about?

Chapter End Notes

Edit: So, I read all of the comments, so thank you to everyone that responded! From what I'm seeing, emetophilia and gore are okay to write about (and don't worry, I'll keep tagging things properly. Anything more like, extreme I guess will always be at the beginning of my warnings on each chapter), but necrophilia and ageplay probably aren't.

I might make another work story thing to post basically everything I write that isn't smut (like fluff, angst, etc. because like, I primarily write smut so I'd like to keep anything that isn't in the same area) and put the nonsexual vore stuff there. I might write like normal age regression/de-aging stuff too because now that I'm looking at what I wrote previously in this chapter thing, I didn't mean to say I didn't like the nonsexual one. I'm very okay with that one, but I was just asking about the ageplay thing because, just like which the other stuff I asked, I haven't really seen it around here (and I Won't mix them both up, like I'll make sure to tag them properly so that I don't accidentally tag ageplay in a work that's sfw or age regression in this one).

Tedschlattcicle

Chapter Summary

Charlie is a sexually starved housewife who seduces the milkman.

Chapter Notes

This idea came to me like four days ago while I was taking a shower, like completely out of the blue. And five hours ago, I was like, why the fuck not? Why shouldn't three grown men be able to sexually roleplay something just plain dumb? Anyways, the ending's very eh and quick, but like, I Refused to spend too much time on this.

Warnings for this chapter: cross-dressing (maybe??), anal sex, and a blow job I guess.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Charlie cleaned the counters with a comically sized feather duster, knocking away the nonexistent debris and an empty can of Coke Zero, which clattered to the linoleum. Afterwards, he lightly brushed down his dress and apron, wanting to look good for when his hardworking husband came home.

The doorbell rang, signaling that someone was at the door despite how early it was. White heels clacking, he walked to the nearby front door, opening it to reveal Ted, who was dressed as the milkman.

Charlie did a curtsy, very graceful and elegant in the way he lost his balance a little due to the new shoes. "Hello, Mr. Milkman."

"Uh, yes, hello, lonely housewife," the tall man announced, tilting his hat towards Charlie. His right hand held a jug of whole milk, and he hefted it up and wiggled it, the liquid sloshing around. "I have brought you the milk because of the lack of good refrigeration in the 50s, which we are currently living in."

Charlie took it from him with both hands, cradling it to his chest. "Thank you, Milkman. Would you like to come inside and have sexual intercourse, as my husband is not home?" he offered, attempting to seduce the milk delivery man.

Leaning against the doorframe, he lifted the hem of his dress, revealing a pair of panties with a multitude of googly eyes pasted on the crotch. To entice him further, Charlie took a single finger off the milk jug handle and used it to pull down the collar of his dress. His bra was stuffed with toilet paper to give his fictional breasts some size, and he swung his chest around as if he was jiggling his tissue fabricated boobs in a tantalizing manner.

The neighbor from across the street, an old man who just wanted to drink his coffee and water his lawn in peace, glared at the shenanigans for a moment before turning the complete opposite way. At least his marigolds would never disappoint him, he thought while he made sure they were properly hydrated.

Unaware of anything that was going on around them, Charlie waggled his eyebrows suggestively with a grin and thrust his hips out once, a plastic eye popping off to land on the floor. The sexiness was incredible, too much for even the most resilient man to resist, so Ted walked into the housewife's home. Charlie led the milkman into the kitchen, proceeding to hop up onto the kitchen table.

"My, what a lovely home you have here," he remarked as if he didn't already live here. "A very nice place to have been seduced by a sexually starved housewife."

Charlie spread his legs and flipped the skirt up so that he could pull his underwear down. Reaching under himself, he pulled out a plug and tossed it onto the wooden table. "Oh wow, I'm so wet and horny for your eight and a half inch, milk spewing schlong," he moaned shamelessly, dipping a few fingers into his ass, the excessive amount of lube he used earlier clinging to his digits after he pulled them out. "Mr. Milkman, please fornicate with me."

"With pleasure," Ted purred, taking his place between Charlie's inviting legs. He unfastened his trousers, slipping them down just enough to free his throbbing manhood, and then he entered the other man with a single thrust.

"Oh, golly! Milkman!" he keened, legs locking around Ted as he slowly rocked into him. "Your meat popsicle is really stretching my love tunnel!"

Ted groaned, squeezing at Charlie's hips. "You feel so good, nameless housewi--!"

A sudden crash interrupted his sentence, originating from the same room they were currently occupying. Schlatt appeared from the pantry holding a briefcase, the other two choosing to ignore that he was in there the entire time and pretending he emerged from the front door after a long day at work. He wore the top half of a business suit paired with a Yankee hat, his cock and balls and the tattoo of His Holiness Pope Francis on his left thigh out on display.

"Oh no! I'm being cuckolded by the milkman!" Schlatt yelled in anguish, falling to his knees. "My neglectful nature has led to my beloved Charlotte to fall into the strong, robust arms of another man who's kind of hot, not gonna lie!"

Ted pulled out, and the housewife gasped at the empty feeling. "It's not too late, inattentive husband, for I have a solution!" Manhandling Charlie, he positioned him on his side so that his head was slightly off the table, a leg thrown over his shoulder. "You can still mend your broken relationship by fulfilling your wife's sexual fantasies," the milkman insisted, shoving his length back into the other.

Quickly getting over the fact that his wife was being fucked by another man, Schlatt rushed over. "I am so sorry for ignoring you, my darling wife. Please let me make it up to you!"

"Stick your fat tonsil tickler down my throat! Let your harlot of a wife choke on you!" Charlie professed, opening his mouth up wide and letting his tongue loll out.

Without waiting another second, the businessman rammed his dick into his wife's mouth, barging right into his throat. Charlie gagged, eyes watering, but he held through because some of his focus was taken away by the rough thrusting in his ass. He moaned wantonly around Schlatt's girth, sucking as best as he could as he pushed back on the other man's cock.

It was hard to maintain the constant, humorous chatter after a while, so Schlatt grabbed Ted by the back of his neck and kissed him, both still ceaseless in their respective pounding. When they all came, Charlie filled up at both ends, they pulled out.

“This was so fucking dumb,” Charlie rasped, the laughter following hurting his throat a little.

Ted helped him off the table, holding him up slightly so that he didn’t collapse because of his wobbly legs. “What do you mean? You’re the one who came up with this!”

“You made me be a cuck!” Schlatt shouted, the outrage in his voice fake.

Chapter End Notes

I now headcanon that if all three of them were actually dating, that Schlatt would take his life-size cutout of the Pope out of his recording room every night and put it in their shared bedroom so that the Pope could watch them have sex. Very cursed.

FBomb

Chapter Summary

Fundy fucking beats up HBomb I guess.

Chapter Notes

Please, Please tell me that their ship name is FBomb. That's honestly the only reason that this idea came to fruition.

Anyways, it's really short and not very good but eh, it's fine. And despite how I had Fundy literally beat up HBomb (which, like apparently I had a similar idea to another person who wrote about them, so huh, has everyone had the same idea?? How many people have actually thought about Fundy beating up HBomb???), it's technically completely consensual. If HBomb had actually said no, Fundy would've just left because yeah, while he hates HBomb in this, he's not just gonna kick him and fuck him without permission, y'know, he has standards.

Also been a long while since I've written anything like this, so I hope it's okay.

Warnings for this chapter: Really rough sex, someone basically being beat up (not sure how to tag that? Like is there a much shorter thing I would put for that??), vomiting (it's technically not emetophilia because it's not described in a sexy way), and degradation.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was something so cathartic, so unbelievably soothing about taking all his anger out on the man who insists on following him while pretending to be a “cat maid,” whatever that fucking means. No matter how bad of a day he had, all he had to do was kick Hbomb until he was crying and coughing up blood and all of the stress would melt away into pure elation, the other man taking everything given to him without a single complaint like the perfect, living punching bag. A wobbly smile plastered onto his face while never talking back, always willing to please his master.

He held himself up on his hands and knees, body visibly tensing each time Fundy reeled his leg back to deliver a kick to his ribs. Arms and legs trembling, threatening to give out, and Fundy let out a growl before hitting him hard enough that a burst of pain went into his own foot and rocketed up his leg.

Hbomb's top half crumbled to the stone with a satisfying thud, fingers twitching at the sides of his head, almost wanting to pick himself back up. Fundy knelt down and ripped the fake cat ears off his head, a few clumps of hair coming out with it before tangling his hand in the same spot. Gritting his pointed teeth, he ground Hbomb's face into the ground, making sure to tilt it just right for the brunt of the assault to go right to his crooked nose. It made the other man feel so fucking nauseous that he threw up on the spot.

With each searing throb his nose made from the additional abuse, Hbomb retched horribly, face rubbed harshly into the continuous mess to coat his battered features in spit and bile. The hybrid

yanked him back up when his gagging turned to breathless gasping, not wanting him to suffocate under his own sick.

“Drama queen,” he muttered when Hbomb coughed up some blood, the redness discoloring the saliva that was streaked down his chin.

Fundy let go, and the other was just able to stop his head from banging back against the sullied stone, nose just barely brushing against it. Moving behind him, the fox hybrid flipped up Hbomb’s skirt and pulled down his briefs, scoffing at the jeweled plug stretching him out.

Pulling it out, he replaced it with his entire cock a few seconds later. “Fucking slut,” he spat, digging his claws into his hips and mercilessly thrusting fast into him, “always ready to get fucked, huh?”

Hbomb was sobbing, all hiccuppy and gross sounding, but a wet spot was already being made into his skirt, his own length as hard as it could possibly be. Fundy didn’t care about the other’s pleasure though, only chasing his own release while embedding deep scratches and bruises into soft flesh.

Fundy let his sharp nails rake down Hbomb’s bruised sides and pelvis in ten bloody lines, reaching far past what would be considered just skin. Hbomb wailed as he came from the painful feeling, his voice raw from the acidic fluids that wrecked his throat. The fox hybrid fucked into him a little while longer, filling him up while he screamed from the overstimulation.

When Fundy pulled out, he stood back up without another word, looking over the shivering, pitiful form with disgust. He kicked him in the hip, and Hbomb fell over onto his side.

He tossed a courtesy potion of regeneration over his limp body before leaving him there on the ground, the bottle smashing into his side and seeping into his shirt to get into his skin. This session succeeded in making Fundy calm again, shoulders dropping as he strolled away.

At the sound of the retreating footsteps, Hbomb groaned simultaneously in relief and sadness.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooooo, I am going to self advertise because fuck you that's why (but said in an affectionate way). I finally made a thing for anything that's not smut. Just go to my works I guess, it's the only other one there. Or don't because at this point, I primarily read smut so like that's probably what a lot of y'all do too. Not sure of the quality of it though because since there's no smut and that's all I've written in basically a year, I am very unconfident in my fluff and other stuff abilities. So that's a warning.

Anyways, the next chapter in Smut Stuff™ has macro/micro, vore, rape/noncon, and monster fucking so look out for that horrible cluster fuck. Just like for this chapter, I am fully prepared to get no comments on the next chapter. If you do comment something nice on it when I upload it though, I'll literally combust from happiness, guaranteed.

Karlnap

Chapter Summary

Karl wakes up somewhere unfamiliar and is found by a giant naga.

Chapter Notes

!BIG WARNING!, THIS IS LITERALLY JUST RAPE! Do NOT read if that will make you upset! Just turn back now! It's just rape/non-con!! I don't know how to warn you all of it anymore than this! Just don't read it if that will make you uncomfortable!! So, I am back. I don't know why I feel the need to announce whenever I've been gone for over a week, but don't worry if that happens again. I'm just kind of existing, ya know? Like, it's not like I spent that much time on this chapter. I started it a few days ago, I've just been like vibing.

Anyways, I warned of this clusterfuck in the previous chapter, and it's probably trash, like it's very eh ya know. Sapnap's a naga thing and Karl's just a normal human guy who is very tiny. And have you ever thought about the anatomy of a naga in detail?? Like, maybe they would have a human stomach and another one in their tail area? I'm just gonna stop myself right here so that I don't end up just writing paragraphs speculating about their anatomy. And nagas are considered monsters right? Like they still technically classify under the monster fucking even though they have a human looking half right?

Warnings for this chapter: rape/non-con (last chance, you can literally turn back! Last warning for that!), macro/micro, vore, teratophilia (a lazy form of it considering it's just a naga, but it's still monster fucking I guess), hemipenis, and tentacle cocks.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Karl woke up in a completely different place than where he had started out originally. No civilization in sight, just dense jungle surrounding him on all sides, the area darkened slightly from the vast treetops.

There wasn't much time to think about it because he was abruptly grabbed around his middle, a choked up gasp leaving him when he was squeezed. His arms were trapped tightly to his sides, and he kicked his legs out in panic when he was lifted way up, the extreme height and quickness making him a little woozy.

He was turned around, a giant face taking up his vision. Startled, he yelped and craned his head back as far as possible, eyes rapidly scanning around to try to soak up all of the sudden information presented to him.

The person was huge with little, orange scaly patches across their tanned skin. The black haired man was bare, but a little below where his naval would've been looked to be entirely reptilian in nature. No legs, the limbs replaced with a huge snake tail that stretched out far, curling out of view.

The naga barked out a laugh at his reaction, and Karl flinched at how loud it was. “Aw, aren’t you a cute, little morsel? Where’s something like you come from?”

“Well--” the brunet started, the sentence cut off when he was given a brief squeeze. His ribs creaked in protest, and he tried to breathlessly beg for the naga to stop.

The naga snorted in amusement, fingers tightening the tiniest bit more that made Karl afraid that his bones would fracture before lessening his grip significantly. Karl gulped down huge breaths in anticipation of having it cut off again.

“Don’t care,” the giant said dismissively, lifting the brunet up until he was dangling over his mouth. “You’ll make a great snack anyway.”

Karl let out a sudden shriek, immediately wiggling to avoid the gaping maw below him. The naga found that amusing as well, slowly lowering him to his doom to savor the fear practically dripping off him.

“Wait, wait, I’ll do anything, please!” Karl pleaded, yanking his leg as far up as it would go when a forked tongue wrapped around it. “Literally anything, I swear!”

The naga paused, mouth clicking shut as he seemed to genuinely think about it. Karl breathed out a sigh of relief that turned into another breathless wheeze when the hand around his middle gave a quick, warning squeeze.

This time, Karl kept silent when he was brought back down a little, not wanting the naga to change his mind. Maybe if he was put down for a moment, he could escape and find out where he was? But sadly, he was still being held far up, enough to where a drop would probably kill him or at least shatter his legs.

“Look at me, morsel,” the naga commanded when he noticed the miniature human was looking at the ground, wanting Karl to stop whatever plans he had. Karl’s eyes focused back on his face in an instant, making him smile. “Good. Now, if you do everything I say, I might not eat you, okay?”

Karl nodded eagerly, unsure if he was allowed to speak. The naga made a gesture with his free hand, and the brunet interpreted it as he could. “Uhm, hi... I’m Karl... what’s your name?” he hesitantly asked, his thought process telling him that the more he bonds with the naga, the more likely that he wouldn’t ultimately decide to eat him.

His pupils narrowed to slits, and for a moment Karl thought that he had messed up big time, but then the naga replied with a level voice, “Sapnap.”

“So, hello, Sapna--” another clench of his fist made Karl shut up, greatly fearing for his internal organs and skeletal structure if he had to keep going through that pressure.

“No talking unless I say so.” the naga, Sapnap, hissed. When Karl frantically nodded, he continued and slithered to a nearby tree. “And you are not allowed to use my name. Call me... ‘Master,’ yeah, that has a nice ring to it, doesn’t it, morsel?”

Karl didn’t know if that was an invitation to say something until Sapnap made another gesture. “It sounds nice... uh, Master.”

Sapnap grinned, and Karl held in a surprised noise when he was jostled about, the naga leaning back against a tree with his extensive tail laid out in front of him. Moved to another hand, a finger pinched at his shirt, and he put his arms up to avoid having it torn off his chest. It was tossed away carelessly, and Karl barely had a second to lament the loss of it because a thumb pressed down

hard over his stomach so that his pants could be pulled off too.

He resisted the overwhelming urge to speak when he was placed onto a toned abdomen, scrambling to stand up and cover his privates.

“None of that,” Sapnap chastised, yanking one of his arms away and placing it at his side.

Karl reluctantly moved his other hand away, feeling overwhelmingly exposed in front of the giant naga. Reaching back out, Sapnap smoothed a calloused finger pad over the brunet’s chest, brushing over his nipples before dragging downwards to his naval. Karl blushed, shaking a little when the digit pressed curiously over his flaccid cock.

Sapnap hummed, moving it further to rub at his legs, which made Karl let out a thankful sigh. The last thing the naga did was touch his feet, and finally, the brunet realized that he was doing all that just to inspect all the parts he himself didn’t possess. His assumption was apparently correct, as Sapnap mumbled to himself about how weird his legs were after a moment.

Karl was suddenly grabbed around his middle once again and transported down lower. He was deposited onto scales, a digit nudging him back down to his knees when he tried to stand. Staring up at Sapnap, Karl made a face to convey his confusion, as he was unsure about what he was supposed to do when met with the expectant one the naga sported.

“Ugh, I guess it makes sense that you wouldn’t know,” Sapnap sighed, griping Karl’s forearm between his forefinger and thumb, unexpectedly gentle.

He pressed Karl’s hand into the slightly different looking part of his pale underbelly. It was a deeper horizontal line, and Karl’s eyebrows raised up when his fingers dipped into it, the insides moist and fleshy.

The naga plunged the entirety of Karl’s hand inside, a little past his wrist, and Karl nearly jerked back in alarm when he could feel some movement, a rhythmic pulsing. Sapnap exhaled softly when his fingers wiggled. “Make me come, and I’ll consider not eating you, morsel,” he demanded, sure that the human knew what to do now.

When Karl said anything, he definitely didn’t mean it, only spouting it out in fear like most would do in his situation. But it was either this or death, and he really, really didn’t want to die, especially by being digested. So, while pointedly ignoring the eyes watching him, he pushed his other hand inside the slit, slowly working them down to his elbows before spreading them apart experimentally. His actions received another pleasure filled noise, so he took that as a sign he was doing okay.

A fingertip pushed his head down into it, rubbing the slick that had begun to wet the outside into his face. “Lick it up.”

Karl inwardly cringed at the bitter taste as he did what he was asked, sticking his tongue inside. At least it gave the desired reaction, every little sound from Sapnap making him feel more confident he wasn’t going to be eaten. No matter how gross it felt and tasted, as long as he continued his movements, he would get out of this with only minor bruising around his ribs.

The slit had gradually begun to open up, two reddened protrusions slowly creeping out. Taking it stride, Karl pulled his arms out to massage at both, the very ends able to fit in the palms of his hands.

Sapnap moaned, hips shifting a little. “Keep going, morsel. Faster.”

The more he stimulated them, the more they emerged from his insides, eventually so thick that he couldn't fully wrap his arms around the bottom where he was kneeling. It was rather formidable, Karl fearing that he wouldn't be able to actually please the naga enough.

"Up," Sapnap was yanking him to his feet, shoving him right between the writhing cocks. "Fuck, that's much better..." he breathed out, using both hands to stroke himself, "keep movin' for me."

Karl struggled where he was placed, squished firmly at his front and back as Sapnap tightened his hold. He could only pray he wasn't squeezed too much, not wanting his last, stuttery breath to happen while trapped in the most humiliating way imaginable. Eyes clenched shut to avoid the ceaseless dripping from above, he lapped at one of them with the hope that the naga would come quicker.

Karl panted heavily from the effort, limbs aching from the constant movement, but he found that the fear of being eaten was a great motivator to continue. It paid off when Sapnap growled deeply, smushing him even more against throbbing flesh as thick ropes of come shot up just to fall back down to coat him thickly. The naga pumped himself with the added mess a little while longer, hissing softly as the sensitivity kicked in.

When he finally let go, his cocks flopped down onto his stomach, and Karl watched in mild interest as they began to slowly retreat back inside. He was plucked back up at the waist a moment later, and he barely had a moment to process anything from how fast he was carried through the air before something warm and slimy pressed over him.

"Wait, Master--!" he yelped before remembering he wasn't supposed to speak without permission, but it didn't matter much, as he was crammed into the naga's mouth, everything going dark. "No, please! You said you wouldn't!"

Karl was licked all over, every bit of sweat and come replaced with a hefty layer of spit. Shoved roughly into the naga's palate, he squirmed while Sapnap swallowed down the excess. It gave him some hope that this was just Sapnap's form of cleaning him off, but it was dashed away when he heard a cruel chuckle rumble all around him.

He was suddenly slipping backwards, the tongue below him acting like a slide. "Nononono, stop, you promi--!"

The words left his mouth in a pathetic wheeze as he was kneaded on all sides by strong muscles. His descent was quick, landing face first into a puddle, and Karl immediately started beating at the walls in terror, unable to stop his crying.

"Please, pl-please, you said--!"

Sapnap's annoyed growl shut him up. "I never said I wouldn't, only that I might not." He heard the naga take in some deep breaths, gulping down some air, and Karl found that the humid area became slightly more breathable. "Now, I want you to keep squirming like you were before, morsel, and maybe I'll let you out. You probably don't have much time before your skin melts off anyway, so I'd do my best if I were you."

Karl immediately rubbed at the ridged, moist walls, feeling drained but unwilling to just give up his chance to not be digested. "O-okay, Master..."

Sapnap settled down, crossing his arms over his abdomen and closing his eyes. "And don't forget: I don't want to hear a peep out of you," he reminded, jaw cracking afterwards from a long yawn.

God, Karl really hoped he wasn't falling asleep... how was he going to get out of this if Sapnap wasn't awake? His skin was already feeling a little tingly...

Chapter End Notes

At this point, I'm like, I want to write stuff people would actually want to read, but then I'm like, I want to write whatever I want. Like, that's the reason I don't do requests because like, I know that most people would probably want to request like,, normal sex stuff, but I want to write mostly just, I don't know, just random, weird stuff (and when I say weird, I don't mean it in a bad way. Always feel like I have to clarify that). But then I want to read comments to see if people like the stuff but I'm writing stuff basically no one actually wants to see, it's like a weird cycle.

Like, fun fact, contrary to popular belief, I am considered the innocent one in my friend group. Yes I know, it's shocking because I spend my days writing primarily porn. But I am, like I haven't seen any of them in real life for a couple of years, like since school, but I still text them. And honestly, I'm pretty sure they don't even think I know what actual sex is, like I'm actually very serious about that. Like, I don't swear at all in real life near people (I rarely even do it alone, like if I stub my toe, I either yell "heck" or make a "yip" sound like some kind of fucking furry for some reason (not that there's anything wrong with furies)), I refused to talk about sexual things (like whenever they'd be talking about "adult things" I'd be kind of left out sitting beside them because like, they didn't think I should be included in conversations like that. Even for normal girl stuff like periods or them wearing make up), and I showed no interest in drinking, smoking, or vaping. So like, I literally can't talk to anyone about anything like this (definitely can't tell my family about all this either, god no. If they found out I wrote smut in my free time, I would instantly die). So like, when I see a comment, even if the person's just like, hey, nice chapter, I'm just like THEM (even thought sometimes I don't know how to respond, or it was put on a chapter from a long while ago and I don't know if it would seem,, desperate if I replied, if that makes any sense?) because like, it's almost like I'm talking to people, as sad as that sounds. Like don't worry, I'm not like, depressed or anything, it's just I only have uhhh five friends (don't know how to talk to people either, so I probably wouldn't be able to maintain any more actual friendships anyway), and now I'm only really talking to one because the rest don't usually respond unless I send a picture of one of my cats or dogs. Which, now that I'm typing it out, also sounds sad, didn't realize this would sound weirdly sad. Anyways, the point is, brain like comments because I don't really talk to people all that often besides the two family members I live with, and I absolutely cannot talk to them about Block Men smut stuff, so seeing comments make me do the happy flappy hands and lap patting thing (which is called stimming??) But I never write things most people actually want to see, so like I'm stuck in an endless loop of thinking.

I don't know, just like, anyone actually reading this end note, make sure you eat food and drink water and wear your fucking mask. Have a great day! :) (had to end this positively, especially because of the actual subject material of the chapter.)

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

Sapnap finds a peculiar necklace in a desert temple.

Chapter Notes

I finally used one of the ideas I was given in a way back then chapter, which was using a weird artifact to change your size. I am just lazy and write randomly so other stuff probably might happen soon maybe.

Anyways, this one came to me because like, I used to often go through DeviantArt (in a previous chapter, I mentioned I had it for over six years because of Block Men) for macro/micro stuff. I never found anything I thought was really good because like, obviously most of them are writing more, I guess fetishy stuff? Like I'm not using that word in a bad way at all, I'm just not sure how else to actually describe it. Each story almost always had four things in it that I did not like at all, and I will put my rant in the end notes, don't worry.

So, I wrote it the complete opposite of those four things. The only thing that same is that I made Sapnap a little degenerate that sniffs George's dirty laundry, which seems to happen a lot in those stories. I was going to make this a lot longer, but I don't know. Maybe I'll make a part two or something where I actually write the macro/micro part in detail. And also this ends up being really wholesome, most of what I touch ends up like that by the end and I don't know why!

Warnings for this chapter: macro/micro (okay, you got me, technically they don't end up actually doing stuff together while Sapnap is tiny, but Sapnap fantasizes about it a lot, so fuck you I'm counting it), degradation, scent kink, sweat kink, aftercare, and I'm honestly not actually sure what else to tag here. Feel like I'm missing something.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Sapnap had first dug down into the chest room in the desert temple, he didn't think there would end up being much of value there. Maybe some iron ingots stashed away, perhaps some gold or, if he was lucky, a couple of diamonds or golden apples. He would've been happy with anything other than the normal loot that usually filled up the space (okay, the gunpowder was nice, but the rotten flesh was practically worthless unless you found just the right cleric interested in zombie remains).

The necklace, upon first examination, just looked like something he could pawn off to a wandering trader or hung up on an item frame for decoration. Large beads made up most of it, ashy and smooth, while the pendant was a golden M. His fingers curled around it, and the necklace unexpectedly began to thrum with power, shimmering purple like it was enchanted.

After rolling it around in the palm of his hand to warm up the beads, he pulled it over his head, the elastic spider silk that held it together stretching a bit. The beads clicked back together once it had gone over his skull, settling snugly around his neck with the pendant situated between his clavicles.

He blinked, and suddenly the little hole he was stealing items from was humongous. The chests towered over him, and the part he dug out for the TNT was much too big for him to even attempt to jump over. The three by three area had turned into something so imposing, the sandstone walls reaching impossibly high up, and--was it weird that Sapnap was immediately okay with being so incredibly tiny?

It was like something had awoken in him, body trembling in excitement as he went through everything he could possibly do in his head, thoughts turning dirty rather quickly. Face burning in embarrassment, he scanned over one fantasy in detail, already groping over his clothed hard on. He was so, *so* small now. Wouldn't it be so easy for him to sneak around? To move unseen while in a certain accented man's bedroom to go through his dirty laundry? To hide in his underwear if he so happens to walk in, breathing in his scent while he was none the wiser?

Sapnap creamed his shorts right there, legs so wobbly that they threatened to let him collapse to the ground.

It was like nothing else mattered, him tugging the necklace back over his head and heading out of the desert temple. Later that day, while his two friends were out sparring in a nearby plains biome, he entered George's room, stepped into his dirty laundry basket, and slipped the best thing that had ever happened to him over his head.

He had done this a few times before, when he was absolutely positive that George wouldn't come in. Sneak into the other man's room to sniff his briefs, dig into the bottom of the basket for whatever was left to stew for the week and smother himself with whatever article of clothing smelled the strongest. Barely even touching himself before he'd ruin his pants, just a few little squeezes at his cock, and he'd have to gag himself with a sock to avoid screaming out.

Now, at his diminished height, the smell was so overwhelming, and he doubled over to cough after taking in a single breath. The stench had immediately permeated the area around him where he was just barely standing, the acridness practically singeing his nose hairs and making his eyes water heavily. Sapnap almost felt dizzy from how powerful the odor was, and he fell to his hands and knees, limbs trembling while he clutched at a pair of blue underwear, breathing in everything.

Sapnap wanted to stay right there in endless bliss forever, suffocating himself to near death with George's filthy laundry.

From then on, every chance he got, the noiret found himself buried in that laundry basket, sniffing up all the unpleasant smells with a smile on his face. Rubbing his face in the sweat stain on the armpit of a shirt he knew was from the brunet running around all day. Sucking on the crotch of George's briefs, trying scrub the dried sweat into his taste buds. All while he rutted into whatever was below him, knowing that any bits of come would be so insignificant that it wouldn't be discovered after soaking into the fabric. His only wish was that George left his clothing to stew for even longer before shoving them in the washing machine.

Every time George had walked in, Sapnap was able to seamlessly conceal himself in the pile, body trembling in fear and excitement at the thought of being found like that. If George had so much as lifted up his underwear or sock, he'd find his friend lying supine, body flushed all over, hair mussed up, a wet spot at the front of his shorts from coming twice already... just the thought of being grabbed up by him, George calling him a disgusting whore, spitting on him, crushing him between his bulge and the bed...

But it would ruin his friendship with him entirely if he was found out. The George of his fantasies was just that, something his perverted imagination came up with while he stroked himself hard with whatever smelled the most foul. Sapnap never thought that the brunet would ever feel the

same way, and even if he did, he'd likely be immensely repulsed at what got him off. He'd probably tell everyone they knew, leading to Sapnap becoming the laughingstock of the server.

So, for now, this was enough. He could get his fill without George ever knowing.

A month passed of his illicit activities, and Sapnap was once again stepping into the basket. The necklace was pulled back over his head, the aroma immediately assaulting his nose, making him groan in pleasure. His features were pressed into something fresher, a pair of underwear George had worn the night before, and he inhaled the scent deeply while rocking into the palm of his hand.

"George..." he moaned wantonly, bunching up part of the clothing item and squeezing it tight between his thighs, "pleeeeeease, fuck..."

Panting, he scrubbed his face all around, drooling all over George's underwear while he tongued where his balls would've sat all day. His cock throbbed, pre already slicking up the front as he desperately grinded his inner thighs together.

He was so into it that he hadn't heard the footfalls originating from down the hallway, the soft steps rapidly getting closer. Normally, Sapnap would throw something over his body and try to bury himself further in the unwashed clothes, waiting it out. Either the sounds would gradually disappear, letting him know the coast was clear, or George would walk in, and he'd have to play the waiting game until he took his nap or left.

This time, he didn't hear a thing, the door opening catching him off guard. His heart leapt to his throat as he tried to hide, but a gasp seemed to seal his fate.

"What...?"

George was over in an instant, having seen something in his laundry basket. Sapnap felt like he was about to pass out as he was exposed, lying on his back with wide, frightened eyes as George, who was a literal giant to him, peered down at him curiously.

His clout goggles were pushed over his sweaty forehead, his own eyes widening as well in realization. "Sap?" he asked, leaning down closer, looming over him, his entire view taken up by George, and the noiret's cock couldn't help but pulse where it was still enclosed in his pants despite the incredible terror he was currently experiencing.

"Why are you... how did you get so small...?" his question trailed off when he finally noticed how thoroughly wrecked Sapnap looked paired with the fact that he was in his dirty clothing. "Sapnap. What were you doing?"

The tone change made Sapnap let out a scared noise, his limbs finally getting the memo his brain had been putting out the past minute. He leapt up and ripped the necklace over his head, and George reeled back to avoid his nose being hit when Sapnap had grown back to his normal height.

Predictably, the awkward angle he had taken it off had toppled the basket over. He landed on his back with a foot still submerged in the clothes, the wind knocked out of him from the force of it. "I'm sorry!" he squeaked out, the pressure that had been steadily building up behind his eyeballs bursting out in the form of fat tears streaking down his cheeks.

George's eyes narrowed at the pitiful display, his gaze trailing down to his damp crotch, which showcased his unflagging erection despite the circumstances. "Ew, Sapnap, were you actually getting off to my filthy laundry?" It was rhetorical, as he was already caught red handed, but it still stung nonetheless. "That's so fucking disgusting. You get off to *that*?"

Sapnap scrambled to stand up, needing the wall as a support. “No, I--no, nononono, I don’t--!” he denied, but he was still so hard and his face darkened another shade at George’s callous words.

“Oh, but you do,” the harshness made Sapnap flinch and shut up, but he couldn’t move from where he had plastered himself to the wall, heart thumping wildly in his ribcage while his cock was unwavering in its endeavor to completely soak the front of his pants. “You were hiding under my fucking briefs, Sap. My worn briefs. We all sparred yesterday, and I was wearing this exact pair while we did it.” he held the cotton right up to Sapnap’s face, and he knew that George had seen the little wet spot where he had tried to suck up the stale taste. “It was like a hundred degrees outside, and I was sweating so much. You were really *licking* them like a weirdo? Like a filthy freak?”

“N-no--!” he whimpered, hips involuntarily thrusting forward into nothing, searching for friction.

It was driven right into his open mouth, and the noiret gagged when George’s fingers probed deeper, like he was trying to make him throw up around it. He had never been so hard in his goddamn life, never felt so humiliated and scared and horny, and he let out a muffled, broken moan through the underwear when the heel of a palm ground roughly over his dick.

“You. Little. Disgusting. Fucking. *Pervert.*”

He came on the spot.

His vision blotted out for a moment, and he felt himself being caught under his armpits. Sapnap was slowly being lowered to the floor onto his knees, and something was prodding at his mouth, pinching at the makeshift gag and pulling the spit dampened fabric out. Arms circled around him while his head was pressed into a shoulder. Hands delicately massaged at his back as he regained his breath, soft and soothing words whispered into one ear.

Tentatively, Sapnap wrapped his shaking arms around George, sniffing a little when he was given a comforting squeeze back. “I’m--’m sorryyyyyyy, G-georgie...” he croaked.

The brunet shushed him. “Shh, it’s okay, Sappy. I’m not mad at you.” George pulled away from their embrace just enough so that they could see each other, and Sapnap felt so much better when all the contempt from earlier was completely absent from the other’s face. “See? I was just... going with what seemed right? You liked it, right?”

Sapnap nodded a bit before hiding his face back in the crook of George’s neck, feeling ashamed.

“You’re okay, Sapnap, no need to feel embarrassed,” the brunet nudged him up, helping him walk to the bed. “Sit... good. Lie down for me... lift your hips, c’mon... that’s it.”

He was really feeling embarrassed now despite George telling him not to, unable to keep it from making his face flush again when his shorts and boxers were tugged down, leaving him bare.

George’s lips brushed against his cheek, and it gave him a full body shiver. “Stay, I’ll be right back.”

The moment he was gone allowed Sapnap to finally think clearly. He was caught. He was caught, and he thought his entire life was ruined, that George would tell Dream and Ant and his parents--god, Bad would’ve been so greatly disappointed in him--but now, everything felt strangely okay because George wouldn’t tell anyone. Despite how awful he was, going through the brunet’s dirty clothes without permission, using them to jerk off, George had forgiven him and so much more. He wasn’t upset at Sapnap, and that was all that mattered at the moment.

George had reentered his room carrying a glass of water and a wet washcloth, and he used the cloth to wipe away the drying tear tracks and come. He then found one of his biggest sweatpants, pulling up the noiret's legs for him.

Sapnap drank when the cup was pressed to his lips, suddenly feeling so thirsty, like he had cried out all the liquids in his body earlier. "Good boy," he murmured, this squirmy but nice sensation taking up residence in the noiret's gut at the words. "Now, I want you to take a nap, okay? I think you really need it, you look really exhausted."

"But--" he started, sitting up a little, but he went back down without a fight when a palm gently pushed him back down. "Um, w-wouldn't you want me to go back to my room?"

"No, you're fine here. I still need to shower anyway," George said after tucking him in, planting another little kiss to his cheek. "After you've had a little sleep, we can talk. And no, it's nothing bad. Don't you worry. It's just important to discuss stuff like this."

Sapnap nodded compliantly, eyelids already drooping. He did feel a little tired after what had happened a bit ago, all his energy sapped away at the sudden rush of adrenaline at being caught. Smiling, George brushed away a few stray locks from Sapnap's forehead before leaving to bathe.

Just before he drifted away, he remembered the necklace. Abruptly, he sat up, but he breathed a sigh of relief when he noticed that it was placed on the nightstand. He grabbed at it and slipped it over his head, the beads cool on his neck. Crawling on top of one of the pillows, he curled up and near instantly fell asleep.

He awoke much later with something draped over him, providing warmth. It took him a moment in the darkness of the room to figure out it was George's hand, weighing him down just slightly as the other man slept soundly, snoring and mumbling incoherently.

He grabbed at a digit, nuzzling it and closing his eyes again.

Chapter End Notes

Here's my long, angry rant about the stuff I don't like in those stories that apparently show up a lot!:

1. Incest. Like okay, there was a lot of incest and I absolutely cannot FATHOM it. I'm literally chanting to myself that I Am Not Kink Shaming, but why was there so much?! Like girls find their shrunken real or step brother going through their clothes, and it's just written very weirdly and overall makes absolutely no sense. Like I get it, the author is writing it how they want and how most of the people around want, but be fucking honest, how many of you have consistently called your sibling your bro or sis. Be honest. How many. I can guaran-fucking-tee that basically none of you have. It's just not something real, actual siblings do at all. It's like they really have to drive it home that this girl is using her three inch brother as a dildo huh ! Why is there so much incest in macro/micro stuff?!?!

2. There's nothing consensual in the slightest. Like okay I've written stuff like that, but I still really like more wholesome macro/micro stuff too! But I can't find anything like that there (and I probably still don't know how to use DeviantArt the right way anyway despite it being six years). And guess what, even if it ends up being consensual, it's probably some kid being sat on by his mom, so it's basically meaningless to me. And

to add onto that, it's usually overwhelmingly cruel too. Why does everyone that apparently likes being the tiny person also happen to want to be degraded? Or is it that that giant person always wants to be mean?? But it's probably the first one because usually the guys in the comments are like god I wish that were me when referring to a very tiny guy being crushed to death under a shoe. It's just, can barely think of anything I've read on there where the giant person was genuinely nice??

3. There are WAY too many underage things, like, UM what that FUCK. Okay, as much as it pains me to say it, I can excuse the incest, but who the Fuck wants to read about a fourteen year old being forced to like rim his sister or something, what kind of fantasies are you guys having?!? Like, when I was fourteen, I was thinking about people who were adults fucking for the most part. What kind of people are writing about minors in these situations?? I'm pretty sure most of the people writing them are full grown adults too, so like, what that fucking fuck is going on???? Am I missing something, What Is Going On!!

4. Giantess. Why is there only giant girls?? No one wants giant guys?? How the fuck do I find anything with giant guys??? That's all I want to read about (and literally, all I do is read it. I don't actually do anything else. Which makes me question if anyone had ever jerked off to anything I've written). Look man, I get that a lot of the stories have a thing going on where it's a woman who wants power over a man, so the guy being tiny allows her to have power over him very easily, but there's still gotta be people who like giant guys. Like you know those x reader stories you find a lot in popular fandoms, and in most of them, the reader is a female who gets railed by the main guy character? Like he is the dom completely, has control over everything sex related in the bedroom? Okay, why has no one thought about that, but the guy's giant? I've been reading stuff I don't like for six years solely because it's tiny person with giant person, I'll take crumbs (even though I don't really like stuff where one person is way more dominant than the other, but you know. Anything with a giant guy that's written well will probably make me pleasantly surprised. Or better, anything drawn like that).

I don't know, I'm probably looking in the complete wrong place for stuff, but I don't know really anywhere else to go. Too afraid to go to certain places because like, what if I give my computer a virus or something? And a lot of those places got like primarily furry stuff or only have the same content I want to avoid.

Okay, so like even if you don't wanna comment on what I wrote in the chapter, consider giving me your opinion on my rant? I'm curious as to what y'all think.

Dream/George/Karl/Sapnap

Chapter Summary

Dream gets put in the come jar lol.

Chapter Notes

Ahem, TWITTER USER FYUUFYU DO YOUR SHOES NEED SHINING?? HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR COFFEE??? I LOVE YOU (PLATONICALLY)!! THANK YOU FOR THE MACRO/MICRO FOOD!!! MY CROPS ARE WATERED, I AM AT PEACE.

I wrote this quickly after finishing my last chapter because, fuckin DReam In A Come JAR!! AND ALSO FAIRY GEORGE I AM IN LOVE, I'LL PROBABLY WRITE SOMETHING ABOUT THAT TOO! I AM BUZZING IN EXCITEMENT,!

I am still Too Afraid to talk to people first, but if you miraculously see this, just know I wrote this for you!! Even though it is short but like, STILL, Very Nervous!! Fyu you be providing me with Serotonin, I bookmarked your two smut fairy George things and Dream come jar, like I only have five things in my bookmarks are you're three of them!! And also, if you see this, I'll literally write you anything! Even things I really don't like, I'll write it no problem because you are an amazing person!

Anyways, here is the link to Dream in the come jar for anyone wanting to know what it looked like, sorry I do not know how to put links in right yet:

<https://twitter.com/fyuufyu/status/1389794183574171650>

And "you" is Dream because I like writing in second person a lot.

Warnings for this chapter: JUST COME JAR. I WILL TAG NOTHING ELSE.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap gave you a sloppy, wet kiss, the entirety of your face enveloped by his plush lips. Shoved back against his fingers, there was nothing you could do but take it, holding your breath to avoid inhaling the excessive amount of drool dripping down your features to wet your body. There was so much that it pooled in the palm of his hand, your ass soaking in slimy warmth where you were sitting.

He pulled back when you tapped at his cheek, a thick thread of saliva linking you to his damp lips, and you broke it to scrub away the film from your eyes and nose. Your eyes were barely open for a second when he descended on you once more, vision blacking out once again while he made out with your head.

Abruptly, you were taken into another pair of hands, a bit paler with fingers almost as thick as Sap's. "Stop hogging him," Karl whined, and the fluids were gently swiped from your features with a large thumb. Lips pressed gently over you this time, little pecks over your cheeks that trailed down to your chest. Much more soft and tingly over your flushed skin, the very tip of his tongue peeking out to run over your nipples and tensed stomach. "Our little Dweamy," he crooned, lavishing you with a few more kisses before you were passed into George's smaller hands.

A single kiss was planted onto your face before George moved his attention much lower, delicately brushing his lips down your torso, hot breath fanning over you. They closed around your cock, a tongue squishing against the head, and you gasped while clutching at his fingers. Licking slowly, sucking lightly, eyes closed in bliss as he tasted you. Whimpering, you bucked up a bit into his mouth.

Another string connected you to reddened lips when he pulled away, but this time, the other end was attached to the tip of your glistening cock. "Please," you said, spreading your legs as wide as they would allow without strain and gazing at all three of them with the most pleading look you could manage.

You were plucked up between Sapnap's forefinger and thumb, him carrying you a short distance and depositing you into a see-through, enclosed space. "Come jar time! Come jar, come jar--!" he chanted, earning a little giggle from George and Karl, who were already tugging their pants down.

It was a little cold not being cupped securely in hands larger than your body, but the three shadows looming overhead gave you a good indication that warmth would come soon enough. You leaned back, the crowded space making you have to bend your knees to sit comfortably, watching how they each stroked themselves with their cockheads hovering over the top.

They all had their little things they did, like Karl refused to open his eyes, his face all scrunched up in pleasure while he nibbled at his bottom lip. Sap was unashamed with any noise he made, moaning loudly while his free hand pinched at his own nipples or squeezed around his neck. George couldn't stop humming, a constant buzz accompanying all the slick skin slapping on skin sounds.

You whined, fingers slipping uselessly against the bottom of the jar as you scratched at it. Your cock throbbed against your thigh, and you wanted to touch yourself so bad, but you hadn't been given permission yet. Shifting, you changed your position a little, your ass starting to hurt.

"Sitting all pretty for us," George eventually murmured, thumbing over his slit, "go on, Dream, touch yourself."

You did as he asked eagerly, hand sliding uninhibited down your length, using the saliva from earlier as lube. The sudden pleasure made you gasp, shivering as you pumped your dick quickly to catch up to them.

"Oh god, please come on me," you begged after a few long moments, a few droplets of pre from above creating the tiniest puddles in the jar. "I wanna drown in it, please! Just fucking drench me!"

Sapnap groaned, tapping the head of his leaking cock over the rim to rain a few globs into your hair, "Oh, you're gonna fucking get it, Dream."

"Fill up that whole jar, make you have to swim in it," Karl mumbled, teeth sinking into his lip as he squeezed himself tight.

Synced up near perfectly, they all came, their aim as accurate as it could've been. You were doused, white dripping down the glass walls and your body, pooling at the bottom. They continued touching themselves until they had wrung out every bit, Sapnap tapping the wet tip against the jar again just because he could.

With all the attention right back on you, you stroked your cock with their combined release until you also came, adding a miniscule amount back into the jar. "O-okay, get me out," you panted after a moment. Standing up wasn't an option, as your feet slipped without difficulty because of the

layer of come, so you stayed sitting down, “or tip it over.”

Deep in your gut, this strange, nervous feeling developed when you saw them glance at each other, seemingly having a nonverbal conversation.

“I think my idea was pretty good...” Karl said, trailing off to let someone else continue.

“There isn’t anywhere near enough come in there for you to drown in it like you had wanted, Dreamy,” George explained, curling his hand back around himself and pumping slowly. “Barely enough, right Sap?”

Sapnap grinned wide, him and Karl copying George’s motions. “Yeah, sorry Dream, you might need to stay in there a little longer. Just until we fill it up,” he sounded completely unapologetic, sighing a little when he rubbed just under the head.

Silently, you lamented the loss of the rest of your day, knowing that you were definitely going to be soaking in here for quite a while.

Chapter End Notes

Kazoo noise.

Dreamnotnap

Chapter Summary

Nick and Clay fuck while a very, very tiny George is strapped to the underside of Nick's cock by his piercings.

Chapter Notes

I've actually had this idea for a long while, like before I had even started posting these. Like, even the little chapter summary was what I had quickly typed out probably like just before I went to bed so that I wouldn't forget it. Anyways, uh, is this, is this anal vore? Does, does this count? Is, is that what this is?? I'll tag it just in case, but like isn't it weird that anal vore has its own separate tag? I mean, it's like way different than like the normal vore, so like it makes sense, but eh.

Also, I looked up dick piercings for this and honestly, they seem very painful and not good. But, how else could George reliably stay attached to a dick, y'know? And, found something weird, but like just, go to the frenum piercing Wikipedia page, and scroll down until you get to the frenum or Jacob's ladder picture, make a new tab for it, and then look at the past pictures for it. Like what the fuck, why is there a picture of a swan? Who had, at one point, changed the picture to a swan?? Here's the link, !Warning! I'm literally sending you to a giant picture of a very pierced dick, do NOT open with people near by! And um, not to sound like someone who has rarely looked at pictures of real life dicks, is, is it supposed to look like that,,? The hole at the bottom I mean... uh. That's. That's not in the right place,, right?:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Frenum_ladder.jpg

And, haven't said this in a while, but like I use real names because like, I don't know, normal looking names flow better when I'm writing stuff set in a normal, real life thing I guess. Sometimes I think about how people are like, hey, you shouldn't use real names, but like I've already written smut about people who have expressed that they're not okay with it, so fuck it. I can use it in a story where George can shrink at will and gets fucked into Dream, I have no remorse over being a terrible person! It's my smut so I get to control the names damnit!

Warnings for this chapter: macro/micro, anal vore, blow job, anal sex, and dick piercings.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They grinded languidly into each other, lips locked firmly together while their hands explored every bit of available skin. Nick deepened the kiss, fingers digging into Clay's jaw harder as he angled him the way he wanted, tongue running over his gums. The blond moaned softly, rutting downwards with a bit more force as he tugged at brown curls.

Nick pulled back slightly for air, nipping at slick, red lips. "My little slut," he murmured affectionately, fingertips briefly squeezing a bit more, and the pressure made Clay's face scrunch up slightly.

“Sap,” he moaned when the brunet loosened his grip, dipping his head to kiss and nuzzle Nick’s throat, “please...”

His boxers were pulled down in the back, Nick grabbing at the plug nestled between his ass cheeks only to slowly fuck it into him, twisting it around to hear him gasp. “Gonna have to earn it, Dreamy,” he said with false sweetness in the tone, roughly jerking the plug around a moment longer before pushing Clay back. He nudged the blond off his lap, urging him to kneel between his spread legs. “Put that mouth to use.”

Clay slipped his shorts down, the brunet’s flushed cock springing upwards to slap against his clothed stomach. It revealed two barbells on the underside just below the head, both about an inch apart from the other. A very tiny George was strapped tight against the hot, pulsating flesh, hands and feet stuck inside the metal spheres.

The blond rubbed a thumb over him, smoothing it featherlight over most of his body, and George whimpered and whined inaudibly. “Fine?” Clay whispered, and the squirming from under his finger pad ceased for exactly five seconds, giving him his answer.

The digits that were threaded through his hair pulled him forward impatiently, knocking the tip against his lips. “Get on with it already,” Nick complained.

Opening up, he accepted as much as he could without discomfort, bobbing his head over the girth stretching out his lips with his right hand curled around the base to keep it steady. Nick groaned appreciatively, his little scratches at the nape of Clay’s neck making him shiver involuntarily.

Pulling back just enough so that just a little past the head was encapsulated by his lips, he flattened his tongue, licking short, broad stripes over the wriggly tiny while stroking the rest. The blond could just barely hear a cry originating from inside his mouth, and he was sure an imperceptible amount of come had splattered onto his taste buds judging by the way George writhed afterwards from the continued stimulation.

The brunet tugged him off, replacing Clay’s hand with his own so that he could smear the spit slick head into his face, tracing his lips with the oozing tip and rubbing it on his cheeks. “Are you serious,” Clay mumbled, one of his eyes shutting when it got dangerously close to poking it out.

“If you’d let me take a pic, you’d know how fuckin’ hot you look like this,” was the response given, and the palm of Nick’s hand rested on the back of his neck, bringing him even closer to lay the length of his dick over the blond’s face.

George twitched pitifully just above Clay’s nose as pre poured down over him, the little pleads and whines just scarcely making it to his ears as actual words (“*please, please, please!*”)

“Just fuck me already,” Clay whined, pulling back a bit. “Wanna feel him inside me.”

He was yanked up into Nick’s lap by the collar of his shirt, boxers pulled down somewhere past his knees, so he kicked them away.

The brunet massaged at his cheeks, the fingertips of one hand just barely brushing against what was keeping him opened up. “What about meeeee?” He asked, eyes glistening with fake tears as he pouted.

Clay snorted, reaching behind himself to pull the plug out and toss it aside to deal with later, “Georgie is relatively quiet and takes whatever I give him like a good boy,” he explained while slowly easing himself down onto the head, his slick hole offering up little resistance. There was a

brief pause when he sunk down a bit more, his nails digging into Nick's shoulders as he nibbled at his lip, legs trembling at the intense movement right up against his prostate. "O-oooh my--fuck... c-could've just strapped him to a dildo for the same effect."

Nick yanked the blond down completely, sighing loudly like it was a mundane chore. "Ughhh, guess I just gotta fuck you harder to make up for it..." he said, the beginning part drowned out by the moan Clay let out.

Squeezing tight enough at pale hips to bruise them, he pulled Clay back up until just the head was seated inside and jerked him back down, making sure to get their tiny to press up in just the right spot to make him lurch and cry out. Leaning forward, he buried his face into the blond's neck, sucking on any previously formed marks and creating new ones while driving him onto his cock fast.

"Still think a dildo would've been better?" he asked gruffly, emphasizing his words with a harsh bite, teeth grinding over sensitive skin.

Clay had just managed to groan out his apology before coming, walls clenching around its two occupants so firmly that it practically squeezed Nick's orgasm out of him a few moments later. The blond remained seated on his lap, both panting a little while Clay had slumped down onto him.

A sudden twitch from inside his ass made Clay slowly pull up, letting the brunet's softening dick out of himself. He settled down beside Nick, the other man checking up on George.

"Shrink," he said simply, his hand cupped just under the tiny.

Aware of the routine, George got just slightly smaller, just enough for his hands and feet to be free of the metal balls before growing to about five inches. Thoroughly exhausted, he lied in Nick's palm, eyes glossed over and lips parted in faint pants. He was completely spent, likely coming multiple times without a break.

Clay cooed, reaching out to just barely run his fingernail through George's wet hair, uncaring about where he's been. "So cute, Georgie... do you wanna grow a bit bigger to cuddle or be put back?" he asked, the digit trailing downwards just slightly to rub at the crook of his neck.

George whined, a weak arm flipping up to hug Clay's finger for a moment. "Put me baaack..." he mumbled sleepily, droopy eyelids closing and mouth opening wide to let out a squeaky yawn that made the other two's hearts melt, "tired... wanna sleep warm..."

They each gave him a chaste kiss, the lube covering his little body clinging to their lips. His size automatically diminished to just less than an inch so that Nick could press him back to the underside of his cock, and he was able to press his extremities into the holes in the barbells before growing back enough so that he wasn't going anywhere. Turning his head, he nuzzled his cheek into the silky skin.

The brunet tucked himself back inside of his shorts once he was positive George was good, and he immediately collapsed onto Clay afterwards, making them both fall back onto the couch cushions. "Nap, and then we'll clean up," Nick said into his chest, the words muffled a bit.

"Fine... guess it gives some time for him to sleep uninterrupted," he agreed easily, throwing an arm around Nick.

Unrelated, but two days ago when I went to bed, I had A Fucking Karl And Naga Sapnap Same Size Vore Dream!! What The Hell! That's never happened before!!! Sure, I've had dreams with those Block Men in them, but like it was never anything like That! Like the night I watched the Speedrunner vs. Five Hunters thing, I just dreamed about the video, probably because like I was very hyped for it, but like wow this is a completely different situation. I don't even like same size vore, like I'm always thinking about how in most situations, how would a person be able to do anything like that, but my fucking dream was really trying to work out the logistics! Like there was no smut or anything like that, just me trying to figure out how I would change the anatomy for that to even work I guess, but I'm still like, why,,. The next day I dreamed about Striker fucking Moxxie from Helluva Boss WHat The Hell!!!! Is WRONG!! With Me!!!

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

There was something weirdly nice about being just a stuffed animal, Nick had thought.

Chapter Notes

Before I say stuff about this chapter, I would like to talk about the previous one! I often check the kudos and bookmarks, as one does (right? People who write stuff on here check those, right?) I've noticed the bookmarks go up really slow, which is fine. It could go up two and then down one in a week. After posting the last chapter, within like a day, I got seven very quickly. And then over the next few days, I got seven or eight more, which again, is very sudden. Which leads me to my question: do y'all like anal vore?? Is that the key?? I can write more, I'm not opposed to that. But then again, I have no idea if any of those people bookmarked it because of that or if they had found the one shots and liked something else. So like, if anyone reading this decides to bookmark this fic, Please at least put the chapter number(s) that you liked? Depending on what it is, I'll probably write more of whatever kink or ship it is. Anyways, on to this chapter!: So, in my sfw one shot stuff, I wrote a casual transformation fic. This is technically a part two to that, but you don't have to read it to get this one. Basically, Dream uses an app on his phone to change Sapnap into random stuff (like a toothbrush, a hoodie, and a stuffed animal). And Sapnap's very eh about it, but he lets him anyway. Dream eventually changes him into a large (about half of Dream's height), stuffed panda and sleeps with him (but like, the nonsexual way). Sapnap ends up really liking it, so this smut came to fruition because I have no self control. When I got to the smut part, I remembered stuffed animal fuckers existed, so I was like, oh, should probably look that up to see what's going on. I ended up on Reddit, and wow, didn't know some of them actually cut holes into them to fuck! I went through three months of posts on plushophilia, and I gotta say, There Are Too Many My Little Pony's Getting Cummed On. And some of the stuffed animals looked so cute,, felt bad. Like I got a bunch of stuffed animals on some shelves in my room. I could never do anything like that to them, all they do is sit on those shelves and collect dust. Warnings for this chapter: stuffed animal transformation, self-objectification, plushophilia (I guess, like I'm tagging it just in case), and dry humping.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was something weirdly nice about being just a stuffed animal, Nick had thought. Something a bit more meaningful than a toothbrush, scissors, cat toys, a fidget cube, etc... basically anything that had no real significance to most people, he mostly just tolerated being transformed into. It's not like anyone formed attachments to inanimate objects unless it had a face for the most part; it's easy to see them as something more than what they truly were because they're soft and cuddly and have a cute, happy expression. Friend shaped, basically.

Seeing himself be held so closely, arms wrapped around his plump middle and a cheek pressed into his fuzzy face made him feel so... loved, in the strangest way possible. His best friend had turned him into a giant stuffed panda to cuddle with while he slept, limbs firmly squeezing Nick, his black and white fur against his bare chest, nose nuzzling into where his neck would've been. The way Clay had looked so delighted to have had that idea, proudly presenting him to the mirror to show him how adorable he was, and how affectionately he had murmured "*my Pandas*" into his dark, rounded ear.

Even now, a few weeks after the first time, it still never failed to plaster this dumb grin on his face and give him a multitude of fluttery butterflies in his stomach. Every day since then, Clay would seek him out whenever he wanted to sleep (didn't matter if it was just a nap or if he planned on sleeping fourteen hours, if he was going to be unconscious for more than five minutes, Nick was coming with him) and change him into the stuffed panda. His excuse was that Nick was just so huggable, the best thing to help him catch some z's. The blond drifted off so easily too, all it took was a few short minutes with his favorite stuffie in his arms and he was out like a light, snoring away.

While in a different, artificial body, Nick could sleep as well. It didn't matter how tightly he was squished or how much of his stuffing was relocated from it, he fell asleep nearly as deeply as Clay did. How couldn't he when it just felt so nice to be so close to someone he cared so much about? All cozy and secure in his friend's embrace, such tenderness and warmth saturated into a single, simple interaction. And when they'd wake up in the morning, Clay would groan and cuddle him a bit harder, staying like that for a little while longer until they unfortunately had to get up. Change him back to human after fondly pinching his cheeks and pressing a kiss to his forehead so that they could start off their day, refreshed from their wonderful, peaceful rest.

No worries or stress while he was like that because why would there be anything like that when he wasn't even a flesh and blood person? Streaming and editing videos, cleaning and grocery shopping... none of those normal, everyday things mattered, or even existed to him while he was just an inanimate object. His only objectives were to help Clay sleep, to keep him company, to give him something to hold as tight as he wanted, and he did all that so well without being able to move a single, floppy limb.

But after he was back to normal, those thoughts settled down a little, scurrying to the back of his mind to wait *almost* patiently for when Clay needed him again. Lingering, sometimes popping back up to consume his thoughts at random, nearly enough to make him seek out his friend and blurt out his desire. He'd have to distract himself with anything just so that he didn't do that, something akin to shame bubbling up because of how much he wanted (*needed*) to be held in Clay's arms.

Their sleep schedules weren't perfect, but over the days since Nick had stopped spending the night in his own bed, they had slowly adopted a more traditional one. Between the hours of eleven at night and three in the morning, he found himself anticipating when it would happen, ready to drop everything he was doing. When Clay would finally come in and announce that he was heading to bed, the brunet would already be up and over, eagerly awaiting the transformation while Clay got the app up on his phone.

It felt like heaven, his friend bending down to lift him up in his arms, giving him a reassuring squeeze while snuggling their cheeks together. Lying in his comforting embrace while Clay slept with a smile on his face, every inch of his front pressed to Nick's black and white fluff. Everything else melted away, his entire world occupied solely by Clay, and it just felt so unbelievably right. While he was nothing but a cuddly stuffed panda, just a toy to be moved and maneuvered around how Clay saw fit, he felt like he could just... stay like that forever. But he was positive that it was

just constant transformations talking (but it was still a nice thought to entertain in his head, for his only purpose to be something so simple and easy... no problems when you were just a beloved stuffed companion... constant love and affection brought his way by his favorite person in the whole universe for just existing...)

It was just so nice to be wanted.

Approximately three weeks and two days later into their wonderful arrangement, there was a change. Clay settled into bed after shutting off the lights, limbs all curled up around him, but Nick could feel something extra poke into his soft middle. That in itself wasn't abnormal, as there were quite a few times his friend had gone to bed with a hard on or had woken up with one, and none of them had decided to acknowledge it in the slightest.

The situation was much different now. Every other time, he was out within five minutes, the light pressure against his fabric going down over time without issue. Instead, Clay's breathing remained as usual for when he was awake, arms and legs rhythmically squeezing his panda, almost imperceptibly grinding into him. Nick didn't voice any of the thoughts rapidly flooding his brain, willing to let this and more occur if his friend wished.

It went on for a little while before Clay reluctantly peeled himself away, failing to suppress a frustrated groan. "Sorry, is..." he swallowed dryly, hands nervously smoothing over Nick's shoulder fuzz as he continued in a whisper, "is this going too far...? I-is this okay, Pandas? Do you want me to stop?"

The urge to be useful flared up immensely, Nick engulfed in all those floaty, happy feelings at the mere idea of helping his best friend with something even more intimate. It didn't matter that he was unable to move a textile muscle, it didn't matter that he wasn't even human at the moment. He wanted (*needed! Needed, needed, needed, needed--!*) to be helpful as much as possible, to be used by Clay however he pleased... Nick just wanted his owner to treat him like a toy, his toy, because that's all he is. Just an object ready to be finally used as he was intended to be by his owner.

Please use me, Dream, please! I wanna make you feel good, please, I want it... the desperate, cracking tone was enough to make Clay tug him back in close, murmuring sweet nothings into his ear as he slowly dragged his clothed cock over where Nick's own would've been. *I want it, want to be used... need it, please...*

"Shhh, don't worry... you're gonna make me feel so good, Pandas..." he reassured, slowly rubbing his crotch into him, thighs squeezing his stuffing a bit harder. "Doing so well already by letting me hump you like a dog... so plush and cuddly for me."

Little tingles spread throughout his body, a pleasant buzzing in his limbs from the continuous grinding. Definitely not the same sensation for if he was human, no real pleasure heating up his gut with mind numbing bliss, but that didn't matter to Nick at all. As long as Clay kept up his motions, his balmy breath fanning over black fur as he panted lightly, his legs locked around his middle... it was all worth it. His only purpose was to please Clay.

His owner only got more rough, full body clutching Nick so hard that his cottony insides compressed until it felt like there was hardly anything in there at certain spots. Hips canting up into him so forcefully and fast, Clay's rumbling groans vibrating the fabric where his face was stuffed. He could feel how hard he was, the single, thin layer of cloth separating Clay's cock from really pressing into him.

Nick stayed quiet, letting himself be used so beautifully while feeling so accomplished that he was the cause of Clay's muffled gasps and moans. He was being the best little toy for his best friend,

all still and compliant, taking everything given to him... his only goal was to sit pretty and let himself be used, and he was willing to fulfill that duty without complaint, as his owner's pliant, plush panda.

Clay let out another frustrated noise, thrusting up into him once more and grinding down roughly before abruptly getting up. As the blond loomed over him, he hastily yanked his boxers down and threw them aside, revealing his aching cock. He manhandled Nick, leading to his limbs to be either splayed out on the crumpled sheets or contorted under his slightly misshapen body as the blond shoved him between his spread legs.

Gathering him up, he crammed as much of Nick's lower half into his crotch as he could, clenching his thighs firmly. "God, fffffuck... sosososo fuckin' *soft*--" he groaned deeply, rutting into his panda fervently while he steadied himself on the palms of his hands, fingers digging into Nick's shoulders. "Fuckfuck, wanna ruin you so badly."

His fluff dampened from the precome, white fur sticking up or being slicked down in various ways while Clay rubbed the length of his cock over him. It weighed down heavy over his stomach, pushing as deeply as it could as the blond aggressively humped him, and Nick practically sobbed at the electric feeling; he belonged right here under Clay, his owner drenching him with come, thighs unwavering in their pursuit to pulverize his body. He just wanted Clay to ruin him like he said, do whatever his heart desired as long as it got him off.

"P-pandas, 'm gonna--!" Clay keened, thighs crushing him as his front was doused, fingernails scratching into his fur.

Nick was overwhelmed with elation, so much that he would've cried if his eyes weren't marbles because he had helped his owner with something. As Clay panted and grinded into him during the aftershocks, his movements slow and languid, Nick couldn't help but feel so fulfilled. He served his purpose, and he did it well, Clay's little noises of contentment succeeding to permeate his entire being. Nothing mattered except his best friend, his whole world revolving around him, and that thought brought him immense satisfaction.

When the blond finally slowed to a stop, he let himself fall bonelessly on top of his plush panda, the stickiness beginning to seep into the fabric not bothering him in his blissed out state. Nick was flattened considerably into the mattress, his stuffing yielding easily to the mass above, but he found the weight exceedingly comforting.

"I'll... I'll clean you up in the morning..." Clay said breathlessly, cheek pressed just above Nick's rounded snout.

Within a minute, his owner was out cold, falling into what would likely be a restful sleep filled with sweet dreams. The snoring started up shortly, drool soaking into his eternally cheerful face. Legs shifted around him, attempting to squeeze him tighter while hands gripped fistfuls of his fleecy fur. His owner was completely at peace, guided there by his beloved stuffed panda.

Pandas couldn't be happier.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, in the morning when Sapnap's changed back, he'll basically be back to normal. I'm not about those TF fics where the person isn't turned back to well, you

know, a person. So many of them that I read while trying (and failing) to find good macro/micro stuff on DeviantArt are nonconsensual, so that's why I've only written the not rape TF stuff so far.

And I found out there was an actual tag for this (or at least, a tag that at least inherently means smut stuff instead of the normal transformation one): Inanimate Object Porn. That's close enough right?

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

George gets sucked off in a 7-Eleven.

Chapter Notes

This was a request from someone I know, who wanted soft and fluffy Georgenap! The request basically was George works in a convenience store, and his fuck buddy Sapnap comes in and sucks him off (like, an AU where George isn't a YouTuber or anything like that and hasn't known his friends for very long). Ya know, normal stuff. It's been a while since I've written something not really like, kink related or anything, so I hope I didn't mess it up.

Warnings for this chapter: Lots of kissing and hickeys and a blow job. Not really anything to warn, unless it happening in a public place counts? (But no one comes in, so it's fine. I cringe too much thinking about those fics where like Dream's streaming or something and like George is sucking him off under the table. Like oh god, do they WANT to ruin their careers?? Who the fuck would want to potentially mess up everything they have going on for whatever rush they get from being secretly sucked off in front of like literally so many people??? Is a blow job really worth it????)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's single, overarching thought since the very beginning of his shift was that this was so incredibly, mind-numbingly boring.

It was about three in the morning, and the last person who had come in was some guy George was pretty sure was as high as a kite; he was barely able to guide the man through the simple process of buying his arm load of potato chips. Not only had that tiresome interaction annoyed him enough to where he could still feel the irritation simmering just beneath his skin, it had also solidified his complete and utter boredom. Everything had felt ten times duller afterwards, George knowing that just like most other nights, there would likely be no one coming into the convenience store.

His phone was woefully uncharged, the damn thing at about ten percent because of the hyper specific way you have to arrange it while plugged in, and he wouldn't think to waste the limited power. There was no panic button situated under the checkout counter, his boss (some dick named Schlatt) unwilling to secure a quick and easy way to alert the authorities just in case something occurred. All the security cameras in the store had also gone out about a month ago, but George was at the point of not willing to feel scared unless someone had actually decided to come in and rob him. Too much effort to be nervous his whole shift.

Everything was already cleaned, George finishing that surprisingly easy task earlier, so there was basically nothing to do to keep himself entertained. He had taken to rereading the ingredients on various products, like the cigarettes and chewing tobacco kept behind the checkout counter, leaning ungracefully on an elbow as he tried to fight the creeping sensation of falling asleep.

Sometimes, he felt regret at having moved to America. Almost nothing had gone right since he had moved there, the only job he had been able to secure proof of that statement. His job sucked, his apartment was cold and leaky, his back was always sore from the springy mattress... he could really go on and on about how much of a mistake it possibly was if he hadn't already felt drained.

The bell above the automatic doors rang out, and George jerked awake. He whipped around to face the customer, a little bit of embarrassment coloring his features because of how they probably saw him practically asleep.

A sigh of immense relief left his lips before he even realized it, him breathing out Sapnap's name with a hand over his thumping heart. The man in question perked up, unable to suppress the dumb smile overtaking his features as he casually strolled up to the counter.

Sapnap was one of the very few friends he had made while living in the US. Outgoing and overly friendly, he was always willing to hang out at a moment's notice, but lately George hadn't had the time or energy to even attempt to contact him besides responding to good morning messages. He honestly felt bad about it, primarily because the younger man was one of the few reasons this whole situation wasn't entirely unbearable.

"Hey, Gogy," he hummed, propping his elbows up on the counter. Chin in his hands, hand tilted slightly to the left, his adoring gaze settled on George. "Just wanted to check up on you... see how you're doing."

The feeling worsened, chest aching at the thought of making one of the nicest people he had ever known worried about him. "Sorry I've been busy..." he mumbled immediately, glancing away in shame.

Sapnap shook his head and started to insist to George that it was totally fine, that he wasn't mad or upset about something out of his control. The gentle tone of his constant reassurances made George feel infinitely better, the soft words putting him at ease enough for him to fall back into their usual banter. The teasing and flirting from Sapnap's end, the faux anger and snarkiness from his. It was nice to finally be able to interact with his favorite person, Sapnap succeeding in making his whole move worthwhile by just existing in the same room.

The playful flirting began to make George a little nervous, however. Yeah, they were in a bit of a friends with benefits relationship, so comments like that usually wouldn't affect him too badly, but they haven't even seen each other in a couple of weeks. The way Sapnap's voice deepened slightly to fluster him, the way managed to loom over him despite the large gap of the checkout counter, the way he grinned with hooded eyes... George's stomach somersaulted when Sapnap suggested making out, his voice coming out as awkward stutters as he refused. The threat of someone coming in kept him in check for the time being, as this was still a public place where literally anyone could come in.

But his friend proved to be very... persuasive, especially after he ended up behind the counter with George.

Sapnap leaned forward, fingers curled into the lip of the counter just above George's hips, caging him in. "C'mon, Georgie," he purred, mouth just close enough to blow hot air onto his quivering lips, "you know you want to. It's been a while, hasn't it?" A hand crept to his side, the thumb just brushing against him making him jerk, an involuntary noise escaping. "A while since my little prince had gotten off properly, huh? No one to help him get off, having to demean himself by using his own, little hand."

His gaze darkened, fingers dancing up featherlight over ribs, and George began to subtly tremble.

Face reddening, mouth going dry, lungs forgetting how to take in air for a moment as Sapnap's eyes were unwavering, unwilling to look away from his flustered form.

"N-no, what... what if someone comes in...?" he protested weakly, Adam's apple bobbing visibly when he swallowed, attempting to wet his throat. "I'm..."

His friend shushed him with a small peck, warmth promptly bubbling up low to fill up his body. "It's three in the morning. No one's gonna come around." he assured, leaving a tingly trail of kisses starting from the corner of George's mouth to his neck. "I promise, baby."

Lips dragged over sensitive skin, Sapnap delicately kissing all over the pale column while slowly moving up. Hands soothing over the Brit's clothed back, rubbing gentle circles into tensed muscles. A hint of teeth just under his ear, and George shuddered near violently, fists clutching onto Sapnap's hoodie to help keep himself from collapsing onto the ground.

A tongue laved over the crevice behind the shell of his ear, lips littering little pecks onto the area. George felt the hard scrape of teeth over his earlobe, a mouth latching on briefly and softly sucking on the bit of excess skin, making him whine and pelvis roll forwards once into Sapnap's.

The younger man let out a little, breathy laugh at his eagerness, coolness blowing onto the moistened skin. The hair on George's arms stood up, another shiver going through his frame as Sapnap quickly kissed back down.

"Do you still want me to stop?" Sapnap murmured, the buzzing against his flesh making the older man groan and shaking kick up another notch, as if that was possible. "Just say the word, Gogy."

At the wet press over his pulse point, lips ever so slightly working over his skin, his resolve crumbled into unmanageable pieces. It was like he hadn't even tried to stop it, had barely put up a fight against the heavenly onslaught of kisses and caresses. Sapnap waltzed right in, barged into his personal space, and George welcomed it before he even had a chance to refuse.

His mouth opened, a single syllable succeeding in vacating his mouth before the rest died on his tongue with a dumb sound. Sapnap chuckled, the fingertips of one hand rubbing at the nape of his neck and playing with the fine hairs there, and the Brit let out a little sob.

"No, no, please," he got out finally, voice unable to get above a whisper. "I-I want it..."

Sapnap gave a hum of approval, dotting a multitude of electric kisses up the column of his neck. "Shh, sweetheart, it's okay," he consoled, digits lacing into his hair to scratch gently at his scalp, savoring the way he unconsciously leaned into his touch. "Baby's just a bit sensitive, right? Needs to be touched... needs to be taken care of like he deserves, hmm?"

Whimpering, George nodded bashfully. "God, *please*," he begged, hands scrambling to really grab ahold of his friend, dull nails digging into covered hips to yank him the rest of the way and keep him there.

A tongue shoved through inviting lips, the moan George let out from his aching hard cock finally getting some attention giving Sapnap the opportunity. His hands gravitated downwards to coax George's back up somewhere else on his frame after granting him a few relieving thrusts, his own settling to hold him in place. George whined, clumsily licking at his friend's teeth and gums as he fruitlessly tried to rut into him much faster, not liking the languid pace set.

"A little patience, honey, just a little, and I'll give you what you want," Sapnap promised against his lips when he pulled away to breathe. "You can handle waiting a little bit longer, can't you,

Georgie?”

George nodded instantly, eyes watering a little at the prospect of having to wait too long in order to get off when he was already so worked up. Sapnap gave him a warm smile, and then he nipped at the swollen skin of George’s lips before dipping down to nibble at his jawbone, tracing the line with his tongue. Back down, lips suctioning at the hollow of his throat to finally mark George up properly.

The younger man lavished George’s other side with similar attention, the only difference being that he left dark marks on the spit shiny skin, blotching up the paleness with something hard to conceal. Sapnap abused an especially sensitive patch of flesh, coaxing tiny, uncontrollable whimpers from him with ease, George too out of it to even attempt to scold him for leaving anything visible.

His hands had finally gone up George’s shirt, the man squirming at the cold fingertips rubbing over his skin at the waistband until they inevitably warmed up. Teeth found their way to the sliver of collarbone peeking out from under fabric just as Sapnap leisurely began the process of undoing George’s jeans, almost playing with the button and zipper. Teasing, digits pressing into the tent straining at the front, George’s legs buckling as he keened.

“Sap,” he moaned loudly, a spike of fear suddenly traveling up his spine at how it echoed across the store, “pl-please touch me...” he continued after a moment, voice meek and afraid while his head turned away so that he could scan the artificially lit parking lot.

His friend would’ve teased him a bit more, likely with something along the lines of “*what? I am touching you,*” but he ultimately decided against it, not wanting to upset George further.

“Sweetheart, focus on me,” he ordered softly, reaching one hand up cup George’s cheek. He turned the Brit back towards him, smattering a few more kisses over his ruddy features to soothe him. “Good boy. Just keep focusing on me, alright?” Falling to his knees, he wasted no time in freeing the man’s cock from his jeans, hot and heavy and oh so delectable in the palm of his hand. “Do that for me, my little prince?”

Not waiting for an answer, he mouthed at the leaky tip, earning a groan and unintentional buck from George. “Fuck... o-okay, Sap...”

Sapnap quickly licked it all over, slathering it with a hefty layer of spit. “Go ahead, Georgie. Fuck my mouth,” he breathed out, the wet cock just in front of his lips noticeably twitching. “Baby shouldn’t have to wait too long to come, right? So deserving of it, sweetheart, needing to use me, huh?”

Physically unable to refuse the offer, George tangled his fingers in the younger man’s hair and shoved his length through alluringly parted lips. Predictably, Sapnap gagged a little, stingy tears gathering at the corner of his eyes, but he dutifully licked and sucked even when the tip was bumping up against the back of his throat.

George gasped, legs wobbling again, so Sapnap grabbed his ass hard to help keep him up. “O-oh my god, *Sapnap--!*” he keened, tears promptly streaming down his cheeks as a knot formed in his belly. Already so close, he was prepared to just hold his friend’s head down and make him swallow, but he felt a dreaded tapping.

The fingers on his left ass cheek drummed onto the denim thrice, signaling that Sapnap needed a breather, and it took every fiber of his being to let go. He sobbed brokenly, cock bobbing slightly after being regretfully removed from the pleasant heat to twitch desperately in the cool air. Bulbous head flushed a deep red, whole length glistening with a decent amount of drool and still connecting

him to plump lips. He groaned at the display.

George then felt utterly frustrated when Sapnap didn't seem like he needed the moment to recover, taking in his deep breaths through his nose with an almost smug smile. He was ready to yank him back hard enough to make his scalp hurt, upset at being denied when the younger man practically gave him the go ahead earlier, but Sapnap leaned back and sat down on the back of his legs.

Sapnap's face softened, a hand coming up to help alleviate the ache, digits curling and slowly gliding across his cock. "Move in with me," he said abruptly, voice only a little scratchy.

The words were almost missed, and Sapnap remained calm and quiet as he watched the metaphorical cogs start to turn in the Brit's head, his face scrunching up in confusion after a minute.

"Wh-what?"

"Move in with me," he repeated, jacking George off just the slightest bit faster. The man wriggled in discontent, trying to push up into Sapnap's hand, but he simply kept him in place with the other. "You can quit your job and come live with me."

It was nearly enough to break George from whatever state he was in, realization setting in to fog up most of the pleasure he was feeling. "N-no, we've discussed this, S-sap," he mumbled, palms finding their way back to the counter while his fingers curled tightly into the lip. "You... you know I can't."

Sapnap dove back in to flick the very tip of his tongue against George's cock, hand still painfully unhurried. "I've thought about it a lot, pretty boy. We got a spare room, and you can help us code stuff and edit videos. You got along with Dream so well when you met him, so I bet he'd let you move on in like, in a heartbeat."

The small, genuine smile beaming up at him made George's heart lurch, so he averted his gaze, chewing on his lip as he felt a fresh wave of nervous sweat begin to coat his body. This particular discussion had popped up usually when they were doing normal, nonsexual friend activities, so it felt rather... wrong to be having it when his cock was currently being stroked and given tiny kisses along the end.

So why the possibility of moving in with Sapnap suddenly seem so... appealing? So, so tempting that he almost wanted to say yes, wanted to quit his job and move into an actual house with his best friend. But he chalked it up to the hand wrapped around his shaft and the profuse use of pet names clouding his judgement. He wanted to tell his friend to stop the conversation right now, tell him that he had already made up his mind the few other times Sapnap had brought it up.

"Wouldn't it be... awkward...? Wh-what if we decide to stop the thing we have going on?" he asked instead, and it earned him a bit more stimulation, the large hand finally getting faster and squeezing a bit more.

"No matter what, I think it'll work out great, George. Even if you want to stop this, we can still just be friends. Nothing could ever stop our friendship, I guarantee it," he promised, peppering a few more tingly kisses at the tip before licking away the evidence staining his lips. "Unless you want to be more than friends..." he added, a cheeky grin coming up.

George couldn't suppress the little, undignified snort, but it's not like it would have mattered anyway. "I'll--I'll consider it," he eventually got out, and he tried to ignore the wave of pure happiness washing over the younger man's features, stomach all squirmy from how excited Sapnap

seemed from not immediately being shut down like usual. “Just... later? Talk about it later. Please let me come,” he demanded quietly, hesitantly placing his hands back in Sapnap’s hair.

Cock pressed against his cheek, he nuzzled at the base. “Of course you can, sweetheart. Sorry I made you stop when you were all needy and so close,” he cooed after a moment, pulling back just enough to rest the tip on his swollen bottom lip. “So mean of me to make my little prince wait for something he rightfully deserves, hm?”

Nodding, George already felt a familiar heat collect low in his gut, and he smeared the tip on soft skin. “*Please.*”

Sapnap plunged the whole way down, hollowing out his cheeks and swallowing around the bit in his throat. George practically mewled, just barely managing to keep himself on his feet, but the other man’s hands went back to clenching firmly around his hips to effectively hold him up.

George started to cry again, babbling out praises as he roughly bucked into Sapnap’s mouth. He was brought right back up to the brink once more, and he tugged his friend up until his nose was crushed up against his pubes, keeping him in place as he came down his throat. Sapnap took it in stride, sucking and tonguing at the pulsing cock until George whimpered and nudged him back.

“Good, Gogy?” he murmured, tucking George’s softening cock back into his boxers and rebuttoning his jeans for him.

Panting breathlessly, George couldn’t help but just nod again, eyes screwed shut as he wiped them with the heel of his palms. Sapnap pressed a kiss to his clothed stomach before standing back up, leaning on the cigarette case for a minute and stretching his legs.

After getting rid of any weird cramp, the younger man helped George up onto the counter, situating himself between his spread legs and making the Brit rest his head onto his shoulder. George loosely wrapped his arms around Sapnap’s broader frame, groaning into the crook of his neck when deft fingers began to card through his hair once more.

Sapnap chuckled at how lax he suddenly was, loving the way he slumped against him, body all slack and pliant. “You got about an hour until your shift’s done,” he reminded in a whisper, smiling when George nuzzled him and made another cute noise from all the head scratches. “Don’t worry, honey, I’ll keep watch like before. Promise.”

George gave what could be interpreted as a nod, trusting Sapnap to speak up if a car pulled into the parking lot while he was out of it, Sapnap’s habitual humming lulling him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I've noticed I tend to do the same thing for certain ships. Like for Georgenap, they're almost always in a friends with benefits type of thing. For Dreamnap, I either wrote something long with a lot of plot stuff before the fuckening, or something very short and only porn. And Dreamnotfound is basically all over the place, I could write anything featuring those incredibly hot and sexy Block Men.

Anyways, up next is tiny person and two giant people fucking piss kink!! Only wrote one piss thing so far and that was very short and not detailed, so now I have to do research for this one. Like, I thought guys couldn't pee while hard but apparently it's possible?? But I read that it hurts and it's really hard to do, so like,, how?? Piss kink

dick-havers, how do you Manage.

Dreamnotnap

Chapter Summary

Lol fucking Pissnap??

Chapter Notes

This is a part two thing to Chapter 34's Dreamnotnap, so like you don't have to read that one, but it would probably make more sense if you did.

OKay,,

Okay, I've been gone for like two weeks or something, so I am very sorry about that. I like,, couldn't write for some reason, like I started this and was just having a very hard time writing anything and I don't know why?? Like, I had that weird feeling during the last one, and now I just couldn't do stuff??? I'm putting out an A/N chapter like right after this one to explain it better along with other stuff, so like read the first paragraph of that one for more stuff.

So anyways, got the idea for this one from a comment on the first part of this, so Ao3 user Manly_shoulders this one's for you (even though my brain's all like oh my god I messed this up because I wrote it while I was having a really hard time writing things,,). Like those fucking heart-eye emoji's got me, I was like, what does this mean!?! And then I was like, I'm writing this. But again I'm like hmmmmmm it's probably bad because I started this like the day after I uploaded the last one, and I'm only just now finishing it,, But if I didn't finish it now I probably never would've of. And despite the way it's written, it's all consensual and stuff. Like some of it was discussed beforehand.

Warnings for this chapter: macro/micro and piss kink (I'm not sure of what some of it is like actually called, so like,, uh wetting (maybe??), peeing on someone, drinking it (accidentally)).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He just almost missed the calls of his friends, two of them yelling at him when the death message popped up at the corner of the screen, his focus on something else entirely. Apologizing in a mumble, he spawned at his bed and immediately jumped into the end portal, almost stupidly walking off the cobblestone path. Picking up his stuff, he continued to attempt to help shoot at the crystals, but an abrupt burst of pain originating from his middle made his fingers twitch and the arrow missed it by a few blocks.

Chat had noticed his lackluster gaming skills and strange tone of voice right away, most of them saying that he should end the stream if he wasn't feeling well. They've been spamming stuff like that since the start of the stream, and a bit of guilt settled in Nick's chest at their concern. He wasn't sick at all, far from it actually, but it's not like he could disclose the reason for his constant failing.

His legs were crossed tight over his crotch, squeezing hard whenever his swollen bladder gave a

sudden cry for release. Sweating lightly, face burning in embarrassment every time Clay questioned his playing with faux innocence, and body unable to stay still in his chair. God, he was so, so full of piss that he was sure his stomach bloated with the sheer amount, showing plainly through the slight layer of pudge he already possessed.

His face screwed up when he saw Clay land an mlg water, not wanting to see even fictional liquids with how far gone he was. It gave the ender dragon an opening, Nick dying once again to the purple breath while his character was frozen, leading to two of his teammates to complain once more. The blond said something, teasing him or mocking him in some way, but he didn't even attempt to retaliate with anything.

Relief was the only thing he could process for a long moment after the dragon had finally died, Karl landing the finishing blow and promptly screaming with the rest of his friends. He spent the last few minutes hyper aware of the growing pressure in his abdomen, his bladder very insistent now that the game was done. Nick stuttered something about needing to head off, his friends understanding despite how irritated they seemed from the perpetual dying.

Not bothering to look for someone he knew to raid, he said a very quick but kind goodbye to his chat, thanking a few of the recent ones for the subs and donos before exiting out of everything. Just as he heard the dreaded footsteps coming heading his way, he scrambled out of his chair as swiftly and carefully as he possibly could, wanting to make it to the bathroom before he pissed himself.

He was grabbed just as he had left his room, struggling for half a minute before he felt a droplet force its way from the slit. He went stock still, rigid in his boyfriend's grasp as an intensely painful wave surged through his stomach from vehemently holding the rest in, and he could feel the burn of Clay's malicious grin pressed into the back of his neck.

"What's the matter, Pissnap?" Clay taunted, fingertips pushing hard into his shoulders as he ushered him down the hallway. "You look like you're having some issues there."

Something pitiful and meek escaped his throat when they passed the bathroom, but he was too scared to try and make a run for it. Nick thought he'd literally combust from the embarrassment of actually peeing in the middle of the hallway, even if it was an accident, so he let himself be led down the stairs one agonizing step at a time.

Clay sat him on the couch, the little push granting another pinprick of pain that made him grimace. "Dream, *please*, I *need* to go," he pleaded, voice small. He automatically squeezed his thighs hard to help hold it all in, finally noticing the crinkle coming from just under the sheet covering the couch. "D-don't wanna pee here," he squeaked out upon realizing there was likely something waterproof to protect the cushions.

The blond ignored him, planting himself just beside Nick and throwing an arm over his shoulder to tug him close. Suppressing the whimper at being jostled around, he shoved a hand between his legs to hopefully stop anything from leaking out.

He couldn't focus on the screen, the random cartoon Clay put on becoming a blur of colors and fuzzy noises. Unable to concentrate on anything but what was driving him insane; it felt like it was taking literally everything in his power not to piss himself right there, eyes stinging with unshed tears as his lower abdomen throbbed in pain.

When he finally felt Clay's arm relax around him, he sprung up and bolted for the bathroom on this floor without another thought, the shout and rapid thumping giving his body a sudden surge of adrenaline. He vaguely registered the extra bit of dampness in his crotch, piss dribbling out from all the movement before he could stop it, but as long as the majority of it made it into the toilet, he

could live this down.

But Clay was always a bit faster than him, catching up just as he entered the bathroom and grabbing him before he could slam the door shut. Manhandling him, he yanked a writhing Nick into the tub and pinned him down to the bottom with the ball of his foot just barely pressing down onto his stomach; a threat for if he tried to get out of this.

“C’m on, Sappy,” he crooned, and Nick had finally noticed how hard Clay was in his sweats, “just piss yourself like a good boy.”

Another little push, and the brunet gasped as his bladder cried for release, face scrunching up. He had just managed to open his eyes after one long and agonizing moment, but when Nick had peered up pleadingly at the blond, he received a cruel smile and toes mercilessly driving right into his swollen abdomen.

Holding it in wasn’t an option anymore, intense warmth blooming over his crotch as he pissed harder than he ever had in his entire life. Sobbing in immense relief and embarrassment, Nick bucked up into where Clay’s foot had slid down and rubbed over the rapidly growing wetness.

When he was finally empty, his pants were soaked completely through with a puddle below his ass. “Please, please, please,” he babbled from behind his arm, tears streaking down his flaming cheeks from humiliation.

Clay ground his foot over the brunet’s crotch a little while longer, Nick suddenly coming with a stuttery shout. Just as the pressure was removed, his hair was yanked harshly, forcing him to look back up and immediately screw his eyes shut from the stream hitting him point blank on the forehead.

“Wait--!” he protested before pursing his lips tight, cringing slightly from the salty taste as piss cascaded down his increasingly reddening features, Clay aiming all around to further wet his visage with fluids.

Clay laughed, stroking himself as the last spurts dribbled out over Nick’s chest. “You look like you licked a lemon.”

Wiping at his lips with his forearm to get rid of the piss, he squinted at the blond with only one eye. “F-fuck you,” he groaned, earning another chuckle from the blond. “I fuckin’ pissed myself, and now I have pee on my face...”

“Oh, you’re gonna have more than just that,” Clay warned in between moans, pumping himself faster.

Both eyes closed once more, he listened to all the breathy noises from the blond for just a moment before he felt come splatter over his face, scalp tingling at another yank of his hair. Clay rubbed the tip over his lips, smearing all the fluids around, and Nick huffed through his nose.

Clay finally let go, allowing him to pull away and unsuccessfully scrub at his face. Everything felt gross and sticky now, especially because he was still fully clothed, and he grumbled while tugging his damp shirt over his head.

His shorts and boxers were already being pulled down by Clay, who had only a little bit of trouble with how wet they were. “Man, you really waterboarded Georgie.”

At the mention of their other boyfriend, the brunet promptly choked on his saliva, the flush on his face spreading down his neck and to the tips of his ears in mortification. Groaning, he hid behind

his arm again as Clay grabbed at his flaccid cock, telling the tiny to shrink a bit more to be free of the piercings.

“Oh god, I pissed on Gogy...”

Clay emitted a wheeze from Nick’s words, rubbing the very tip of his thumb over George, who writhed and squirmed and whined. “Come on now... he looks like he had fun.” Gently pinching George between his pointer finger and thumb to lift him up, the blond placed George prone on his tongue, grinding his tiny body into the wet muscle for a bit before closing his mouth. Nick watched as Clay pressed his tongue into his cheek so that he could speak, storing the tiny. “C’mon, up. We can rinse off and then take a bath. You smell like piss now.”

“Now whose fault is that!”

Chapter End Notes

Despite how much I'm pretty sure I fucked up this chapter, I like this AU. Like, poly Dream Team is good, and then you add macro/micro to it and I'm fucking sold. Got a bunch of ideas for it,,

Anyways, again, right after this chapter, I'm posting a Not smut thing, which is just me just like saying stuff and asking questions I guess.

Chapter Summary

Questions I have about stuff and other things. If you happened to have clicked on this chapter despite it not being titled with a ship name, please help me out? Also, after I post the next chapter, no one needs to respond to this one anymore because probably at least a few people would've answered by then, so anyone seeing this a week or two from now can pass right on by (did I basically copy this from the previous A/N chapter. Yes. Why, you may ask? Because I Am Lazy and Uncreative!)

To continue more in detail from the beginning notes of the previous chapter, sorry I haven't updated in a long while, like two weeks or something (which I think is the longest I've ever gone from not updating this). Like, feel weird?? Can't write, function. Fuckin,, I don't know. Is this, is this writer's block??? Like it's probably not that, but like I've been trying to write and could barely do it and I don't know why. So that's why the last chapter feels like,, weird, at least to me. Y'all why's it so hard to be positive?? Like it's probably not that bad right?? But then I'm like oh my god it probably is and also my eyes hurt and I'm Having a hard time writing,, I think most of my problems would be solved if I just drank more water. My blood fucking sludges through my veins like pudding. I'm more soda than person.

Anyways, now on to this one: just want to start this out by saying I hate A/N's so much. Obviously, the first chapter was needed, so like I let that slide, but like man, me posting chapters on there with no actual content just fucking gets me, y'know? It makes me think of those ones where like the author has like eight chapters, but like five of them are titled A/N or something similar, so like only three are actually smut. Like oh my godddd, I know that three extra chapters of not smut when there's over thirty chapters with it on here shouldn't matter, but like mhmhhh, don't like.

So I'm just gonna put a bunch of stuff in here. Sorry for any spelling or grammar mistakes, but I'm not worried too much about that when this isn't really me Writing writing stuff, like anyone who has ever read the beginning or end notes in any chapter is probably like wow this bitch is illiterate.

1. Okay, y'all know uh chapter 12, the one with normal human Sapnap and borrower Dream? If I were to, hypothetically, make a new story thing just for one shots about that,, would anyone read it? Well, okay not hypothetically, because I kind of want to write about it. Like, it wouldn't only be smut, like some chapters would be just normal fluffy stuff or something, so I'd make sure to tag accordingly so that anyone reading it that just want cute G/T interactions instead of macro/micro ones won't read the wrong chapters (unless, of course, they don't read the tags or look at my warnings, but ya know. I can't make everyone read all the warnings, especially when my notes can sometimes be like so long that I can completely understand why you would skip it, so, makes sense,).

To tie into that one, what about also Chapter 34 and Chapter 37 (the ones that had fucking anal vore and many forms of piss kink). My brain really likes that idea because I made it so that like, George can just grow and shrink at will and is basically indestructible when he's tiny, so like, less worries. For example, borrower Dream can't go through,, too much or he'll break something, and how the fuck would you possibly fix a fracture on a person who's like five inches or something

when there's no way you could take them to a doctor?? Like, Sapnap has to be exceedingly gentle with all of their interactions because he wouldn't want to crush his tiny boyfriend. So sizesifter George has more potential for way more unrealistic and kinky stuff,, and also Dre...dr-dreamnotnap,,,,, My Beloved,,,,. And there'd also be non smut chapters too, so like, just normal things.

Now, obviously, they won't be updated as much as this story thing in particular, but I think that they should be their own thing if I'm planning to write way more for it. Like I can't have like part fives in here (or maybe I can, but eh). And Please, I need actual titles, I can't keep naming things the way I am, so like anyone got any ideas?? Should I just do the uncreative ones I've been doing that tell you exactly what it is?? C'mon, I don't want people to think what I'm writing is trash without even reading it first, I need to figure out how to title things and write summaries and stuff.

2. And next thing, what if I decided to like do Twitter stuff? Like, I don't know, post like way smaller stuff on there? Do the poll thing to like decide what kink and ship I post next? Little prompts about stuff I'm too lazy to actually write something about? Tweet random stuff like wow Sapnap could burp in my face and I'd say thank you? Like all I've done on there so far was just like stuff,, and I really want to like interact with people more but brain is also very nervous,, I don't know,,,, just asking for opinions,,,,,. And what exactly is a Curious Cat and should I have that??

3. Now for important stuff! So, like, I got a really fucked up idea, and after thinking about it I was like, oh my God, I canNot post it here. I can't besties. I really can't. So, now I'm like, should I just make a separate work for anything rape/noncon related? I probably should've done that in the first place, but I didn't really think that the two works I have in here with stuff like that were, that bad (in a fictional standpoint, like obviously I know rape is bad in real life, don't you people twist my words). I won't delete Chapters 23 and 31 on here because like, they're already here, not gonna deal with that. But now I'm like, okay, as much as I don't like making new works because I have to figure out how to tag them, I should probably do that. Like, it would be way harder for someone to read it accidentally if I title and tag it correctly right? Because if it's a one shot thing specifically made for nonconsensual things, it would be way harder for someone to click a chapter without even glancing at the summary or the obligatory first chapter A/N explaining it as clearly as possible and be upset because they didn't want to see that. Right??

4. And lastly, uh, not really a question or anything, but I want to formally apologize to anyone who bookmarked this and is decidedly Not getting the content you were looking for, like if I had written a specific kink or ship just once (especially to one specific person, I Promise I have feederism ideas!!! I SWEAR!! But I've just been writing random stuff, literally so sorry, like honestly if you had kept messaging me on Twitter every few chapters with whatever ship, I probably would've kept writing it because hmmm brain don't like to disappoint. BUT I Have Ideas That Will Probably Happen Eventually Like Another Sapnap Thing And Schlatt One. I just wanted to explain myself, don't worry,,).

Look, like I don't technically take requests because like I couldn't trust myself to actually do them, and also at this point I'm writing stuff people don't seem to usually want. Like for the people who make those one shot things specifically for smut requests, it's mostly people in the comments of the first chapter like, "hey, can we get a Dream railing George with degradation?" like I would Need to add something else to that!! It can't just be Not kinky, my not kinky chapters happen very infrequently at this point, there needs to be some fucking Pizzazz!,, like one of them is tiny or something transformation related or, I don't know I'm thinking of things on the spot, BUt you all get the point. But hmmm feel bad because I'm mostly writing very specific things at this point.

And, while I am apologizing to internet strangers (ones who will likely never see this anyway), I Am So Sorry To Anyone Popular on Tumblr For SFW G/T Dream Team Stuff. Especially to one

person in particular because Oh My God, if you made your own AU that had Dream, George, and Sapnap in it, I have Thought about smut for it, Guaranteed. Like, I am A horrible human being!! I am fucking Dreadful!! SO sorry to anyone in that category, especially to the guy who wrote about the giant mer George and the giant Dream in manhunt and the villain Dream who's literally the worst fucking guy to borrowers. Like oh my god I want to write so much smut so badly but then I'm like oh god what they write is sfw and they'd probably be incredibly offended if I wrote smut for anything even if I linked their Tumblr and stuff. So then I was like I could message them, but despite having Tumblr for a couple of years, I've only ever used it to like stuff so I don't know how to do that,, and ugh, they obviously would never answer because they definitely wouldn't want something like that to show up on their thing for their followers to see, even if it's just me asking, hey, can I write smut for your AUs,,,,, and they'd probably block me if I didn't write it anonymously too,,,,,, oh god why can't they have a Twitter???, at least I know how to send messages that way, even if I'm pretty sure they'd say no and block me or something,,

But technically, isn't it like the same concept of me writing smut about people who have stated that they didn't want stuff like that about them?? Like, pretty sure Schlatt and Wilbur and a few others said they didn't approve, but that didn't stop me before, so like,,,, should I just do it,,,?? Would,,, would it really be that bad,,,?? As long as I link their Tumblr and specify that what they write is strictly sfw, then it should be fine..... right???

Any-fucking-ways, probably gonna cleanse myself and write sfw stuff for my other one shot thing before updating this again. Maybe that'll help me?? Like writing different things for a little bit because I am Overly critical of my smut, so I spend way more time on those. It's weird, like I really hate repeating words or starting sentences with the same word, but if I'm reading smut from other people who did just that, I am way more okay with it and usually overlook it. But for me, it'll really get me inside, y'know? I have a very distinct memory from 6th grade where this teacher made us do a five paragraph essay on something of our choice, but you had to have a good combination of simple, compound, complex, and compound-complex sentences. In addition, you couldn't start any of the sentences with the same word in each paragraph. Which is really fucking hard when you're like 11 or 12 and you've only written like Hetalia Germany x Italy fanfiction.

But after the sfw stuff, I'm gonna like, I don't know, write more piss kink or something. I watched George's "hot tub" stream live and got an idea from it (not about it, though). Might fuck around and write some cock vore. Maybe something with a girl in it? Transformation stuff, got some more ideas for that. Fuckin,, macro/micro foot stuff? It's over for y'all when I update this.

And also, have a great day! :)))

WAIT I'm adding this just before I post this but I just checked Twitter and saw I was following one less person so I check and OH MYGOD MAE WHERE ARE YOU WHERE have you GONE PLEASE!!! TWITTER USER MAE PLEASE,!! You are literally so good at drawing and you seemed So Nice and oh mY GOD you deactivated,,, mae please,,,,,, why does my brain keep making me sad about internet people that don't even know I exist??? FUCKing parasocial relationships my Despised,,

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Dream fucking gets cock vored I guess ! !

Chapter Notes

I'm back I guess! I always feel the need to announce my return even though it probably wasn't that long right, especially because I've been updating my sfw thing.

Anyways, I had a Block Men cock vore dream like a week ago! So here I am, posting cock vore. In my dream, it was Dream actually doing the cock voring instead of Sapnap, but eh ya know. The weirdest part of the dream though as the fact that despite a few tiny people literally got cock vored by Dream, it was not sexual at all?? Like how the Fuck does that work?? Like in the context of the dream, no one found anything wrong with it, not even George, who as there but didn't,, y'know. Wow, I just realized I said cock vore a lot.

And fun fact, despite writing about smut, I don't like,, so like you know how a guy gets hard? Whatever the equivalent of that that a girl gets, I do not get at all. I don't know if that means I'm asexual or something, like I've never been interested in having sex or doing anything remotely similar at all, like even the thought of me having sex or even kissing someone feels very disgusting. But I like writing about it. Which results in dreams like that I fucking guess.

And uh, talk of Dream being dissolved a bit and stuff, but don't worry, he's fine! Just assume that like he's able to somehow turn back into a normal person after being,, let out I guess. And the "you" is Dream, I just write in second person sometimes.

Warnings for this chapter: macro/micro, blob Dream, cock vore.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Are you ready?”

Intense heat curled around you from the hushed voice, and if you weren't already locked in an eternal, pencil point thin smile, one would've formed at the distinct smell of leftover pizza he ate for breakfast. It still made you shiver involuntarily, form wobbling visibly despite how incredibly small you were.

Sapnap was your entire world right now, his face taking up your vision, chin resting on the desk in an attempt to replicate your height. You saw every little twitch of his muscles, micromovements you would've hardly noticed before crystal clear. Everything he did couldn't be missed by you at this scale, and you lingered on the little, absentminded swipe of pink tongue over drying lips.

His digits flexed against the smooth wood either side of you, itching to reach out that little bit, to grab you up with tree trunk sized fingers. The pads of his fingers were bigger than you, and if you were flat, he could hide you between two whorls, concealing you completely against the ridges. You were so tiny that he could practically put you anywhere, and another little quiver passed over

you, this time from the anticipation.

With no vocal cords to speak and no limbs to gesture your approval, you instead nodded your circular head, facial features only able to twitch in the slightest. You would've been ready at any time, but you still appreciated being asked while you still were able to respond, liquid love pouring downwards over your wholly solid, organ absent insides.

He smiled, and then you were plucked up between forefinger and thumb effortlessly, body squished slightly. His mouth was closer, lips opening up to reveal more of his tongue and the darkness that surrounded it, a hint of teeth at the top--and you found yourself pressed tight onto the wet, warm muscle. A finger prodded you into taste buds for just a moment before the pressure disappeared, along with the light.

Sapnap wasted no more time, the tip of his tongue nudging you until you were supine over hard bumps. His jaw simply moved back up, crushing and grinding you into pearly whites for a second before the tremendous force lessened. And then it repeated over and over, Sap chewing over you without a care.

There was no pain, only a tingly pressure every time you were squeezed between teeth. Drool soaked into you, squishing out with every compress. Sometimes you were maneuvered to the other side without much of a thought, and others you were just resting in his cheek, pressed against slick, smooth flesh as your body slowly lost shape.

You were aware a lot of time had passed as you were treated like chewing gum. His voice reverberated around you as he spoke to others, streaming something you didn't know as your body yielded more to his constantly working teeth.

Bits and pieces of you were swallowed heedlessly while you melted from the heat and spit. You eventually stuck to two of his back molars, molded to the bumps and unable to free yourself. He licked over you, tongue making an attempt to pry you off, but the tip kept gliding over you instead. Giving up after only a few licks, he left you adhered to his teeth while he continued talking to his other friends.

You remained there for even longer until you recognized that he was ending the stream and saying goodbye to whoever he was talking to on Discord. More light broke through when he opened his mouth up for a purpose other than talking a couple of moments later, fingers reaching inside to peel and scrape what's left of you off with a nail and pinch you.

At this point, you couldn't really move, at least enough for him to see it, so he didn't even bother to ask before he ground you into the head of his cock.

"Dream..." he let your name out in a breath, needily rocking into one hand while the other continued to rub you all around the flushed tip.

Heat radiated off him, somehow hotter than the inside of his mouth. Your vision was entirely Sapnap again, pinprick eyes pressed firmly against him, sandwiched between thick fingers and throbbing flesh. The copious amounts of spit saturating what little's left of you allowed you to slip smoothly all around, precome eventually joining to add to the slickness.

When his noises became louder, strokes faster as he reached his climax, he let you slide from his hand to the other, immediately pinching you tight. Rolling you between two fingers, your form became exceedingly thin and long for the tiny bit of mass you still had, and he moaned when he teased the leaky slit with one end of you.

He dipped you in, a centimeter going inside of his cock. “O-oooh my *god*,” he whined, pressing some more of you into feverish warmth, pre gushing up to smooth your descent further, “Dream, *fuck*, you feel so good...”

His teeth sunk into his bottom lip as he eased you in even farther, enough that he could just barely grab your body with the tips of his digits. He fucked the slit with you slowly for a while, bringing you halfway out before pushing you back down, whimpering high in his throat. Mesmerized, he couldn’t look away, teary eyes hungrily ogling the way you disappeared into his cock, and your disformed body shuddered the tiniest bit, Sapnap keening.

He couldn’t wait any longer, shoving you down until you were encased completely inside him, drenched in come and squeezed tight all around as his hand pumped over you. You could hear the intense rush of blood, feel the rhythmic pulse as you slid down, down, down, his moaning and near cries strangely muffled.

His thumb ground hard over the exit, blocking your vision entirely. “Dream, f-ffffuuuuck...!” he just managed to get out, hiccupping and sobbing, and then you felt your descent stop briefly.

Something flexed just below your form, and suddenly you were sucked into a roomier space, a flood of come rushing up as Sapnap practically screamed your name in pleasure. You were knocked all around the inside of his balls as he humped his hand, and if you weren’t already covered in fluids, you definitely would’ve been now.

He squeezed where you were located as his heavy pants calmed down, hips slowing their movements as he prodded you more into the slimy walls. “Ooh... o-oh fuck... Dream...”

Sapnap still couldn’t ask you if you were okay, your form dissolving a bit more in the puddle of come you were soaking in, but you had already told him beforehand that you would be perfectly fine later. You just needed a little time to collect what’s left of you in here, coalesce your melted bits until you were as close as a blob as you could be while still actively being liquefied.

Until then, you were content to stay immersed in him, in Sapnap’s taste and smell, cocooned in balmy warmth as his snores eventually echoed all around you; wholly content and happy to stay confined as intimately as you possibly could, all safe and secure within your best friend and lover.

You drifted off as your body started to leisurely put itself back together.

Chapter End Notes

Dream and Sapnap, if you're reading this, I am simultaneously sorry and Not sorry!
You guys probably got off on it, huh! Bet you read it on call with George too!

Anyways, here's my plans for next chapters and stuff (may be subject to change probably): giant Dream and tiny George (giant Dream my beloved,,,,), Georgenap piss kink (because why not), and then I'll finally make a new story thing for the borrower Dream thing. When I do the last thing, I'll let you all know in the end notes of whatever chapter I put on here before I post that story. Because I love self advertising. Even though it'll probably have the worst description ever like this one and my other thing because I don't know how to do anything!

Dreamnotfound

Chapter Summary

Dream puts George down the front of his underwear to keep his hands free.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so, before I say anything really about this chapter, I have to put what it's based off of. So like, three important things to keep in mind:

1. [Giant-tiny-squid](#) . Uh so like, I wrote a thing about an AU this person on Tumblr wrote, so like,, go there. Read their stuff. It's one of the few not smut things I actually read through completely.
2. Their blog is completely sfw, so like, no smut anywhere on there. So like, giant/tiny stuff, not macro/micro stuff, just to be clear.
3. What I had wrote is like not canon to anything they have written, I am just,, a person who wrote something inappropriate about it (with permission, so like,, it's not that weird then, right?) because like, giant Dream my beloved.

With all the said, on to me actually talking about the thing!

So like, I had vague ideas about what to write about their Giant Dream Manhunt AU (which like, if you go to their Tumblr, you'll see all the stuff for that in their masterlist. Go read it), but it wasn't until they had written the "George Incident" they had mentioned a few times fully that I was like Target Acquired. So like, very quick summary if you don't want to read it, but Dream needed his hands free for something important, but he couldn't fit George in his pockets because Sapnap and Bad were already in those, so then he decided to just like, hold him in his mouth. So then when he finally gets to his home, which is like a cave, he had a really hard time spitting George out because it was winter and he had barely eaten any food. So his weird hunter instincts are like food, finally, so it's like,, a big boy struggle.

So, in my smut reimagine thing of that, instead of putting George in his mouth, he fucking,, drops him in his pants because why not?? No angst here, only smut. Squid I Am So Sorry, literally the first thing I had thought of while reading it was that. Like, it was really, good, like you're a really talented writer, But I am a degenerate apparently!!

Warnings for this chapter: macro/micro, underwear entrapment, and dry humping (I don't know, I guess?)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had known something was up when he was brought closer to Dream's person, another hand coming up to join the other in holding him. They cupped protectively around him, pressing him right between his collar bones, the back of his head resting against the hollow of his throat.

He shuffled a bit and whispered to the giant, glancing up at despite not being able to look him in the eyes with the angle offered. "Are there a lot of mobs?"

Dream swallowed, grunting in confirmation after a moment that the brunet recognized was just him thinking and planning, and George could feel the vibrations of those simple actions. Cringing slightly, he canted his body forward, the action making the fingers curled in front of him flex inward to better shield him from the apparent danger.

“Can’t--can’t you avoid them? Go around?” he asked, confused as to why Dream hadn’t done just that instead of just standing in place.

Another pause before Dream spoke, his voice low but still carrying out enough for a few zombies to amble their way. “No, there’s too many... the spiders’ll just climb up me or something. I need my hands free, but I can’t... the skeletons...” he trailed off, and George guessed what his thought process was.

Ever since the brunet and his companions had properly befriended the giant, he had always handled them so gently, deathly afraid of harming them now. Scooping them up delicately, practically cradling whoever it was to his chest as he crossed vast distances and crouching down low to let them easily step off his palm. Usually two of them would be in his hoodie pockets, lying down in the pouch at his stomach while another was either in his hand or sat on his shoulder, tucked up in the fabric so that they wouldn’t fall.

Unfortunately, there was only room for two in the pockets, Dream automatically sliding Sappnap and Bad into those while seemingly favoring carrying George higher up on his torso. It was reminiscent of the night after the second time they had “met,” the brunet’s other two friends, who were injured at the time by the same giant, stored there while George was forced to sit in a palm bigger than himself.

Things were much better between them all now, George trusting the seventy something foot tall man to not drop him to his death or crush him in his grasp. This nervousness still bubbled up in George’s stomach however at the complications presented, him not knowing entirely what Dream was concocting in his head to make sure his much smaller friend got out of this completely unscathed. He wasn’t even given the opportunity to look at him properly, only able to imagine the pursed lips and furrowed brows while the underside of a chin was blocking it.

The brunet was broken out of it when Dream stomped on what was presumably a mob, boot grinding in the dirt for a moment before George was slowly brought far enough away and high enough in the palms to finally see the giant’s face. It was dark, but he was out here long enough to just make out his features, green eyes glowing faintly (although, George saw only yellow).

He blinked, registering what was plastered plainly on Dream’s features. *Guilt*. An intensely guilty expression greeted him, and George couldn’t help but wonder what that meant for him, as his life was literally in the giant’s hands.

Before he had a chance to question what was going on, he was very tentatively and quietly informed by Dream that he knew exactly where to put him. And that he wasn’t going to like it.

“Just know I want you safe, alright?” Dream told him softly, and George was suddenly uncomfortably aware of how close he was to the giant’s still sheepish visage, his warm breath ruffling his hair and clothes. “That I would never hurt you. You guys are *very* important to me, and I--I don’t want to risk your safety. If... if I get hurt, you’d fall if I tried to put you anywhere else.” he rambled a little, like he was trying to justify what his idea was.

George felt his back touch the barrier of fingers, having scooted back slightly at the implication, and the digits curved so that the tips brushed against the top of his head. “*Where*, Dream?” he asked urgently, even though he was pretty damn sure of what was going to happen, this awful

feeling sprouting up in the pit of his stomach.

“Sorry,” the giant said instead of giving him an answer, “I am *so* sorry, George. You can be upset at me later, I just need to keep you safe *now*.”

He had thought that Dream was going to put him in his mouth. It was the only logical conclusion to where their mostly one-sided conversation was heading. Not to eat him, he was positive, but to hold him. Just so that he didn’t have to be so consciously aware of the brunet, hands freed up to pluck any skittering, oversized spiders off his legs while he stepped on the various mobs littering the ground below. It still terrified George, frame shivering as he was reminded of before they were friends, to when the giant had threatened to eat them.

Instead, to his bewilderment, Dream had quickly but gently switched him to his right hand, fingers firmly curled around his body to stop his frantic wriggling for the most part. A thumb pressed over his mouth just enough to muffle his surprised shriek, likely to not alert their other friends. George was brought lower, and he rapidly scanned all around to try to figure out what the fuck Dream had meant, when it promptly made itself plain as day.

Dream had a thumb hooked into the waistband of his trousers, fingers twitching in anticipation. A little tug is all it would take to open them up, just enough so that George, who was held just above the top, could be dropped right in.

George’s fear abruptly dissipated, embarrassment coloring his features the more he gawked at Dream’s crotch. The fingers loosened up the slightest bit, and his gaze snapped back upwards to the giant’s face, who still appeared incredibly guilty. He looked even more distressed than George even though he wasn’t going to be the one stuck in his friend’s pants.

“Sorry,” he repeated out in a barely audible murmur, and George instantly looked back down to his fate.

Before he had much of a chance to see anything, Dream pulled the waistband out fast and let George slide from his grip, careful not to let him fall too far. The brunet yelped, face burning hotly as he landed on something decidedly *very alive*, and then what little light there was around to begin with vanished along with the space.

He squeaked and jumped, so many emotions racing through his mind as he felt a pulse where he was practically straddling it with his whole front. He just managed to move off it, but the fleshy warmth was still pressed up against his side, the rather non stretchy fabric granting him virtually no room.

“Oh my *god*,” he mumbled incredulously when he could tell Dream had started moving, still in a strange state of disbelief mixed with mortification at being just... left to sit and wait in the front of Dream’s underwear until the giant deemed it safe enough.

It was cramped, the velvety skin he was forced up against radiating a sweltering heat, and George could already feel himself sweating from how hot it was despite the fact it was currently winter. And he could smell an odor coming from his confinement, not exactly bad smelling, but still musky, earthy; it was likely due to Dream not being able to properly bathe that often, unable to fit in most of the bodies of water nearby, but it was still nearly overpowering to be trapped at the source.

But regardless of all that... it wasn’t really the worst thing that could’ve happened to him. He definitely knew that he was as secure in here as he possibly could be, sure that Dream tended to protect his junk like other, more normal sized guys do.

Resisting the urge to fidget--movement definitely would not be good unless he wanted to accidentally stimulate him, his brain supplied helpfully--he forced himself to relax despite how awkward this all still was. George reluctantly leaned back, his cheek pressed to the base and elbow digging slightly into wrinkly skin. Coarse pubes scratched at the back of his head and neck. The rest of his body was folded weirdly, legs angled to the side and other arm squished.

But despite his best efforts, the little bit of space he was allotted was continuously shrinking. George blushed horribly as the giant's cock gradually hardened up, pushing to the side he was at and slanting over his chest and stomach while unintentionally making him hard as well. Squirming, he attempted to nudge it away, panting a little from the heat and how heavy it was, when something squeezed both him and the cock. Large fingers then snaked in from the top, prodding at him quickly.

“Dre--mmpfff!”

George was shoved back where he had started originally, this time being pressed tight against the giant's length and underwear, and he pawed at the bit that was practically suffocating him. The sweat dampened skin slipped from his grasp a few times before he was finally able to dig his digits in hard, just managing to get it far enough away so that he could turn his head and suck in a breath. His arms gave out just after, soft but weighty flesh smushing his cheek into the fabric.

Dream *shuddered*, his dick throbbing heavily over George, and the brunet whimpered when he felt something start to drip onto his crotch from the tip.

Fuck it, he thought after a long moment, lower half swiftly being saturated with precome while he was crushed by silk wrapped steel, *if he's getting something from this, then so am I.*

He circled his arms around the girth and rolled his pelvis up, feeling another great pulse over his body. Something pressed into George's back from the outside, fingertips poking at the bulge he made in the front. George squeezed around him, and the pressure increased, Dream slowly grinding him into his dick.

Eventually, the weight shifted and the ever prodding fingers left, letting him know that his friend was finally at the mountain. He could barely squirm, Dream's cock pressing harder into him due to the angle, and he took in deep, stuttery breaths through his nose, nearly afraid that his ribs would cave in from the hefty weight but still turned on enough that the thought did nothing to dissuade his own erection.

He sighed in relief when Dream righted himself, and he could imagine the giant ducking slightly to make it through the mouth of the cave. There were a couple of shouts just above him, muffled a bit due to the layers of cloth, but he could tell it was his pocketed friends. The fabric shifted, George's confinement becoming even tighter as Dream crouched down to presumably place Sapnap and Bad on the ground.

There was a long pause, and George went completely still despite knowing that Bad could see better in the dark due to being Netherborn. He could likely make out the probably human shaped lump in Dream's pants.

“Dream...” he started, voice stilted and forcefully calm. George cringed as much as his squished face would allow, already knowing how immensely disappointed and uncomfortable he looked. “Dream. Where's George?”

He heard Sapnap yell next, wondering where George was, when the other man went quiet for a moment after Bad shushed him. Dream started to subtly tremble, likely worried about what they

would say about it.

“Oh, are you fucking serious?”

George wanted to disappear, to dissolve into nothingness to avoid the inevitable and excruciating conversion that was about to occur. He thought it was embarrassing earlier, being put into someone’s underwear and pressed up against a cock bigger than himself, but this? This was literally the worst thing to ever happen to him, and he almost wished that the giant had placed him in his mouth like he had originally thought.

Unfortunately, instead of somehow vanishing into thin air, his prison opened up, letting through the slightest bit of light as fingers invaded the top once more. Lifting his arms up, he let Dream pluck him up around his waist, his wet crotch dragging across the giant dick.

The temperature dropped drastically, George shivering horribly at the rush of coldness washing over him. Dream had automatically cupped him in both palms, shielding him from the bitter weather and pressing him tight against his chest where he was currently kneeling on the ground.

George popped his head up from behind the fingers hesitantly, nearly unable to look his friends in the eyes as they stared back at them with disbelieving gazes. “I um. Hey guys...” after giving an awkward wave, he glanced up at Dream, who looked seconds away from bursting into tears from the whole situation.

Wordlessly, Bad spun on his heel to the firepit so that he could start it, not equipped to deal with this mess. Sapnap was still squinting at them, but after seeing that George was perfectly fine and okay with it and how distraught the giant looked, he let out a deep sigh.

“Okay. Okay, how about you go somewhere else to deal with your ‘issues’ while me and Bad just... make the fire,” he said, giving them the opportunity to leave without having to explain anything.

Dream nodded, exiting the cave immediately and slipping George into his now free pocket this time. George sighed in relief as the giant climbed down the mountain, wondering if Dream was just going to stick him in the front of his pants again and grind against him until he came.

When they returned much later, Sapnap and Bad were still awake, evidently waiting for them to return while chatting around the roaring fire. The giant nuzzled George to his face, nosing at his stomach before pressing a kiss to his midsection.

Despite how much he really didn’t like being that close to Dream’s face before, the brunet welcomed the affectionate touches, patting at his cheek with a tiny hand and planting a quick smooch to his upper lip. Dream licked him a little bit ago to fruitlessly try to get rid of the evidence that coated his clothes after their activities, and he didn’t seem keen on eating him or anything similar like George had been worried about, so he found it easy to suppress the instinctive urge to wince away.

He was deposited just by the fire, Dream ruffling his hair with a single finger before settling down nearby, passively watching them like usual. George was glad to see that there was no awkward energy near his friends, both of them seemingly choosing to forget that the brunet basically had sex with a seventy foot tall guy.

Or so he thought. “Dude, you smell like sweat and come,” Sapnap remarked loudly, scooting away a bit and coughing dramatically.

George leaned over and smacked Sapnap hard on the shoulder, the man shrieking and falling back to get away while complaining that George's hand was gross. The giant immediately lied down and curled up in a ball, almost looking like he wanted the ground to swallow him up to get away from the embarrassment.

George shared a similar thought, but he still thought it was amusing when Sapnap had once again scrambled away, not wanting George to touch him.

Chapter End Notes

Their Tumblr thing again: [Giant-tiny-squid](#) . Y'all go there, they're very good at writing stuff. If they had macro/micro smut, I would literally read it like in a heartbeat.

Anyways,, despite not really writing it before, uh, brain Really likes the underwear entrapment thing. Don't know why. But that's why I wrote this. I saw an opportunity, and I took it. Even though like,, rushed it at the end probably, but. This is fine probably.

And like, had random thoughts while writing this. Like, how did Dream get clothes that fit?? How good could his hygiene really be when he's too big to take a proper bath? How much do his weird instincts go, like does he just have good hunting stuff or does it extend to like, him now thinking George is his mate or something?

Georgenap

Chapter Summary

Uhm, fuckin,, piss kink (literally can't think of anything here, will probably fix this later).

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. I do not think I am cut out for writing piss stuff, like I don't I am any good at it. Like obviously I didn't like,, spend two weeks writing this,, but ya know. Just not able to think about stuff. I think I need a pee connoisseur and someone who knows how to write dirty talk or something because Again, I Am Not Good At Any Of That. Anyways, got this idea from that Hot Tub stream George did like,, a while ago. Sappnap facetimes him and George like,, pogs and says the stream can hear him. And then Sappnap's like, "so if I pee right now they'd hear?" or something like that, and so, for some reason, I was like, don't have piss kink but got writey idea. And then eventually this happened.

Warnings for this chapter: Piss kink, and like praising or something like that.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was painstakingly editing a video he and his friends had recorded a week prior, exhausted but wanting to finally get it done, when he had received a facetime call from his boyfriend. A little confused because Nick had sent a text just a bit ago that he was going to take a nap, but happy for any opportunity to hear his voice, the brunet answered it without hesitation.

He was greeted with a small smirk gracing beautiful features, eyes lidded with a little flush to his cheeks, and Nick held his phone up so that he could just barely see the background. "Hey Gogy," he murmured, voice lower than usual, and it instantly succeeded in giving the Brit prickly goosebumps all up his arms.

Recognizing the rather familiar tone, heat rose to his face, arousal creeping up despite nothing even happening yet as he trained his gaze right on Nick. Smiling wide at the attention, his boyfriend moved his phone back just slightly.

George's eyes then snapped to the wall just behind Nick's head, swallowing down the excess saliva in his mouth at the sight of the powder blue of the bathroom wall in their friend's house. "Sap..."

Angling the phone downwards showcased a large hand wrapped around a hard cock, the other man slowly stroking himself. "Fuck, I've been holding it literally all day, Georgie, just for you," he informed offhandedly, moaning after when he thumbed over the reddened head. "Feels like I'm gonna fuckin' burst..."

George whimpered at the words and relaxed motions, already palming himself through his sweats where he was curled up in his chair. His boyfriend chuckled at the reaction, unfurling his fingers

when he got to the base to lift up the hem of his shirt and twist the fabric over his pinky.

“Bet you wish you were here... wanna press riiiiight over here, huh?” the tips just barely danced over the thick, dark hair, and the Brit squeezed harshly over his rapidly inflating dick because he knew that was right where Nick’s swollen bladder resided. “Kneel down in front of me and make me piss all over you, right? Use you as my own, personal urinal...”

George whimpered into the sleeve of his hoodie, slipping a hand under the waistband and nearly surprising himself with how slick the front of his briefs were already. “Please, please...” he mumbled, stroking himself slowly, knowing how disappointed his boyfriend would be if he came too early on into their fun. He bit back a distressed whine, internally cursing himself for his poor refractory period.

Nick tsked, and the screen blurred as he pulled off his shirt, tossing the obstructive fabric onto the adjacent sink. “C’mon, pretty boy, you know what to do. Tell me, tell me,” he insisted, letting his thick digits wrap comfortably around his dick. He lowered his voice another octave then, the rich honey dripping into George’s ears and making him shiver once more as he watched Nick wring out a pearly drop of pre from the tip. “Tell me how much you want me to piss.”

Reluctantly, the brunet removed the sleeve from his mouth, only vaguely noticing how much he had drooled into the cloth, the soft pink darkened. “Oh m’god, please, please Sap... I wanna see it, please,” he said meekly, still a little embarrassed about being forced to beg for it. “Mark me, make me yours, cover me in your piss... pl-please?”

Taking pity on him, Nick began to coo some praises, rubbing his cock a little bit more before aiming at the toilet bowl and sighing in immense relief. “Fuuuuuck, Gogy, you’re so fucking good for me. Beg so beautifully.”

George nearly came on the spot, unable to tear his gaze away from the yellowish stream, mind going haywire as he imagined himself in place of the toilet. Warm piss cascading down his face, mouth wide open to collect some of the salty drops. Letting it spill from his mouth so it can pour down over his chin and sluice over his front. He could feel his hand brushing over the tantalizing trail of dense, dark curls, fingertips pressing just slightly into the muscles before jabbing firmly into Nick’s bladder. Urging Nick to piss harder, to use him like he was meant for.

“S-sap...” George practically sobbed when the flow had finally slowed down, so hard that it bordered on agonizing, “please, fuck, wanna come...”

After making sure every last drop made it into the water below, Nick brought the phone back up to his face. “Show me, baby, c’mon,” he ordered, stroking himself fast.

George quickly untucked his cock from his briefs, digits just barely gliding over the slick, heated skin until he ruined his hoodie, almost not angling the phone right to capture his comeshot. His boyfriend groaned appreciatively at the sight, murmuring a few more sweet nothings before he came straight into the porcelain below, George just faintly thinking about how much he envied the toilet in his post-orgasm bliss.

Panting, the brunet slumped in his gaming chair, using the rest of his limited energy to hold his phone up. Nick smiled adoringly at him before pressing a kiss to the camera, the screen going black for a couple of seconds before a loud “mwah!” came through.

“Awww, my little piss whore tired?” he asked in a faux patronizing tone when George seemed coherent enough.

George groaned and glared at the screen. "Literally shut up," he mumbled, the way his face reddened a bit more betraying his words.

He ended the call before Nick could respond, shooting a quick text to his boyfriend that the only way he could make up for what he had said would be if he sent a video of him peeing later. Five seconds later, George received a thumbs up emoji paired with a couple of hearts, a small smile finding its way onto his face.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, got a bunch of questions (okay, one question, the other two are like,, not) and random stuff I am going to just stick in the end notes of this chapter because Why Not:

1. Not a question, but like, I'm going to finally after way too much time post borrower Dream stuff in it's own story thing, like outside of this. I'll post it in like,, within an hour or something. I'll explain it in more detail in the actual thing, but I'm going to allow,,, suggestions on it. NOT requests. Very different thing. Like I straight up cannot do requests for anything. Like again, I'll explain it more in detail there when I post it in like an hour.

2. Another not question, but, okay, I have decided I am going to start doing Twitter stuff. I won't post any shorter writing things on it yet because I am,, very scared, but like I'll probably post like random Block Men things. And it's an easy place to ask questions about stuff,, like guys,, I have smut art stuff I had saved on my computer before I had a Twitter account. Things I Do Not remember who made it. Like, I'm allowed to post art that isn't mine while asking, "hey, who drew this, I need to know," right? Because a lot of that stuff I'm like, wowza hummina hummina jaw drops to floor, but I Do Not Remember Who Drew It. I need to know,,,,, pl-pleas,,, And I can do poll related things on there and like,, fucking,,, talk about vore??? Please I just want to talk about vore. Okay,, mostly macro/micro stuff,, but also vore. Like There's gotta be more people around that like those two things right??? At least one of them, right?????

Even if I still stay very nervous and scared and don't even up actually doing anything like that, I Need to at least start to comment on other people's posts and stuff. Like,, making art stuff and writing requires a lot of time and effort, so like,, I feel So Bad not complimenting people on the things I've clicked the heart thing on,,. Like I need to say Something,,, because like even though it's all Minecraft YouTuber porn, they did really good on it, so I should say something so that they know, right? Like even though I am Not good at giving compliments, I'm gonna try. They deserve to know that they did a good job and that their art looks really nice. If I like something, I should say something nice to them. It's the least I could do, right?

3. So like, I just noticed I had a message request thing on Twitter from like almost two days ago. Honestly, who ever messaged me should be lucky I even saw it, like I would've never noticed it on my phone, I only saw it while on my computer. Okay but like, I do not know how to upload pictures on here, so like I'll just explain it: it was someone asking to translate this book thing in Russian. And I was thinking, okay, that makes sense I guess, but then I checked their Twitter thing and I'm like,,, okay don't know if I should accept the message request?? Like,, I am So Sorry if the guy who messaged me is reading this, but like,, my guy,,,,, your Twitter seems weirdly sus,, Like, I know Google translate isn't perfect, but their bio still seems,, I don't know, weird?? And their account was made this month. There is literally nothing on it, no

Tweets or likes or anything. Their @ thingy is just a bunch of random letters and numbers,,. Like again I am SO sorry if the guy who wrote that is like an actual good person, but you have GOT to realize how sus your account seems right??? Like if I click accept,,, not to sound like some person who has no idea how the internet works, but could I get a virus or something?? Y'all what if they somehow get my account if I click accept?? Is, is that a thing, could that happen?? Like I want to reply to it because I feel so bad that I just saw it now, but then I'm like,,,,, what if??

Y'all why couldn't they have just,,, commented on the first chapter or the latest one on here with their question?? Please I am so paranoid and so dumb, someone who knows Twitter stuff help?? Like,, I've talked to like a few people on there who know stuff but like,, I don't want to actually bother anyone. At least me asking it here doesn't feel like that, like you could literally just skip right over this without saying anything.

Dreamnap

Chapter Summary

Sapnap has his naga boyfriend use his hypnotic eyes on him.

Chapter Notes

! Hey, even if you don't want to read this chapter, skip to the end notes for some Gilded_Blackstone Lore™ if you want. Provides some weird insight on me, I suppose.

!

Anyways, I thought that if I was going to mostly write vore and macro/micro stuff, that I should add different kinks to them. So, in this, I put hypnosis stuff and dumbification because like,, even though I do not like them at all, I thought I should try to write them. Even though like,, hypnosis for some reason makes me so Very uncomfy. Like,, it fills me with a weird sense of,, dread in my chest??? Like so very uncomfy and I don't know why because like, I can read a bunch of other kinks I really don't like and be fine. Like the dumbification thing I can read stuff about even though I don't like it. Just can't read hypnosis stuff.

So I didn't really research much for the hypno thing, so hope I got it right. And there isn't much else on the other thing too besides calling someone dumb and "fucking them stupid", which would have to get repetitive at SOME point. So hope I got that right as well. Maybe Tumblr isn't the best source,, but surprisingly, I found a lot of in-depth stuff on there despite them apparently banning the horny so long ago.

In this, Dream's a giant naga and Sapnap's a human. I used [this](#) for the height stuff. I made Dream 21 feet and Sapnap 5'10", but technically Dream would look shorter because of the fact that,, he got no legs. He could stretch his snake half A Lot taller if he wanted to, but he's normally a little bit shorter than what that height thing shows. Hope that makes sense, probably didn't do very well explaining it. It's just that I didn't know at what point it's just a major size difference thing or if it turned into a macro/micro thing.

Warnings for this chapter: Vore, major size difference (possibly macro/micro, Sapnap just seemed a bit too big for it to be classified as that), hypnosis, dumbification and tentacle cocks (not described much, but still there I guess).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The hand that meant to cup Sapnap's cheek had instead engulfed much of his head, thumb reaching over past his other one while long fingers pressed against the back of his skull. His head was tilted up just slightly, the rough pad of the thumb rubbing delicate, small circles into the side of his head before rolling over to brush away a few stray curls from his forehead.

Propped up on his other arm, which was about as thick as the noiret's body, the giant loomed over him despite how low he brought his sizable figure down to his level. Vibrant green settled unblinkingly onto Sapnap's features, roaming over the small area before a forked tongue poked out from behind thin lips to taste the air.

Mouth concealed behind the stretch of skin but not actually covered, Sapnap's own tongue reflexively darted out to wet his drying lips. He then pushed his face into the edge of the other's palm, his much, much smaller hands coming up to grip his boyfriend's hand as he nuzzled him.

The intense stare softened considerably, Dream leaning in closer. "Just keep your eyes on me, alright?" he whispered, fingers more firmly grasping at his head to tilt it at just the right angle, the noiret's cheeks squished a little. "Focus on me."

Sapnap nodded complacently, already feeling the temporary, mind-altering effects of prolonged eye contact with a naga who's looking for a willing snack. His mind was already emptying itself of complex thoughts, the space clouded up with how captivating the verdant eyes before him were.

"Good! Sssssso obedient," Dream praised, pleased with how quickly the noiret took to it, how remarkably susceptible his prey was. "Just keep looking at me, right in my eyes, and I'll make sure you, my stupid, little human, feels so good."

His mouth fell open, something garbled and incoherent escaping his lips due to how hard it was to concentrate on what was left and coordinate the syllables right. The fog was getting denser by the second, settling comfortably over his brain, blanketing his thoughts. He went silent at the hiss like shush and the large thumb pad moving to press right over his lips, immediately forgetting whatever he tried to say.

"Dumb baby, you don't need to think," he chastised softly, bending down even closer so that the entirety of Sapnap's vision was his visage. "You don't need to form thoughts or words, alright?" Dream blinked once, eyes dimly glowing, and the noiret felt like each individual word that popped up in his head had to trudge through mud for him to even comprehend it fully. "Just listen to everything I tell you. Keep being my little, mindlesssssssss doll."

The noiret didn't react when he was scooped up into huge hands, held high up as Dream maneuvered his body to get comfortable amongst the hides and furs, his extensive tail looping around so that he could rest the back of his head near the end of it.

His eyes fell closed, feeling incredibly heavy, but the naga hadn't said anything about it. "Don't fall asleep yet," Dream instructed gently, Sapnap jolting a little but still not opening them. He gave another dazed nod, slumping into the solid, wet mass he was now being lightly pressed to. "Fuck, yesssssssssss... even like this, you know what you were made for." There was a steady pulse, the tall length slightly squirming as he was grinded against it. "Made to be my pliant toy. So cute and dumb... too useless for anything else."

He couldn't even remember what it was, only that it was so warm and sleek, covered in little bumps that felt so nice sliding across his sensitive bits. Clumsily, he thrust up into it, only coherent enough to want to seek out the pleasure; mouth falling open to let out breathy moans and drool into the bit his face was snuggled up on, he barely registered the coos directed towards him.

As his orgasm approached, the rest of his sparse thoughts seemed to vanish, floating out of reach and disappearing before he could even attempt to catch them. It almost felt wrong not to try harder to form something substantial, to not try to think for himself, but when the hand behind him pushed him more forcefully into it, he went slack.

"You don't need to think with me here," his boyfriend reminded, his deep, reassuring voice filling up the vacant space along with the image of mesmerizing, green eyes. "Let me take care of you, okay? Keep being my pretty toy."

A few more harsh rubs into the sleek surface by the hand squeezing him tightly, and Sapnap

whined, coming so hard that he practically blacked out for a moment. He was then peeled away from the heat, shuddering from the change in temperature as he was lifted back up.

“Open,” Dream murmured, the tip of his thumb pressing the tiniest bit just under one of his eyes. “C’mon, look at me, dumb toy.”

Blearily, the noiret did what he was ordered, gaze settling on the naga’s open maw without any of the normal fear present. He emitted what could be interpreted as a giggle when a blackened tongue slathered over his features, not processing the implication.

His boyfriend let out a pleased growl, lips brushing over Sapnap’s face before giving him a kiss. “Absolutely no fucking thoughts behind those pretty eyesssssss, huh? My prey’s finally willing to become what he was supposed to be: a sweet, little snack.”

A few more licks and Sapnap weakly pressed his hand into the muscle, the excessive saliva squishing between his fingers. He still felt so cold, and the balmy breath coming from the darkness was so inviting, so he tried to pull on it, survival instincts wholly absent.

Dream retracted his tongue, unhinging his jaw to make room before eagerly stuffing the top half of the human inside of his mouth. “Mhmmmm...” the delighted moan rumbled all around the noiret, and he swallowed down half in a single gulp.

The few fleeting thoughts that attempted to occupy Sapnap’s mind slipped away as more and more of him was fed into his boyfriend’s gullet, whole body encased and compressed into fleshy walls. Even when he landed in a slightly bigger area, all he could focus on was how cozy it was, curling up and nuzzling the squishy flooring.

A satisfied belch rang out, Dream then sighing in contentment as he rubbed right over where he put the noiret. “Feels so nice... perfect thing to fill me up.” he murmured to the abdomen on the half more resembling a human’s, granting the small bulge another pat that made the skin ripple with some movement underneath.

“I know you can hardly think for yourself at the moment, but for my own peace of mind, I just put you in my storage stomach,” he informed, despite also being sure that Sapnap had already been lulled to sleep. “I love you so much. Could never hurt you, Ssssssappy.”

The naga yawned, dropping back down in the various animal hides. He nestled partly under them, coiling his tail around himself and his boyfriend snugly before wrapping his arms around his stomach; it twitched, a tiny hand just barely pressing into the wall, and Dream couldn’t help but hug him a bit harder, pressing a hand over his human’s.

Chapter End Notes

Here is the Gilded lore (I am going to try to write this in a... more normal looking way. Like close to how I write formal stuff but not quite):

A couple of weeks ago, I had a weird memory resurface. It’s a really important one that I’m honestly surprised I just hadn’t remembered it in so long. The best way to describe the significance of it is that movie *Inside Out*, where each person had some core memories that helped make up their interests and personality. I had randomly unlocked a core memory.

I was about four or five years old, and I went into the living room. The TV had a

movie on, and I'm not sure of the name or anything, but I know it was likely a movie because I remember it having good quality. The bad guy was holding two very, very tiny people by the backs of their shirts. They probably had the "you'll never get away with this" exchange, and then the bad guy fed them to a snake alive. And then the scene ends. It's likely that I got a few parts of this wrong, but that was the gist of it. So. Me remembering that had also unlocked other things. I vaguely remember having a bunch of vore type dreams, like me exploring inside of fleshy, twisty tunnels with weird organ colors. Everything was packed together, and I could just like, nestle in between them... just, just me going around inside of something way bigger than me as a little, tiny person just crawling through an abstract thing's guts.

I realize that is just. Very weird and not normal.

And for some reason, I stopped and just completely forgot about having those dreams over a decade ago, literally over ten years of that memory and those dreams just lying dormant; staying out of sight just to come out and surprise me so many years later. I am currently twenty years old, so it has literally been over ten years, and yet it has shaped me in some weird way without me even knowing it. Like how I always wanted to write about giant people and tiny people and not knowing why. How I wanted to write about vore and not knowing why. Even how I wanted to write about snake people a little bit.

My current vore dreams are still different from those. While it was always me in those past ones, these only include Minecraft YouTubers. And the ones now include cock and anal vore, and they don't go into detail with organs and stuff. But it's still weird that I somehow just forgot about that. It's like my mind blanked out the vore stuff and kept the g/t stuff because I do remember also thinking about being a tiny person a lot. Even though I would never want to do any of this in real life even if it was completely safe or something. But y'know.

I also realize a lot of people like vore as a comfort thing. I see a lot of it (at least like, oral vore, as all the other types would fall under purely sexual things like cock and anal vore, for example) on Tumblr at least. I think the idea is that despite being eaten by another person, you are completely safe with them, within them (and I know there's people that see themselves as the like, person who does the eating, but most people seem to want to be the guy being vored. Just like how in g/t things that most people want to be the tiny one for the same reason of wanting to have that comfort). Like a protected feeling, y'know? But. I just like it I think. It's neat. Which is why it's easy for me to write it in a smut setting. Like it's not inherently sexual, you can make it if you want, but that's not the only thing it can be. It can just completely platonic, like homies voring homies, y'know?

Anyways, probably going to write something cursed after this.

Schlatt/the Pope, Tedschlattcicle

Chapter Summary

Schlatt meets with his holy lover while his boyfriends are away.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this in an hour. I am, I am So so sorry. When I got to the part where Schlatt had imagined what the Pope had said, I just. I had. I had a moment of clarity, a sudden shock to my system about what I was writing. I had actual tears in my eyes, like oh my god I'm, I'm not Catholic, but oh god I just looked around my room in fear, thinking that the Pope was watching me at that moment, judging me.

I am so sorry.

Warnings for this chapter: oh god. What do I warn for? Sex?? Buckle the fuckle up.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When his boyfriends had exited the house for groceries, Schlatt gave them each a kiss on the cheek before waving them off. He had told them that he had felt a little nauseous, and that he would never dream of potentially ruining the interior of the car with whatever remained of the soup he had eaten earlier. They had the leather seats replaced last week, the print matching Minecraft grass blocks.

Truthfully, he was only acting, faking his sickness so that he didn't have to leave the house with them. It wasn't that he didn't like Charlie and Ted, and it wasn't as simple as him just being lazy. No, the reason was that there was another that he was thoroughly besotted with, so deeply in love with that he was willing to jeopardize his stable relationship to spend time with him.

He made his way up the stairs to where his lover was waiting for him in the bedroom. Before entering the room he shared with his currently absent and clueless partners, he took in a deep, solidifying breath. Grasping the doorknob, he strode in with renewed confidence, swiveling on his heel to face the man who he was willing to tarnish the trust he had built up with his boyfriends with.

"Oh, my darling Pope Francis... you look as gorgeous as usual," Schlatt stated near breathlessly, almost in awe of his sheer beauty.

The life-size cardboard cutout of the head of the Catholic Church stood proudly in the middle of the room, waiting alluringly for his devout follower. Schlatt could almost hear his soothing voice grace his ears, crooning to him in Italian, "Come here, baby girl. Come over to your daddy," while beckoning with a single, bony finger.

It was like the rest of the world had melted away, replaced with this light, happy feeling. "My gilf, my precious gilf," Schlatt whispered seductively just as he was in front of his paramour, truly enamored by the grin creasing the wrinkles further on his face, "I wanna ride you on the Barry B. Benson themed sheets."

He smashed his lips onto the Pope's, one hand gripping him by the back of his neck with the other roamed his white robed body. "Oh Francis, I can taste the tapioca pudding on your lips," he moaned after tonguing all over the sleek plastic.

Grinding against him, he could picture the large bulge under his modest clothes, his lover's huge, pulsing beef stick yearning to be free of its prison so that it could bury itself inside of Schlatt.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, the brunet shoved the Pope onto the king sized bed, clambering on top of the other man. He reached for the large, neon green dildo and lube he had hidden under one of the pillows, quickly suctioning it to where Francis's privates were and slathering it with a generous helping of the slick substance.

"I had already prepped myself for you," Schlatt informed after slipping off his pants and boxers.

Without preamble, he sank down on the thick length, imagining the hard throb of it as it split his innards. Gasping, he rocked a bit when the Earthly Head's active Mount Vesuvius was entirely in his ass, trying to get used to it as swiftly as possible so that he could milk the silver haired senior citizen dry.

He pulled up until only the tip was encased in his tight walls before slamming back down hard, practically yelling from the immense pleasure rippling through his body. "Fuck, I love your cock!" he hollered while roughly fucking himself on it. "Please fill me with your hot come, Francis! I want to be plump full of your gushing fluids!"

Schlatt rode His Holiness Pope Francis until he came untouched, white splattering over similarly colored robes. Seated to the hilt, he took a long moment to calm down before slowly lifting himself off the fake schlong.

His legs were a little wobbly, but he was still able to stand up and place the Pope right back where he was supposed to be. He ripped the wet dildo off the cutout before hurling it across the bedroom. It slapped against the closet door with a squelch.

"Alright cucks, you can come out now!"

Schlatt's boyfriends, who were previously thought to have been at the store, emerged from the door, both looking incredibly flustered from the brunet's idea of a roleplay. They were obviously hard, but they didn't dare look him in the eye after hearing all the lewd sounds and things he had said to the head of the Catholic Church.

He let out a laugh, grabbing onto the collars of their shirts and yanking them both forward. "Hey, don't you guys fucking chicken out on me. I'm still horny, so one of you gets to fuck my fat ass while the other gets my mouth."

Charlie and Ted scrambled onto the bed and practically ripped their clothes off with haste, wanting to please their boyfriend while also getting rid of their own boners.

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry to inform you all of another cursed thing that will be happening,, soon maybe. Within the next few. It's the same ship (NO Pope, I mean with like,, actual Chuckle Sandwich ship stuff instead of it just being implied). I will never give them a

break.

Edit: Okay, adding something random here, but like, for a little bit the Twitter people were talking about people being like submissive and breedable, like oh wow Dream/George is so submissive and breedable, and like ??? I have a theory, I think everyone is just projecting onto their favorite block man, like you know those x reader fics? You know how the reader is almost always the sub person?? It's find of like that, where the author made the reader exactly like how they wanted to be, projecting their kink thing onto them.

In conclusion, you are all looking very submissive and breedable today <3

Hey Read

Hey guys.

I ended up going through all the pictures I had saved on my computer because I had the sudden urge. It wouldn't let me crop something from a stream I was watching, so instead of doing something else, I was like, I'm going to go through the stuff on my computer and organize it.

That was something I used to be on top of, putting things in the correct folders and naming them, but over a year ago, I got lazy and basically stopped. So you can imagine it had taken me a very long while to go through them (or, it feels like a while, but it probably wasn't That long. Some hours. Y'know).

During that time, I started just thinking about things. And I have decided during that long process that I do not like the way I did these one shots. I guess at the time, it was convenient. I didn't know how to tag things, and I was afraid of fucking up the making a new story process. I mean, I've been reading stuff on here for so long, but I didn't get an account until February, so it was still very new and stuff.

But anyways, I'm not going to update this anymore. That doesn't mean I'm going to like, stop writing or anything. I'm just going to like, post things separately like how I probably should've been doing this whole time. I need to force myself to actually attempt to tag things and write summaries, because... I'm a writer. I should learn how to do stuff. It shouldn't be as hard as when you have to write the conclusion in an essay (context: I was never good at that. Thank god I'm not in school anymore).

The ones in here I liked the best/were written the best are going to be posted separately. I'm not going to delete this, so like, the original one will still be here; they're just going to be posted in their own things like I should've done in the first place. Everything else will just stay here.

The reason for this is that, again, I should be doing what writers normally do. And it would be way easier and more simple to have multiple chapters on one specific thing. And also tagging for rape/non-con would be better, like it would be way harder for people to accidentally read something that would upset them if the single thing was in it's own work.

Like, I don't know. I just got all weird and was about everything I had ever done on here and was like, yeah, I fucked this up.

So the ones I liked the best will be posted on their own, separate things. I will probably do one every day or two days depending on how lazy I get. And I will make sure to edit them to make sure they're still good and also add something at the beginning notes that says something like "hey if you think you've possibly read this before, you probably have, this is just a reupload". I will also likely post the shorter ones on Twitter or something too.

I'll probably do the same for my non smut one. And as for the borrower Dream one I posted like, over a week ago, I don't know. I'll probably edit the first chapter and replace it with the one I had written here. And like, explain something. Like I'll update it rarely and stuff because for some reason my motivation had left me. So very bad at normal chaptered works.

I don't know, just weird about stuff,, Like I was unhappy with the way I had everything I guess. Like the sudden feeling while organizing that I had fucked everything up. So that's why I'm doing this.

And I am not going to edit this, I'm just going to post this how it looks. Eyes hurt and stuff.

Okay last chapter for real this time

Okay so like, last chapter I swear, I'm just gonna explain some more stuff real quick that I probably should've done in more detail with in the previous one but then didn't. I thought that like, editing the last chapter wouldn't make sense for that because like, it probably wouldn't get seen anyway, so like, here's this.

First, I read all the comments, don't worry. Remember in any of my works, even if I don't like respond to a comment, I did read it. Probably multiple times too. I'm just saying that because like I did not reply to any in the last chapter because like,, I would've felt bad if my responses were too similar for them, like I didn't want to seem like,, I don't know, repetitive?? Like saying the same thing for each one because that felt like,,, disingenuous I think? I didn't want to seem like I had the same thing prepared for each one because I didn't know what else to say besides you're all really nice,,, like I would've felt bad if all I said was thank you to each one for the nice stuff said but then like,, not good at saying things to people anyway. So like, really just wanted to say,, read comments a lot, really like them, but don't know what to say sometimes. So very bad at seeming like an actual person.

Second, like after looking through stuff, there's like... 18 that I want to reupload with a few minor edits so that they are separate in their own little things. And that's probably too many,, like it would be Slightly less because two of them have another part that would be as like a chapter two,, but still. Probably way too many.

But I still want them like separate because I like them,,, so like just probably going to post them and hope for the best I guess. Like that wouldn't look too weird if I was just,, flooding certain ships with stuff within like a week or something right?? Because I'm going to be honest,, it's all only Dream and George and Sapnap except for a single one. I mean, most of the stuff on here is just them anyways,, like, oh my god, I am just so terrible at explaining anything.

Anyways, I should probably just like,, not do anything with the ones in here and just post new stuff by itself, but then I want to organize certain things in a certain way because hmmm,,, sometimes I am like that. It was for that very reason, like me just spending hours organizing pictures on my computer, that I realized all this anyway. Like who does that?? Who actually sorts stuff and names things??

And also some of them I want to like, have a part two to it, and it just feels neater if just like everything is in it's own little place instead of all of it in one big place.

As for MCYT Stuff (I'll say something in that work eventually,,, it's just not as much of a priority because there's way more people that seemed to like this, like there's literally 800 bookmarks on this. You guys only see about 230 something, but I can see all the others like,, 570 secretly horny people are Looking at this. Why is everyone secretly horny), there's also like three or four of them I want by themselves (for anyone wondering about the age regression one, Don't Worry, I have Plans. Eventually, stuff will happen, it's just for that I want the second and likely final chapter to be perfect, and as of right now, I'm focusing on this stuff. But Eventually I swear,, I liked writing that one,, it's cute,,,), so like after all that is settled, I can Finally be at peace knowing everything is exactly how I want it and stuff. All I would have to do is put like,, Reupload or something at the top of the notes and everything will probably be fine.

And,,, as for my Borrower Dream Stuff,, I am so sorry for like anyone thinking about that,,, But, uh, I had also decided,,,,, oh god I think that more commas I use the more nervous I am,, but like, will delete that. I decided that I am going to reupload the chapter I wrote that like inspired that, and

I might (very low maybe) possibly write a second one as like a, just a bonus or something, but nothing else. I realized that some things just like, work better as a one shot or like I don't know, two shot, and like I really wished I realized that before I had decided to post that, but there's nothing I can do about that. Can't just like,, go back in time or something. I just now realize with the way I wrote it, it just looks better by itself. I just feel really bad now because one person commented on it,, so now I'm like,,,,, noo why,,,,, I feel bad,,,,, I'm gonna reply to them and explain that I guess,,,,, just feel bad. But then I know that if I don't delete it, then I'll constantly be thinking about it. So it'll just be way better for me if I just do that.

Third and like last thing, I guess I didn't really explain it in the last chapter, but I'm still going to write smut, don't worry. I am not going to stop. I still got like, ideas and stuff. I don't know how like,, series and things like that work, but I'm going to assume things can be added and taken away from those easily if needed, so I'll just be posting stuff for a bit before trying to like, do that I guess. Because I could just post it all in a series and call it something something block guy smut, but some of it might have,, different things added that wouldn't make sense (I don't think I'm making much sense here either! But oh well!)

Like,,,,, example, uh the plushophilia chapter. There is technically a part one to that in the non smut work. So like wouldn't it be weird if I posted those in their own story thing, with that as the first chapter and the smut thing as the second chapter, and then put it in the hypothetical MCYT Smut Series? Because later on when I'm writing new things, if I write something without smut, but plan on a second chapter with smut, wouldn't it be weird to put it in the smut series?? Or is that just something people usually do?? I literally don't know. I'm rambling at this point,

I am not going to edit this chapter either, I'm just going to post it. After this, I'm going to post the first one from this I liked and then go up from there I guess.

End Notes

Sorry if I don't respond to comments, but like I am so Painfully awkward and awful at talking to people. But just know I'll read any comments I get.

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